

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1858.



RIO MADRE DE DIOS.

THE CORDILLERAS AND THE ANDES.

THE city of Cusco, with the Andes in sight, is the most ancient curiosity of the New World. It has a population of twenty thousand, with more Creoles than any place between it and Lima. Peru has nearly two millions of inhabitants, more than half of whom are aborigines. The people complain of the revolutionary spirit always existing, and that there is no advancement of the arts and sciences among them. It is said, when a Creole mother is playing with her infant boy she addresses him as her "dear little bishop," or "my president." The proportion of females is large, and the birth of a son is a cause of congratulation and rejoicing.

This is the stronghold of Romanism in the Andes, and there are many churches and convents at Cusco, some of which are very large, and built of the hewn stone from the frozen and mined city of the

Incas. The ornaments and carving are rich and costly; with many oil paintings, which were obtained for inducing the Indians to change their religious worship into that of the Roman Catholic. In the convent of San Francisco one picture represents a graveyard—the dead rising, and angels carrying off the pious, while the devil grasps the bad and casts them over a precipice into fires far below. This pictured scene produces an evident effect upon the minds of the poor natives. A major in the Peruvian army remarked, that "he saw *no soldiers in the fire*," when a fat padre laughed, as if he did not consider the subject in a very *serious* light.

Soon after the conquest of Peru the fishermen of Callao picked up a box, which, when opened, was found to contain Nuestra Senora de Belen, and her child, with a letter, stating that the holy lady was sent to

the "*City of the Kings*," Pizarro's name for Lima. That place claimed the wandering saint, but as Cusco was the aboriginal city of the kings a dispute arose. The Cuscans insisted, as she came in a box, it was intended for a journey across the Andes, on the back of an ass, and this convincing argument secured the residence of the holy visitor beyond the mountains. Indians and Creoles pray to the Lady Belen whenever they have too much or too little rain, and for relief from prevailing diseases. The natives injure their health by the large quantities of cocoa they chew. Those living in the cities are thin and miserable looking, much neglected, especially when sick. They cannot employ a physician, as the charges of medical men are so high. Influenza and rheumatic affections are very common, and the poor suffer from the small-pox, for the want of vaccination. Although Cusco lies within the tropics, and the dry or warm season extends from May to September, still the people dress in winter clothing. The changes of the temperature are sudden, and strangers not watching them, and dressing accordingly, are apt to suffer.

Cusco abounds with tailors and shopkeepers, who pass their days in the sun. As twilight advances doors are closed, and the city presents a dark, doleful appearance. Here and there a lamp is hung out in front of eating, gambling, or government houses; billiards is the favorite game with the young men. Ladies are seldom seen walking in the streets, except on Saturday evenings, when they repair to the plaza to purchase shoes. On these occasions the priests make their appearance with small silver images, standing on the side of a large silver plate. When the ladies pay the Indians for the shoes, the padre presents his images to be kissed, while the plate receives a donation, or rather church-tax imposed upon the leather. But few kiss the image who do not pay, unless the priest offer it the *second* time on the same Saturday, when they bashfully decline the new tax. There is but little wealth in the city, and the people are as poor as indolent.

Every Sunday evening there is a cock-fight in Cusco, at fifty cents entrance, and much money is betted upon these occasions. Ladies are not admitted; still they wager on their favorite fowls as they are carried into the pit. But one newspaper is pub-

lished here, an official *El Triunpho del Pueblo*; and there is a college, where mathematics, philosophy, drawing, and Latin grammar are the principal studies. Our Fennimore Cooper is a very favorite author with Peruvian libraries and readers.

During the reign of the Incas the Indians of these regions were brought under their control, until their territory extended from the Pacific to the eastern slope of the Andes, and from Quito, near the equator, into Chili, near forty degrees south latitude. The empire eventually became so large that the twelfth Inca gave to his eldest son the southern portion of the kingdom, and the northern portion to another son. These royal brothers quarreled, when Pizarro took the conqueror a prisoner and hung him, which event completed the downfall of the Peruvian empire. Since then the country has been in possession of the Spanish, with their Spanish or Romish religion. With missionaries that nation always sent her captains, to introduce an intolerant, persecuting Christianity; a religion that clips the wings of knowledge, stifles the struggling spirit and demands of liberty, degrading man's intellect and gagging his conscience! See the striking proof in the Protestants of our own happy land, who have left infinitely behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The fortunes of every land, we are bold to affirm, are indissolubly bound up with the fortunes of that Protestantism which is our proudest boast and richest heritage!

Some thirty or forty miles from Cusco are the head waters of the *Madre de Dios*, here (in latitude $12^{\circ} 32'$ south, longitude $70^{\circ} 26'$ west) a beautiful stream, some seventy yards wide, but not navigable. The river is one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven feet above the Pacific Ocean, and cuts its way through the rolling mountains toward the Atlantic. A great river pours from four mouths a large body of water into the Amazon at latitude 4° south, and longitude 61° west, where it is called the *Purus*, which is probably the same as the *Madre de Dios*. Should this be the fact, the stream has an immense value, as it is the natural highway to South Peru; and all the silver and gold of her rich mines could not be compared with the undeveloped commercial resources which this river would open to the civilized world.

By this stream and the Amazon the distance is estimated at one thousand five hundred and forty-one miles, which a steamer could run in six days. A vessel, loaded with woolen and cotton goods, farming utensils, corn, rice, tobacco, Yankee notions, etc., from the United States, would require twenty-five days to reach the Amazon, eighteen to the head of the Madre de Dios, and ten to Cusco; in all fifty-three. On the present route, by Cape Horn, the trip consumes one hundred and twenty days; namely, to Yslay, the nearest port to Cusco on the Pacific, one hundred and five, and fifteen thence to that city. This is the region of the India-rubber, the most important export of the great Amazon, and so valuable an article to the manufacturing interests of our own land.

There are many silver mines in the Andes, and among the principal those near the town of Puna. In one, at *Monto*, the vein runs horizontally through a mountain. After the miners had entered some distance water flowed out, which, dammed in, formed a navigable stream for iron boats to bring out the rich cargoes of silver ore. Pushing farther into the bowels of the Andes the workmen built an iron railroad from the artificial canal to the head of the mine, lengthening it as they progressed. When the train descends, loaded with ore, it is transferred to the boats, and, with lights at the bow and stern, they carry it along this subterranean stream, winding and narrow, and only broad enough for them to pass between the dark rocks. A steam-engine outside grinds the ore, and its quicksilver is separated by fire made of the droppings of the llamas, the only fuel to be found here. The machinery was imported from England, and brought over the lofty mountains, from the Pacific, on mules' backs, at great expense. Thick clothing is necessary in this climate, and the tailor seems to follow the best business.

The annual yield of silver in the southern department of Peru is said to have been on the decrease for some time, and the custom is to abandon the mine as soon as the miner's chisel strikes below the water line. Immense riches must consequently still be under water, which may be extracted by proper machinery and industry. The Creoles shrink from all kinds of labor, and sit at the mouths of the mines to receive the silver, while the poor Indian has to perform the hard work inside.

This Puna country is thickly populated, and its inhabitants confine themselves to the mountain valleys, generally narrow, and cultivated by irrigation. Its higher regions are better adapted to wool growing, and some places are so elevated that people cannot live there with comfort, nor cultivate any crops. The ant will here die where the llama lives and roams, and lower down the everlasting ridge, where the busy little insect builds its nest, this animal of the lofty mountains perishes.

Near the base of the Andes stretches *Lake Titicaca*, a wonderful body of water, containing three thousand square miles, and elevated more than twelve thousand feet above the ocean. Many streams flow into its wide basin, and this great cistern of nature seems to have been placed here by an Almighty hand for the daily use of the sun, as he passes in his mysterious and brilliant round. The evaporation is great, and as the brilliant orb of light travels south he draws the rain-belt after him. Completing his annual tour to the north of the equator, he returns the following year to find Titicaca Lake full again, and it is evaporated before the rains once more commence. Near its center is the island of Titicaca, which is inhabited by a tribe of Indians.

Many birds and animals frequent the shores of this lake for food—the cattle, horses, sheep, and swine; the blue-winged teal, black diver, and gulls feed in the water. Snipe skim along its gray, sand beach, while the tall white crane, with its beautiful pink legs, proudly wanders through the water. The rush grows thick upon the shoals and the banks, and the Indians suck its juice, and also make salad of it.

There are several towns along the lake, all beautifully situated on knolls, with perpendicular banks, rough, rocky, and standing out into the water. Lake Titicaca, its waters and shores, lie within the dominions of both Peru and Bolivia. In our day of enlightened knowledge, enterprise, and commerce, this important internal sea of South America should be connected with the head waters of the Amazon by navigable channels. Peru and Bolivia ought to proclaim the freedom of the seas for Lake Titicaca, as they have done in regard to the water courses of their monarch river. The nations of the earth should have the same right of



VIEW OF NEVADA DE SORATA, FROM THE WEST SHORE OF LAKE TITICACA.

passage for their citizens and vessels through the Amazon in Brazil to Titicaca of Peru, that they have now to the Sound and the Dardanelles. This is a question of navigation as broad as the sea, a question of commerce, human progress, and Christian civilization. Brazil has no right to keep these important inland national waters shut up against man's free use of them. We might as well close the Mississippi, the Hudson, or Lake Erie.

The lofty and magnificent Nevada de Sorata, twenty-five thousand two hundred feet elevated above the Pacific Ocean, is in full view, and our sketch of it was taken by Lieutenant Gibbon on the spot. This monarch of the Andes was measured by the learned traveler, Pentland, in the year 1827, and is twelve hundred feet higher than Illimani, and both greatly exceed Chimborazo, which is only twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-one feet. This is nearly equal to the elevation of the Jawahir, the loftiest in the Himalaya that has been accurately measured. Mont Blanc is five thousand six hundred and forty-six feet below Chimborazo, and Chimborazo is three thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine feet below Sorata, so that this famous colossus of the Andes, although twice as lofty as

Mount Etna, does not rear his snowy peak as far in the skies as some of his neighbors.

More than twenty different streams flow from the mountain sides into the lake and only a single one, the Desaguadero, flows out. The Indians believe that its waters find their way to the Pacific by a subterranean passage under the Cordilleras. The Desaguadero is the dividing line between Peru and Bolivia, and this stream, after a course of some eighty miles toward the south, spreads over a flat, which is called Lake Pampas Aullagas, and from which there is no outlet to the Pacific or Atlantic.

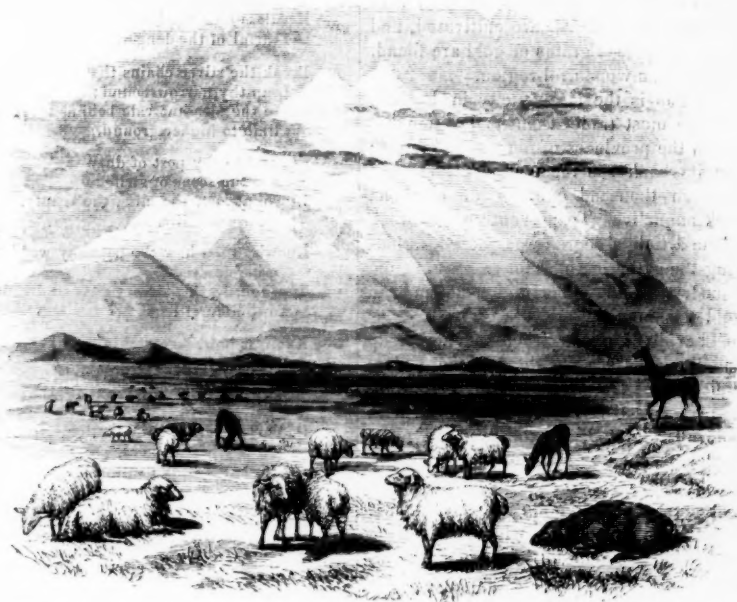
The wind from the Atlantic runs rapidly through the gorges and ravines of the great mountain range, and after meeting the easterly currents from the hills and valleys on the table-lands of Bolivia they form whirlwinds of dust, and immensely high. Hundreds of water-spouts appear in the same way, standing upon the lake like columns supporting the weight of the clouds.

Beyond Lake Titicaca are the dry table-lands of Bolivia, and still farther on the traveler, reaching the edge of a deep ravine, sees the tile roofs of La Pas, near the base of the snow-capped Illimani. Descending by a steep,

narrow road, he reaches the commercial metropolis of Bolivia, having a population of nearly fifty thousand. The little stream flowing through the place may be stepped across; but, dashing down the Andes toward the east, it is afterward called the Beni, and passes over the territory of Bolivia in a north-east direction, ultimately mingling with the mighty Amazon, by the Madeira River. From this part of the Andes a knot or hump seems to be raised, from which the waters flow toward different directions. The loftiest peaks are near by, the large lakes a collection of won-

ders and striking objects, from hot springs to the frozen heights of the Sorata. Here meet the extremes of heat and cold; immense mountains, with small streams; lakes of water and dry winds, all in the richest gold region of South America!

La Pas is a very busy inland city, with an active population. Strawberries, beans, onions, barley, and lucamas are produced in the ravines, which are very narrow. In midday, when there is but little or no wind, the people wear their thin clothing, but as soon as the cold air comes from the Illimani, with showers of drizzling rain, they change to thick clothes. The



ILLIMANI SNOW PEAK: VIGUNAS PASTURING WITH THE SHEEP ON THE PUNA OF BOLIVIA.

tailors seat themselves along the pavements in great numbers, and he who obtains the contract for clothing the Bolivian standing army gets a fat job. Next to the Cinchona bark trade, this is the most important business of the place. The department of La Pas is mostly situated on the table-lands, which supply a scanty growth of potatoes, maize, barley, beans, etc. Cattle and sheep are scarce and small, and mules are more used than llamas. But few flowers, trees, or birds are seen. That section, however, of the department upon the eastern slope of the Andes, the Yungas Province, surpasses

other spots in South America for its natural wealth.

The Bolivian, up to his waist in the everlasting snows of the Illimani, and amid its hail, thunders, and lightning, as he descends to the east plunges amid the drifting banks. Soon he passes over the sheets of ice, formed at the lower edge of the lofty mountain by the melting snows, and slipping and sliding down at last he reaches the green sod of grass, and melts the snowy mantle from his clothes in the rays of the tropical sun. Behind him, and far above, the wintery storm still rages; below is a land of perpetual flowers, while far

off toward the east the whole earth looks broken and blue, like the ocean and its waves. He can now pull off his cloak, and under some delightful shade listen to the music of the humming-bird, and delightful buzzing of the industrious bees. Soon the lofty trees are reached, where the monkeys, chattering, frolic from limb to limb and tree to tree. Winter garments are now thrown away, while birds of the most brilliant plumage fly across the mountain streams, joyful in their songs. The woods are ornamental, and contain valuable dyes; the cocoa-tree, from which the best chocolate is made, here grows wild and plentifully. Upon the plains below coffee, cotton, tobacco, with all the tropical fruits, are cultivated, and in the river beds grains of gold are found. Such is this wonderful region.

La Pas is the largest city in Bolivia, and has most trade, from its position between the provinces of Yurgas and Arica; and its bank has received not less than fourteen thousand quintals of cinchona bark annually. To prevent an overstock of the article a decree was passed, forbidding the gathering of it for two years from January, 1852. This region abounds in gold washings and mines.

The silver mines are found higher up and along the eastern slope of the Andes. This side of the great Madeira Plata may be pronounced full of silver, washed with gold. Here, too, are the oranges, pine-apples, bananas, green leaves, and beautiful flowers, refreshed by the sheets of ice and snow always resting upon its edge.

Early in December, when the flowers first begin to bloom in the ravines, the inhabitants of La Pas have a custom of repairing to the alameda before breakfast. Some go on foot, dressed in silks, satins, broad cloths, and white kids, the ladies without bonnets, and hair parted in the South American style. Indian servants follow, with rugs for the ladies to sit on. Some ride on horseback; the animals are very small, but full of life and spirit. At the end of this exercise milk is passed round and drank from large glasses, and the family greetings are very pleasant.

The fifth article of the Bolivian Constitution declares that "the apostolic Roman Catholic religion was that of Bolivia. The law protects and guarantees the exclusive worship of it, and prohibits the exercise of whatever other." In the con-

vention of 1851 the first article declared that "all men are born free," slavery existing previously. At that time an amendment was offered to the constitution, establishing religious liberty, and the whole convention, with the two little public papers in La Pas, and the priests, bishops, and Church, came out against the proposition! Romanism in the Andes does not vote for free trade, free navigation, or free religion!

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

IDLING where the sunshine falls,
O, unthoughtful ranger!
Heedless how the battle calls,
Fearful of the danger.

Break the silver chains that bind thee,
Leap thy narrow bound;
Leave the pleasant vale behind thee,
Climb to higher ground.

Up, and to thy post of duty
Seek the scene of strife:
Learn, at last, the bliss, the beauty,
Of unselfish life.

Know'st thou how the pathway wedded
To heroic deeds,
Through death's dreary pass so dreaded,
To the laurel leads?

Knowest how, far outshining all
Pomp of proudest story,
Unto those who fight and fall
Is the final glory?

O, though perilous thy station,
Few thy honors here,
Great shall be thy exaltation
In a higher sphere.

Just beyond the realm of shadows,
Ever green and grand,
Lie the undiscover'd meadows
Of a tranquil land.

Thither leads, O, aimless ranger,
Duty's path: O dare
Here the trial and the danger,
For the glory there.

Count not sacrifice, the laying
Earthly honors down,
For the infinite outweighing
Of thy waiting crown.

ANECDOTE OF SWARTZ.—Swartz, the missionary, one day met a Hindoo dancing-master with his female pupil, and told them that no unholy persons should enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Alas! sir," said the poor girl, "in that case hardly any European will ever enter it," and passed on.



NATHANIEL GREENE.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—N^o IV.

NATHANIEL GREENE was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, on the 27th of May, 1742. The family was English. John Greene, the founder, came over to the New World in the days of Charles II., and established himself in the township of Warwick, upon some of the lands of the Narragansett Indians. The early members of the family seem to have filled offices of dignity and trust in the colonies; the father of Nathaniel, however, was a blacksmith. He built himself a forge and a mill on the banks of the Potowhommett, uniting to his twofold occupation of blacksmith and miller, that of a Quaker preacher. He is said to have had rare ability for the pulpit; at any rate he edified the silent members of the old meeting-house at East Greenwich for upward of forty years. Of the early days of Greene and his brothers (he was the fourth of eight sons) we know but little. They were stout, hardy boys, equally good at working and praying. There was a sort of tacit understanding in the

Greene family that Nathaniel was a boy of superior parts; not only his brothers, but even his old Quaker father, charged to the brim with Gospel authority, deferred to his opinions and wishes. In his fourteenth year he made the acquaintance of a scholarly young lad, a student at the Rhode Island University, who was spending his vacation at East Greenwich. His conversation and example awakened a thirst for knowledge in Nathaniel, and he began to crave books. He ransacked the shelves of his friends, and devoured whatever came in his way. He studied while at work, book in hand, sitting or standing, as his labor required, now at the forge, and now at the clattering mill-hopper. At first his father was opposed to this bookish freak. *He* had never read anything but the Bible; that was enough for him, and it ought to be enough for Nathaniel. By and by, however, he came over to the boy's way of thinking, and instead of insisting on the Bible alone, he obtained for him a tutor,

who gave him lessons in Latin and mathematics. He became a master in geometry, and read some of the easy Latin authors in their original tongue. He still worked as before, or if anything harder; for Papa Greene, when he gave his consent for Nathaniel to become a scholar, does not appear to have given him either time or money to carry out his laudable intention. He worked at the forge and in the mill, earning his bread and his books, the latter by extra labor.

As there were no book-stores at East Greenwich, whenever he wished to purchase a new book he was obliged to go to Newport for it. He worked his passage on a small vessel which ran from the mills to the various towns along Narragansett Bay. On arriving at Newport he had to find a purchaser for his wares before he could buy the book that he coveted. He was frequently puzzled to know what book to buy. On one of these occasions a clergyman happened to be present, a certain Dr. Stiles, who was afterward president of Yale College; he witnessed the boy's hesitancy, and entering into conversation with him, became so interested in his manly struggles to improve himself, that he invited him to his house, and became

His guide, philosopher, and friend.

In order to reach Newport as often as possible Nathaniel studied the navigation of the river, and made himself a skillful boatman; in due time he was promoted to the command of the vessel in which he made his trips. He labored so hard at the forge that he became lame in the right foot: his lameness lasted for life. The "over-work" by which he purchased his beloved books was of more delicate workmanship than his ordinary labors; to give himself the requisite nicety of touch he often had to grind off the roughness of his horny hands. His visits to Newport brought him in contact with the future grammarian, Lindley Murray. Like Greene, he was a Quaker's son. He was invited to East Greenwich, where he made himself so agreeable that he obtained leave for Nathaniel to return his visit in New York.

Though the old Quaker preacher no longer opposed the scholarly inclinations of his son, there was one thing which he, in common with many other old men, set

his face against, and that was being up late at night. Come what would he would not permit Nathaniel to go to any of the merry-makings with which the young people of the neighborhood were wont to beguile their nights. Nathaniel was a strong, hard-working youngster, and really needed a few hours' recreation after his long day's toil. But the old gentleman was inexorable. At a certain hour at night (it could not have been later than nine) the doors and windows of the Greene mansion were closed, and the family, great and small, retired perforce to their beds. Nathaniel went with the rest; but when they were asleep he rose and dressed himself, and slipping down from his chamber window, was soon among the neighboring lads and lasses, the gayest of the gay. He kept this up for some time; but one night (if I were writing a romance, I should say one fatal night!) as he was returning home he saw that he was discovered. Underneath the very window by which alone he could reach his room stood his stern old father, waiting for him, horsewhip in hand! Here was a dilemma indeed, casting about in his mind for some way of mitigating his punishment, (escape there was none, he knew,) he saw a pile of shingles close at hand, and with that ready appreciation of resources for which he was afterward so distinguished, he lined his jacket with a thin layer of shingles, protected by which he advanced, and took his punishment like a man! The old gentleman was delighted at his resignation, never guessing its cause.

A law case in the family led him to study Blackstone and other legal luminaries of that time, and gave him a fair insight into the principles of that beautiful but intricate science, the law. He attended courts, and formed the acquaintance of lawyers and judges. They debated the political relations of the colonies and the mother country, and he soon grew to be a politician.

The troublous state of the times increased his fondness for politics. As the probabilities of a rupture between the two countries increased he resolved to make himself useful to his native land. He added to his library some of the best military authors, and commenced studying the science of war; he also attended the various militia gatherings of the neighborhood, and familiarized himself with its

practical workings. The Quaker fraternity to which he belonged was terribly outraged by such a manifest violation of its peculiar principles of peace. A committee was appointed to sit upon his case, but he gave them no satisfaction. Unwilling to cut him off, they visited him and exhorted him, but all to no purpose. At last he was read out of the Society of Friends. The Church lost a member, but the country gained a soldier. In 1770 he was elected to the General Assembly of the colony, and such was his popularity that he continued to be chosen by his constituents, even after he had taken command of the army in the South. In 1774 he threw off the garb of Quakerism, and enrolled himself among the Kentish guards. He lacked, however, the first requisites of a soldier, fire-arms; and as these could only be obtained in Boston, then in the hands of the British, he resolved to go thither and procure them. He accordingly disguised himself in the old garb of his youth, and proceeded to Boston. The British army were having a parade that day; little did they know how closely they were watched by the young broad-brim. He succeeded in buying a musket and the accompanying accoutrements, which he hid in a heap of straw at the bottom of his wagon. At the same time he secured a greater treasure in the person of a British deserter, a drill officer, whom he smuggled to Coventry, for the purpose of drilling the Kentish Guards. The deserter has long since gone the way of all flesh, but the musket is still preserved in the Greene family. The same year which witnessed the putting off of his drab clothes saw him a happy bridegroom. He married a Miss Catherine Littlefield, the young lady for whose sake he endured his memorable shingle flogging!

At the news of the battle of Lexington the drum of the Kentish Guards beat to arms, and they started off hot-foot for Boston. The governor of the colony, a loyalist, recalled them. Four of them refused to obey his orders; two of these were Greenes, Nathaniel and one of his brothers. They arrived in Boston too late for service, and soon retraced their steps. In the meantime the Rhode Island Assembly voted a force of sixteen hundred men, as an army of observation, the command of which was given to Greene, who was raised to the rank of major-general.

This was in May, 1775, his thirty-third year. In June we find him and his men in the neighborhood of Boston. Washington took command of the army in July, and pronounced Greene's troops "the best disciplined and appointed in the whole army." Greene welcomed Washington to the army in a public address, and his post being near the quarters which had been assigned to the commander-in-chief at Cambridge, they soon learned to know each other's worth, and became, what they remained to the last, firm friends. The removal of the British troops to New York led to the breaking up of the American army at Boston. Washington ordered them to follow in the track of the enemy.

Greene and his brigade were dispatched to Long Island. He examined the ground there, established posts, and made every preparation to meet the enemy; but he was unfortunately seized with a bilious fever, the result of his exertions and privations, and the battle of Long Island was fought without him. He could only lie on his bed and hear the thunder of the cannon around him.

The evacuation of New York led to the battle of Harlem, in which Greene distinguished himself. The battle, however, was fruitless, and the American army retreated to White Plains. The command of the troops in New Jersey was assigned to Greene, whose head-quarters were at Fort Lee and Bergen. While in command here Fort Washington fell into the hands of the British, and Fort Lee was evacuated.

The loss of these forts was followed by the retreat through the Jerseys, the darkest and apparently most hopeless period of the whole Revolution. The battles of Trenton and Princeton followed, and revived the drooping hearts of the nation. Greene advanced, and fought in both battles. He accompanied Washington in person, commanding at Trenton the left wing of the army. With these victories the campaign of 1776 closed, and the American army retired into winter-quarters at Morristown, New Jersey.

The operations of the British evidently pointing toward an occupation of the South Greene was dispatched by Washington to Philadelphia to awaken Congress to a sense of its dangers and duties. He executed his mission with judgment and

discretion, for he had in him the makings of a rare politician, and returned to the army. He was then dispatched with General Knox to explore the passes of the Highlands, which the British were threatening. He fought in the battle of Brandywine, leading his men to the support of a part of the American army engaged against Howe and Cornwallis. He marched over a space of four miles in forty-nine minutes, and arrived in time to cover the retreat of the fugitives, and arrest the pursuit of the enemy. He opened his ranks, and let his discomfited countrymen pass, and closed them against the British. His field-pieces plowed through the enemy, causing a temporary pause in the assault. In the meantime the fugitives recovered themselves, and were incorporated in his corps, which slowly and sullenly retreated, fighting bravely until night came and the battle was given over.

The winter of 1777 and 1778 found the American army in winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Their destitute state at this period is too well known to be dwelt upon. The duty of foraging for them devolved upon Greene, who performed this unthankful task with so much tact and success that Washington entreated him to undertake the office of quarter-master-general, which, however, he resigned soon after.

He rendered efficient service at Monmouth, after the battle was as good as lost owing to the retreat of Lee, and took part in the unsuccessful expedition against Newport; he was also engaged in the battle of Springfield. In September, 1780, Washington proceeded to Hartford to consult with the French commander, leaving the army in charge of Greene. From his spies in New York he learned that the British contemplated some important movement, "the success of which," he wrote to Washington, "depends altogether on its being kept secret." This letter was dated on the 21st of September; on the 23d André was taken prisoner, and Arnold's treachery discovered. Greene prepared without delay to march the army to the defense of West Point. He pushed forward as far as King's Ferry with the second division on the morning of the 26th, the remainder being in readiness to join him at any moment. Washington gave him his instructions in relation to André, who was sent under a close

guard to the American camp. He presided at the deliberations of the court of inquiry which sat upon the case of that accomplished, but unfortunate young man, whose fate excited the pity of the world; and when the report of the sitting, drawn up by Laurens, was handed to him for his signature, he bent his head over the paper to hide the woman's tears in his eyes.

The defeat of Gates at Camden awoke Congress to the deficiencies of the renowned hero of Saratoga, and deferring their own judgment to that of Washington they authorized him to name a successor to the command of the Southern army. He at once named Greene, who was immediately confirmed by Congress. He accepted the command, and set out for the South, not even waiting for the embraces of his wife and children, who were hourly expected to join him. He hastened to Philadelphia to receive the instructions of Congress. The defeat of Gates had left the army in a sad state; they had neither stores, baggage, nor artillery. Everything was needed, and Congress had no money. They could only give him enough to defray the expenses of his journey. Governor Read, however, supplied him with a quantity of arms and ammunition from the state magazine, and assisted him in procuring the use of baggage wagons for their transportation. He arrived at Charlotte, South Carolina, where the army was encamped, on the 2d of December, 1780. From this time the true career of Greene commences. His previous services, however honorable to himself, and useful to his country, had not exceeded those of many other American generals. The campaign that he was now about to usher in was one of the most important episodes of the Revolution, and it stamped him a great general in every respect.

The Southern army, as I have already mentioned, was reduced to sad straits when Greene took command of it. It counted but nine hundred and seventy continentals, and one thousand and thirteen militia. To this pitiful force was opposed an army of at least eight thousand British troops, to say nothing of the bands of Tories which from time to time joined them. The enemy were picked soldiers, the *élite* of the army, finely disciplined, and abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition. The American troops were as ragged as those of Falstaff. Many of

them were unfit to be seen on parade, and were sent home on that account; those who did appear were ludicrous enough, in their shreds and patches, and odds and ends. They were almost destitute of arms; the military chest was empty, and it was only by rare management that they obtained food from day to day. The first thing that Greene did, after looking to their immediate wants and permanent discipline, was to make himself acquainted with the scene of action. He caused the rivers to be explored, magazines to be established, and boats to be in readiness for future operations. On the 26th of December he removed the army to the great Pee Dee. An accession to his force, in the shape of Colonel Lee, from Virginia, with three hundred men, made up of horse and foot, and a body of four hundred recruits, headed by Colonel Greene, determined him to open the campaign by an offensive movement. He dispatched Lee to act in concert with Marion in an expedition against Georgetown, while Morgan annoyed Cornwallis in the neighborhood of Ninety Six. Tarleton was ordered to "push Morgan to the utmost." He set out with eleven hundred men; Morgan had nine hundred and seventy, six hundred of whom were militia. They met on the banks of the Thicketty on the morning of the 17th of January, and a severe engagement ensued. Tarleton did not succeed in "pushing" Morgan; on the contrary, he received a sound drubbing, which ended in the loss of one hundred and fifty of his men, and four hundred prisoners. Only eleven of the Americans were killed, and sixty-one wounded. Morgan took two field pieces, eight hundred muskets, two stands of colors, thirty-five baggage wagons, besides tents, ammunition, and one hundred dragoon horses. The victory was with the Americans, but as Cornwallis and his force were only twenty-five miles off, it was deemed prudent to retreat. That night Morgan crossed Broad River, and in the morning pressed toward the Catawba, to throw its rising waters between himself and the enemy. Cornwallis delayed a day or two, and when he reached the Catawba it was only to find it swollen by freshets, and Morgan on the other side, twenty miles ahead of him. Greene started off, almost alone, to relieve Morgan, leaving his army to follow him. He reached Morgan in safety. The stream

began to fall, and Cornwallis made preparations to cross it. It was the dawn of a stormy day when his columns entered the water; the American rifles were posted on the opposite bank, and as soon as they could see the enemy they opened a terrible fire upon them. Cornwallis had a narrow escape, his horse having been killed under him. He gained the land, however, and the militia, having done all that was expected of them, dispersed. Once on the same side of the river with the Americans, the irate lord resolved to make up for his previous delay. He destroyed his wagons, whereby he was enabled to double the teams for his artillery, and to mount a portion of his infantry. He pushed after Morgan, endeavoring to overtake him before he could cross the Yadkin. He failed, thanks to the speed of the American troops, and the relay of boats, which, by Greene's provident orders, were awaiting them by the banks of the river. The stream, although on the rise, was not sufficiently swollen to prevent the American cavalry from fording. They were just in time, however, for, as the last of them crossed, up came Cornwallis's mounted cavalry and infantry. As it was, they crossed their weapons with the American rearguard. Ere long my Lord Cornwallis and the rest of his army reached the banks of the Yadkin. He was a little too late. The stream was no longer fordable, and Greene had secured all the boats. Cornwallis opened a furious cannonade on the Americans, but as their camp was sheltered by a rising ground, it was a waste of ammunition. Greene had taken up his quarters in a little cabin, which was somewhat sheltered by the rocks. By and by, as if they had divined that he was there, the enemy pointed their cannon toward it. The balls struck the rocks, and then came nearer and nearer. At length the clapboards of the roof began to fly. Greene, however, was not to be disturbed by it. He sat and wrote his dispatches as coolly as if he had been in his own chamber, only stopping to hear the reports of his aids, or to give orders. He seemed to feel himself fire-proof.

Greene remained a day on the banks of the Yadkin, and then, to beguile Cornwallis in pursuit of him, resumed his march for the River Dan. The cold was intense, and his soldiers were thinly clad and worse shod; hundreds of them tracked

the ground with bloody feet. In the best equipped corps a blanket sufficed for four men. They crossed the Dan on the 15th of February. This was the main portion of the army. Certain detachments were still scattered over the country, harassing the British in pursuit. They came up in time, however, the last of them crossing the river at dusk. As the last files ascended the northern bank of the Dan the British rushed into sight on the southern. The prey had escaped again. Greene had now led his little army more than two hundred miles through a perilous country, swarming with Tories, in the breaking up of winter, when the roads were soaked with incessant rains. He had contrived to elude the enemy, whose numbers were far superior to his own, leading him a wild-goose chase, away from the strongholds of his power. Unable to fight, the wily blacksmith conquered his foe by a series of masterly retreats. "Your retreat before Cornwallis," Washington wrote him, "is highly applauded by all ranks, and reflects much honor on your military abilities." From the day that he joined Morgan on the banks of the Catawba, Greene had never once undressed himself for sleep!

Not deeming it advisable to pursue the Americans any further, Cornwallis broke up his camp on the Dan on the 18th of February, and wheeling about, marched direct to Hillsborough. In the meantime Greene had received several important accessions to his force, and feeling strong enough to justify the step, he crossed the Dan on the 23d with his whole army. A series of skirmishes, such as always take place when two armies are in the neighborhood of each other, from time to time enlivened the monotony of their progress. Cornwallis abandoned Hillsborough on the 26th, and threw himself across the Haw, taking post near Allamance Creek, one of its principal tributaries. Greene followed him, and crossing the Haw near its source, halted near Troublesome Creek. From this point his light troops continually hovered about the enemy, darting upon his foraging parties, cutting off his supplies and intelligence, beating up his quarters; in short, exhausting him by all sorts of annoyances. Cornwallis attempted to cut off Greene's detachments, but failing in his object, he took post at Bell's Mills, on Deep River. Greene's army now amounted to above four thousand

men, which was one third more than that of the enemy. He accordingly advanced to Guilford Court House, taking post on the 14th of March, 1781, within twelve miles of the British. This was challenging distance, according to the usages of war, and Cornwallis prepared for action. On the morning of the 15th Greene drew up his army in battle array. The van of the enemy appeared about one o'clock, and was welcomed by two pieces of artillery, which had been placed in the road in advance of the first line of the Americans. He answered from an eminence over the head of his own columns. In the intervals of the fire Cornwallis pushed his sections across the defile, and displayed them under cover of an intervening wood. The American line, consisting of one thousand North Carolina militia, fired a scattered shot, and were seized with a panic. They fled in spite of the efforts of their officers, who threw themselves across their path, some darting through the wood, and others seeking shelter in the rear of the second line of Virginia militia, by whom they were received with hisses. The British rushed forward in pursuit, but were for a time checked by cross fires from the flanking parties of Washington and Lee. The latter, however, were at last compelled to retreat, which they did in an orderly manner, firing calmly as they moved backward, only yielding before the pressure of the bayonet.

In the meantime the British line were engaged with the American second line, who received them royally, militia though they were. They were capital marksmen, armed with excellent rifles, and every bullet told. Wide gaps were soon opened in the British files. The steady valor of the latter, aided by their invincible bayonets, prevailed, and the American right began to yield. The flanking party of Washington moved back, and took post on the right of the third line of Continentals. The British left now came up to them, confident of victory, but the Continentals, withholding their fire until the enemy were within a proper range, gave them a volley, and immediately followed it up by a bayonet charge, which sent them reeling back in confusion. Had the American cavalry been present, the British could not have recovered themselves; as it was, their general, who was grievously wounded,

could but just draw them off, and wait for succor. But now one regiment of the first line gave way, leaving the two pieces of artillery which had opened the battle, in the hands of the British. They rushed forward to secure the prize, but the other regiment of the same line, marching behind the copse-wood, by which the field was skirted, dashed among them, and a terrible hand to hand struggle ensued. At the same moment Washington's cavalry burst upon them from the rear. Cornwallis hastened to the point of danger, and the desperate condition of his fortunes requiring a desperate remedy, (for the whole field was covered with his flying guards,) he ordered his artillery to arrest the progress of the American cavalry, by pouring out torrents of grape upon them. He knew that he would slaughter his own men, as well as their foes, so mingled were the masses on the plain; but no other way was left him to save himself. His guns poured out rivers of grape, sweeping through the ranks of the desperate combatants. The American cavalry were repelled, but one half of his battalion was left on the field. The fight was lost to the Americans, but it was still kept up on both sides by detached parties. Greene had kept a regiment of Virginia Continentals in reserve; with these he drew off his troops in safety. The British were too much crippled to pursue them successfully. Bringing up the rear in person, Greene halted within three miles of the field of battle. Here he picked up his stragglers, and arranged for the care of the wounded. He resumed his march in a bitter rain-storm, and reached his encampment at Troublesome Creek about dawn next day. The British loss, in killed and wounded, was six hundred and thirty-three; the loss of the Americans did not reach half that number. "Another such victory," said Fox in the House of Commons, "would ruin the British army."

Greene's next movement was against Camden, then in the possession of Lord Rawdon. He hoped to surprise him, but the runners of the Tories had preceded the American army, bearing the news of Cornwallis's retrograde movement; this, and a delay of several days at the Pee Dee, occasioned by a want of boats for crossing, enabled Rawdon to strengthen himself. Having no battering cannon with which to reduce the place, Greene pitched his tents

on Hobkirk's Hill. He encamped in order of battle, holding himself in constant expectation of an attack. On the morning of the 25th of April Rawdon approached. The American troops were at breakfast; Greene and his aids were indulging in the unusual luxury of a cup of coffee. The sound of fire-arms was heard in the distance, and the drums rolled near at hand; they rose, and were soon in battle array. The whole force of Greene only enabled him to form one line; behind this line he had marked his pieces. Assuming Greene to be without artillery, Rawdon brought none; his surprise may be imagined when that of Greene opened upon him. His men were confused and dismayed. Greene seized the moment of their greatest confusion, and ordered a charge, intending to close on their flanks right and left; but before his cavalry and infantry could make the necessary circuit, Rawdon saw the danger which awaited him, and changed his position, outflanking the Americans, and enfilading their wings; in short exposing them to the very peril from which he had just escaped. A momentary recoil followed on the part of the Americans; the fire of the British drew the fire of the American center, when their orders had been to reserve it. The fall of a number of their officers threw the Maryland regiments in confusion; a retreat ensued, and the field was lost. Greene determined to save his artillery, and just as the matrosses were quitting the drag-ropes he galloped up alone, and, throwing himself from his horse, seized the ropes with his own hands. Some of his men now rushed up to help him, holding their guns in one hand, while with the other they dragged off the ponderous pieces. A band of British cavalry attempted to stop them; they dropped the ropes long enough to fire, and then resumed their progress. Again and again the cavalry returned to the charge, but only to be foiled and driven back by the sharp fire of these extempore artillerists. But now the British infantry had come up, and their marksmen, scattered among the trees, began to pick off the Americans in turn. Out of forty-five of the latter, soon only fourteen remained; at last they were all slain, or taken prisoners. The artillery now seemed lost, but at this moment Colonel Washington charged down the road with his cavalry and put the enemy to flight. Greene saved his beloved can-

non, and continued the retreat. He encamped that night on Saunder's Creek. Notwithstanding his victory Rawdon lost more men than Greene.

On the 7th of September Greene reached the Congaree, seven miles from the Eutaw Springs. Here he effected a junction with his detachments, and made his preparations for battle. His baggage, tents, and everything that might delay or embarrass him had been left behind. With the exception of the tumbrils, the artillery, and two wagons containing hospital stores and rum, he had no wheeled vehicles with him. His force consisted of about two thousand men; the British outnumbered him some three hundred, or more. The American army moved from its bivouac about four in the morning. A couple of deserters carried the intelligence to Stuart, the British commander, who sent out a detachment of infantry and horse to bring in his foragers. This detachment was driven back. In the meantime Stuart had made his preparations for defense. His advance retired before the American front line, a body of stalwart militia, commanded by Pickens and Marion. When the latter drew near the British army, which opened to let the advance pass to the rear, they halted, and wheeling their field pieces forward, commenced the battle. Volleys of musketry were poured into them from the British line, but the sharp ring of their unerring rifles told upon the ranks of the enemy. Ere long their artillery was demolished; but they still continued to fight, receiving the fire of a line more than twice the number of their own. They delivered seventeen rounds, when a forward movement of the British compelled them to fall back. Three battalions of North Carolinians were ordered to their support. Stuart ordered up the infantry of his reserve, and the conflict commenced anew. The whole strength of the British army was now engaged in the *mêlée*; the greater part of the American second line, with all their reserve and cavalry, were fresh and ready for action. The American center yielded, and the British, thinking the victory won, rushed upon them, shouting and disorderly. This was the moment for which Greene had been waiting, and he ordered the field to be swept by his bayonets. The Maryland and Virginia regiments rushed forward with trailing arms, reserving their fire till within forty yards

of the enemy. The Virginians poured in a destructive volley, and pressed forward to finish the work with cold steel. They were seconded by the infantry of Lee, who delivered a heavy enfilading fire, and followed it up with a charge of bayonets. The British left were thrown into disorder. The Maryland regiment now threw in their fire, and the center and right were seized with a panic. The whole line of the enemy gave way and fled; some of them never stopped until they reached the gates of Charleston. The Americans pursued them to their camp. The extreme right of the British still maintained its ground, protected, in some degree, by a body of three hundred picked troops, under cover of the thickets which bordered the Eutaw.

This detachment of the enemy was at last routed by the Delaware infantry. The whole British line now fled before the bayonets of the Americans. The latter chased them to their encampment, taking prisoners at every step. Behind the British tents stood a two-story brick house, whose windows commanded all the space around. It was strong enough to resist the fire of infantry. A garden in the rear, inclosed by a picket fence, increased its facilities for defense. To this garden and house the fugitives ran, the foremost of the Americans at their heels. A struggle took place at the door, which was shut in the face of some of the British officers, who were thus made prisoners. Those who gained the house, however, soon revenged their loss with their rifles; they kept further pursuit at bay. Only the foremost and orderly part of the American army took part in this struggle. The remainder, a large majority, stopped rather long in the tents of the enemy, tempted by a liberal supply of old rum. Their officers strove to extricate them, passing from tent to tent, running the gauntlet of the garrison in the house, but all in vain.

Greene ordered his cavalry to fall upon the enemy in the garden, and his artillery to batter the house. The latter took their guns, which had been dismounted at an early stage of the battle, and a couple of six pounders which the British had abandoned, and attempted to carry out his orders. They ran their pieces too near, and were swept down by a destructive storm of bullets from the house. The guns were left unmanned. The infantry

charged, but failed to clear the garden. They recoiled, repulsed and broken. Greene drew off his forces, and rallied in the cover of the woods, leaving his drunken soldiers in the tents to the tender mercies of the enemy's bayonets. The British commander had gained a dubious victory, but he was too crippled to venture beyond the cover of the house. It was like most of the victories of the British over Greene, of no use to them.

The battle of Eutaw was in reality the downfall of their power in the South, though they still continued to hold Charleston, and kept up a show of strength in other places. From time to time skirmishes came off between them and the forces of Greene, Marion, and other American officers, but none of much importance. A little more than a month after the bloody conflict at Eutaw Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown; and in December of the following year Charleston was evacuated. As the British marched out of the city the Americans marched in, headed by Mad Anthony and a band of infantry and cavalry. After Wayne's troops came a stately cavalcade, consisting of Greene, the governor and his suite, and the principal municipal and state authorities. The reader will be kind enough to imagine the densely-crowded streets, and the handkerchiefs waving at the windows; the tramp of the soldiers, the shining guns and flags; the triumphal music, the shouts, the happy tears. Before the evacuation of Charleston the Legislature assembled at Jacksonborough, and the governor in his opening address passed a high eulogium on Greene. He congratulated the representative body on the pleasing change of affairs, which had been effected, under the blessing of God, by "the wisdom, prudence, address, and bravery of the great and gallant General Greene, and the intrepidity of the officers and men under his command." The Senate declared itself impressed with a high sense of his eminent services, and unanimously voted him their thanks for his distinguished zeal and generalship. The House expressed itself similarly, and showed its gratitude in a more substantial manner by originating a bill "for vesting in General Nathaniel Greene, in consideration of his important services, the sum of ten thousand guineas." Georgia voted him five

thousand guineas, and North Carolina twenty-four thousand acres of land. Congress subsequently gave him a testimonial in the shape of two pieces of field ordnance, which he had captured from the British; and ordered the substance of their complimentary resolution to be engraved upon them. After the evacuation of Charleston, but before the declaration of peace, a misunderstanding between Greene and the civil authorities in the matter of contracting for the necessities of the army, which was not yet disbanded, involved the former in serious pecuniary difficulties, which embittered the last days of his life. He carried his family to South Carolina, but being compelled to sell his lands in that state to satisfy the creditors of the contractor for whom he had been security, he removed to the estate which had been presented to him by the Legislature of Georgia. This was in the spring of 1785. He soon settled down in his new residence, and gave himself up to the delights of a farmer's life. Instead of writing of marches and countermarches, victories and defeats, his letters were full of his grounds and garden. "My garden is delightful," he writes in one of his rural epistles. "The fruit trees and shrubs form a pleasing variety. We have green peas almost fit to eat, and as fine lettuce as you ever saw. The mocking-birds surround us evening and morning. We have in the same orchard apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums of various kinds, figs, pomegranates, and oranges. And we have strawberries which measure three inches round." The extract is of no great consequence, perhaps, but it is pleasant to read for all that. It shows us that a great man like Greene was not above being interested in small things. (No great man, by the way, ever is.) Like Falstaff, when his end was near, he "babbled o' green fields." He died on the 19th of June, 1786, from overheating himself in the rice-field of a friend, and was buried in Savannah. His body was placed in an obscure vault, the locality of which was soon lost. No matter how much his country may wish it, there can be no monument raised above his bones. He sleeps in an unknown sepulcher.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



DOLPHIN POND.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS IN CONNECTICUT.

FAR up among the hills of Litchfield County gleams a solitary lake, with water pure and clear as crystal. Among the primeval forest trees, which form a dense hedge around its borders, are glorious specimens of the dark hemlock and stately pine. A more utterly solitary spot is not often found; the foot of man rarely treads its precincts. Huge trunks of trees have fallen in all directions, and now appear in various stages of decay. The moss of ages has crept over the forest. Here nature reigns in a primitive solitude, disturbed only by an occasional sportsman in pursuit of game. Few portions of the Adirondack present a scene more thoroughly wild. High towering above its compeers, upon a bold point jutting out into the lake, stands a majestic pine, its outline darkly penciled against the sky. There is a something mysterious and weird-like in this lofty monarch of the lake. Widely stretch its branches; it receives neither shelter nor protection

from its neighbors, but boldly lifts itself above them all, as though self-confident in its strength to defy alone the storm and tempest's breath. And thus it doubtless stood when the elastic steps of the red man was becoming less and less frequent upon the borders of the lake, and at last gave place to the tread of his subduer.

This wild scene, of which I have endeavored to give a pen as well as pencil picture, is known as Dolphin Pond. Aside from its sequestered and impressive beauty, it possesses a degree of interest as the source of the Naugatuck. This stream, boisterous and frolicsome as is its after course, assumes in its infancy a sober mood. Leaving its secluded birth-place, to commence its wanderings, lazily it starts upon its course; perhaps apprised that in youth as well as maturity it has Herculean tasks to perform; but soon changes its mind, and begins its characteristic sports and gambols.

Dolphin Pond is situated in the town

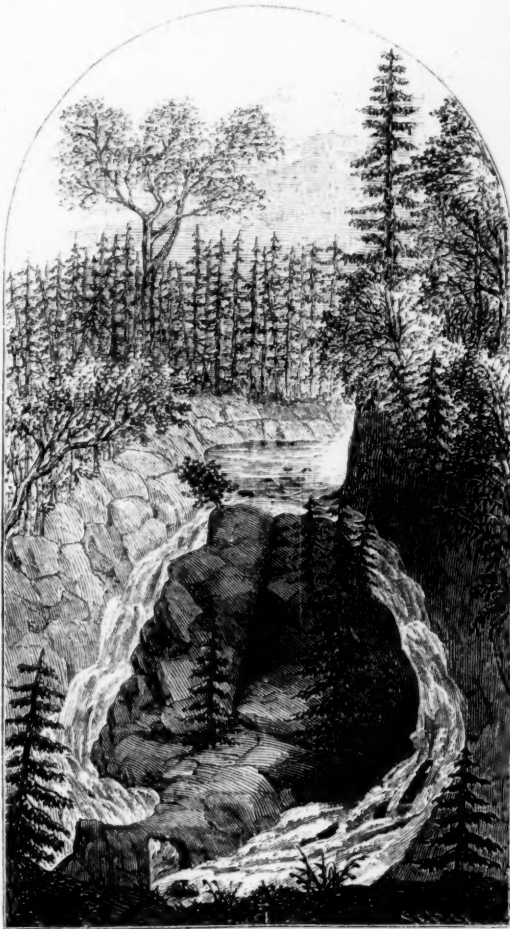
of Norfolk, about six miles from the Massachusetts line, and about two miles northwest of South Norfolk. The spot is entirely inaccessible, except to the pedestrian. A walk of about half a mile is required to reach it from the road, following the course of the stream, a pretty brook, now tumbling over the rocks, or again so sluggishly pursuing its way through marshy ground as almost to lose itself under the high grass and the accumulation of decaying forest trees which have fallen across its course.

The village of Winsted originally centered on a lofty eminence, some three miles westward of which a large lake of pure clear water was embosomed among the hills, and encircled by the virgin forest. It poured its abundant stream down a descent of one hundred and fifty feet into the Mad River, rushing down from the northwest, and uniting a mile further eastward with the Still River, and then taking its course, first northward and then eastward to the Truxis, or Farmington. Beautiful and abundant were the trout that filled these streams in these early days. But more beautiful to the utilitarian were the constant succession of cascades, now submerged by dams and surrounded by factories. One of them, the most picturesque of all, still gives forth the music of nature in its primeval solitude.

The present sketch gives but a faint idea of the waterfall and its surrounding of jagged cliffs, arched rocks, and ancient trees. It is easily accessible, and a favorite resort of the lovers of nature.

The region of these streams was an unpenetrated wilderness until near the close of the last century. Deacon David Austin had penetrated from "Old Winchester," on the west, to the outlet of the lakes, and

had there built a grist-mill as early as 1782, and a bridle path was opened thence to ancient Winsted. The Doolittles soon afterward built another mill on the Still River, at the eastern border of the present village. A few settlers about this time had also penetrated the valley from the south, and located on what is now called South-street.



THE FALLS NEAR WINSTED.

The pioneer manufacturers of Winsted were Benjamin Jenkins, from Bridgewater, Mass., and James Boyd, from New Windsor, N. Y., who, in 1795, established the first scythe factory in the state, and the third in the Union, they having respectively learned the trade at the two other establishments in the places from whence they came.

Their first establishment stood on the present site of the Winsted Scythe Company, in the northeastern part of the village. They soon afterward united with Thomas Spencer in building the first iron works in the town, on the lake stream below Austin's Mill. In 1799 they built a second scythe factory, near the junction of the lake stream and Mad River. These two branches of business have ever heretofore been the main stay and support of the village. The making of refined bar iron, for many years the staple article of the place, is now mainly abandoned, in consequence of competition from quarters more favorably located in respect to iron mines and charcoal. The scythe business is still sustained by three large establishments, together making some two hundred thousand scythes a year.

The Rockwell Brothers came into the village from Colebrook about 1800, and erected two iron works, a woolen factory, and a new grist-mill on the lake stream.

Hosea Hinsdale and James Shepard, about the same period, laid the foundations of the two largest tanneries in the state, which are still successfully carried on by their successors.

The illustration which I present of Plymouth Hollow was sketched from the height east of the village, near the road which leads to the village on the hill. There is certainly nothing that strikes one as particularly pleasing in the name of Plymouth Hollow. How much more euphonious, as well as suggestive of its situation, would be that of Plymouth on Naugatuck.

In 1739 this town received the name of Northbury, being the third society of Waterbury. The first record of the society is a warning for a meeting on the application of John Sutcliff and others.

They "maid choise" of Samuel Todd to be their minister, and voted to give him one hundred and fifty pounds settlement. . . . At ye same meeting it was voted to give Mr. Samuel todd for ye two first years from ye first of last October one hundred pounds salary per year, and his fire-wood and two dayes work, a man from sixteen to sixty [years of age] per year, one in summer and one in ye winter, and provide comfortable house room for him ye first year upon our own causte.

It would appear from this very liberal allowance, especially when we take into consideration the simple habits of that period, that Mr. Todd was much better

provided for than one of the earlier clergymen in the neighboring parish of Northfield, of whom it is related that he found such utter "nakedness in the land" that he gave out one Sunday from the pulpit, with considerable emphasis, the hymn commencing with the words,

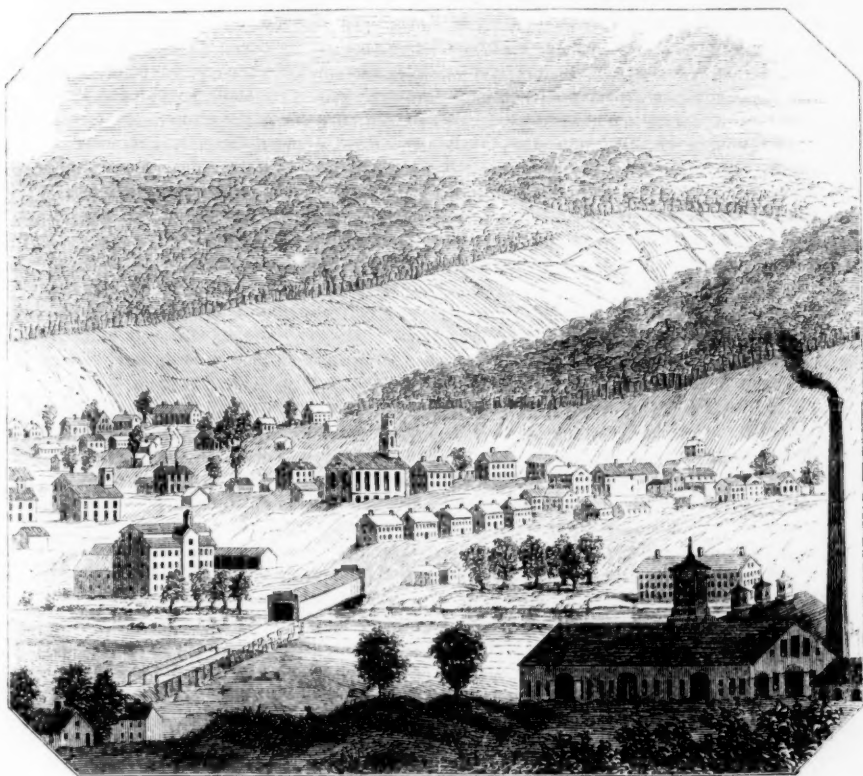
Lord! what a wretched land is this!
That yields us no supply.

To which the chorister quickly responded by giving the tune, "Northfield."

A disaffection seems, however, soon to have risen in Mr. Todd's society. About the time of his settlement the great revival in New England commenced. He was at first, it is stated, opposed to it, or, at least, regarded it with distrust. He went to Stockbridge to get a more intimate knowledge of its practical workings, and came back with opinions wholly changed. He at once introduced "conference meetings," and labored to rouse the feelings of his church and people. The result was, many of his parishioners, and finally a majority, including some of the principal men in both Church and society, turned against him, denounced his doctrines and measures, and at length obtained control of the meeting-house and established in it Episcopal worship.

This part of the valley must have been well peopled in aboriginal times. The river was stocked with trout and salmon, the flats were fine stalking ground for deer, and there are those now living who have heard the clashing of the wild turkey's wings, as he passed over from one side of the valley to the other in his heavy flight.

Among the aborigines of this vicinity there was one old chief who, surviving all his kindred, lived and died in a manner worthy of the last of his tribe. He seldom descended into the valley, but was often seen, in the early light of the morning, on the brow of the mountain, about one mile below the village. There, on a projecting rock for a stage, with the dark and bare hill-side for a background, he would enact "heavy tragedy," singing his war song, and shaking his weapons over the valley below, now beginning to smile with cultivation. Nor did he seemingly confine himself entirely to the dramatic; occasional injuries done to the cattle made the settlers suspicious and apprehensive. In those days the life of the "red-skin" was held most cheap. The gaunt and lofty figure of



PLYMOUTH HOLLOW.

the aged chieftain was missed from his favorite haunt. He had played out his part upon the stage, the curtain had fallen, and the old chief had passed "behind the scenes" to the great hunting grounds of his fathers. But it was not until long after this that his body was found, with a bent and rusted gun lying beside it, on a heap of loose stones which had fallen through many centuries at the base of the rock on which he was accustomed to stand.

An old house is now standing a short distance from Plymouth Hollow, on a hillside, whose cellar or basement walls are five or six feet thick, but though intended for a defense against the Indians it seems never to have been needed. Indian arrow heads and other implements are sometimes found in the neighborhood. None knew better than the Indian where to find the sweetest waters, and sometimes, when clearing out the rock basin of some natural spring, rude vessels will be found at the

bottom, hollowed out of "cotton stone," a metamorphic rock common to this locality.

Under a mountain in the south part of Plymouth are extensive excavations made by one John Sutliff, in pursuit of gold and other precious metals which he expected to find in a state of fusion, so that they might be dipped up with a ladle. Mr. Sutliff commenced digging near the Waterbury road under the mountain. His route became very circuitous as he proceeded, and after years of labor, digging, as he supposed, into the heart of the mountain, he was surprised one day to find his solitude obtruded upon. The fact was, that he had dug out to nearly the same point where he had begun. This was discovered by some person passing along the road, who, hearing a noise under ground, conjectured that it must be Sutliff at his labors; he accordingly obtained assistance, and dug down to the spot, when he was met by Sutliff, in a very angry mood at being thus disturbed.

He was said to have been perfectly sane on all other subjects, this being a monomania with him. He continued his labors for a period of from thirty to forty years, and then only gave them up when compelled by the infirmities of age.

The village of Plymouth Hollow is greatly indebted to the enterprise of Seth Thomas, Esq., for its present prosperity. Here are manufactories of cotton, clocks, etc., etc., as well as an extensive brass-rolling mill.

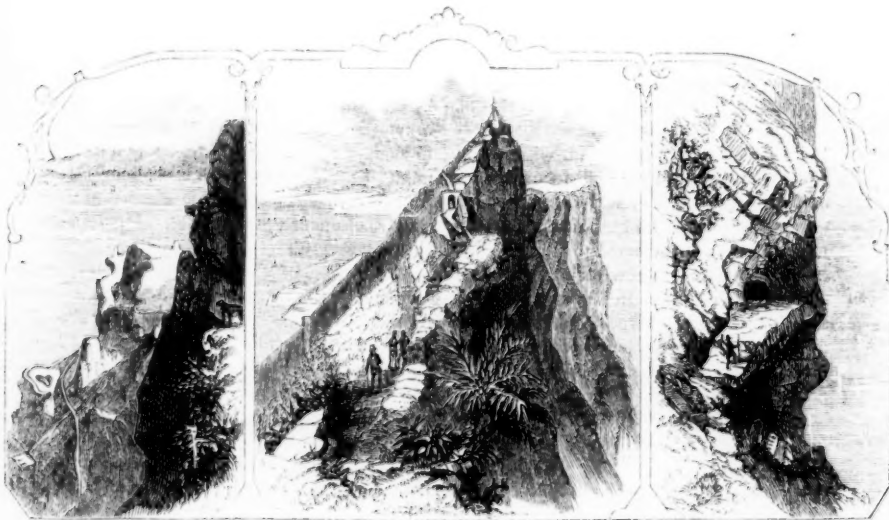
GIBRALTAR, ITS TOWN AND FORTIFICATIONS.

GIBRALTAR, as a town, has certainly nothing to boast of. It consists of two or three long streets running parallel with the sea-wall, intersected with steep narrow lanes leading up the rock by means of rough steps: so that here, as well as at Malta, you meet with "streets of stairs." No easy task it was, on that hot day, to climb these rugged, precipitous lanes and narrow alleys, assuredly not redolent with odors most grateful to the sense. Buildings of all shapes and sizes huddled together, and clinging to the bare rock, give to the town a close and uncomfortable appearance. It has been called, not inappropriately, a "military hot-house;" at every turn you are reminded

it is a crowded garrison town in which *arms* are not much accustomed to pay deference to the *toga*. The best houses are the officers' quarters, some of them very pleasantly situated; yet dull and wearisome must the place be to those whose prolonged sojourn there is not entirely optional. The military duty in the garrison is unavoidably, from the position and importance of the place, the strictest in all the British service.

The public buildings in Gibraltar are insignificant. The principal church has no architectural beauty. The post-office is a miserable place, so retiringly situated as to be quite a puzzle for a stranger to find its locality. The governor's palace is an old Spanish convent, more spacious than splendid. The most striking building is the fine old Moorish castle, with its great square tower, and its horse-shoe Moorish arches, standing towering above the town; a venerable memorial of bygone days and dynasties. From inscriptions on the south gate and in the mosque, it appears to have been built about A. D. 739, by Aba Abul Haje, a famous prince and warrior of Morocco. At present its massive walls, which have stood the sunshine and storms of eleven hundred years, mingle and contrast strangely with the surrounding monuments of modern war.

While passing through the marketplace, and the more busy parts of the



EUROPA POINT.

THE SIGNAL STATION.

EX. OF MARTIN'S CAVE.

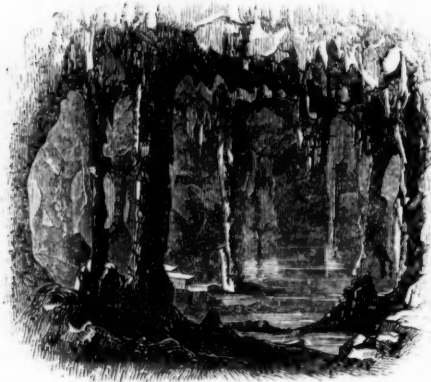


GIBRALTAR FROM THE N. E.

town, I was much interested in observing the different color, and character, and costume of the crowds congregated together. Here you meet the grave, stately Moor from Barbary, and his old enemy the Spaniard, each with his distinctive countenance, bearing, and attire. The Jew and the Greek jostle each other, and busily ply their different avocations in peace and amity; complete religious toleration being enjoyed by all. Here you see the dark-eyed Spanish *senorita* with her mantilla and her fan; there the contrabandista, ready for any deed of darkness and daring. Genoese and Africans, English soldiers in their red coats, and jolly tars in their blue jackets, meet you at every turn. What affected me most deeply were gangs of English convicts at work on the fortifications, or marching in droves to or from their cells, with the dress and stigma of infamy upon them. The sight made the heart sick. Sad proof that sin is its own punishment! Nor must I forget to mention the natives of the Rock, called "Scorpions," a singular looking race, no better than they should be, if all said about them is true. Indeed, the whole population seemed a medley of the most motley description; the town being peopled, they tell us, by stragglers and strangers from Patagonia to Poland.

We first made our way, with what speed we could, to the post-office, to send our first dispatches home, with the good news that hitherto all had gone on pros-

perously with us. We then called on the Wesleyan missionaries, whose labors among the soldiers have been much blessed. After visiting their chapel and schools, an excellent public library, and other objects of interest and utility, we commenced to climb the rock. Our party being good pedestrians, this we attempted on foot. The heat and the toil were great, but amply were we repaid. The steep, rough, winding ascent led us past the exterior walls of the old Moorish castle. The Great Tower is of prodigious solidity, and is now used as a powder magazine. Its venerable walls suffered much in the famous siege, being greatly exposed to the fire of the Spanish batteries. Within the castle are barracks. Here we obtained a guide to facilitate our way, and point out the wonders of this marvelous fortress. Up and still up the zig-zag paths we toiled, and found battery frowning above battery at every turn. By an excavated passage we at length reached "Willis's Batteries," so often referred to in the history of the siege. The view here is terrific. Precipices above and below, absolutely perpendicular, all along which you see extended black lines of openings, like the mouths of so many caves, and the muzzles of cannon peering out, ready to pour out their destructive fire, at any moment or any emergence. The excavated galleries are truly astonishing. When the Duke de Crillon, who commanded the combined



MARTIN'S CAVE.

forces of France and Spain at the famous siege, was conducted over these galleries after the general peace, addressing his suite, he said, "These works are worthy of the Romans." We proceeded along the Windsor-galleries, which, like the others, are full of openings for guns; and after many turnings and windings we reached St. George's Hall, the most famed of these extraordinary excavations. This chamber, cut out of the solid rock, and fitted up with heavy guns as a strong battery, is at the eastern angle of the rock, and is so capacious that grand entertainments have been given here. Lord Nelson was, on one occasion, feasted by the authorities of Gibraltar in St. George's Hall. We visited, also, Cornwallis's Hall, a spacious chamber of the same kind, but less elegant than the former; and at length, having emerged into open day by another line of galleries, we set ourselves, in right good earnest, to climb to the signal station.

This we did find a toilsome and trying pilgrimage. The path was circuitous, stony, and rugged, the more so the higher we ascended, and by this time the heat and fatigue were almost overpowering. Onward and upward we wended our way, till at length we reached the summit. Here, in a comfortable little parlor of the flag-sergeant, we rested and recruited our strength, and then stepped out to gaze on a scene of surpassing magnificence. We were on the summit of one of the three principal points on the ridge of the rock. A small parapet wall surrounds this station; over this wall you look down perpen-

dicularly some twelve or thirteen hundred feet, into the Mediterranean rolling beneath you. All around, the prospect by sea and land is as exquisite as it is extensive. The bay looks most beautiful; curling with the breeze in one place, smooth as a mirror in another, and studded all over with ships and sails of every sort and size. To the east you have a long range of fearful precipices; to the west, a steep descent, with the town, the Alameda—a pleasant promenade, the New Mole, dock-yards, barracks, batteries, magazines, strong bastions along the sea-line, elegant villas, and neat gardens, clustering at the base and

on the sides of the mountain. Looking across the Strait, the African coast, not far distant, adds to the interest of the scene. You see Mons Abyla, the corresponding pillar of Hercules. In favorable circumstances, Mount Atlas may also be seen; while the blue waters of the Mediterranean stretch before you as far as the eye can reach.

Hercules, thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land;
Cloud-capp'd Atlas towers at hand.

We descended by a long steep flight of steps, connected with a defensive wall extending to the very summit of the rock, built by the Emperor Charles V., and bearing his name. Formerly, at a given signal, one thousand armed men, at a few minutes' warning, could be stationed on these steps. Happily, as a matter of safety, this is no longer necessary; and we trust the day approaches when nations shall require these muniments of war no more. I felt some difficulty in descending the steep, narrow steps; but the scene was enchanting.

Across the bay, about five miles from the rock, stood the Spanish town Alge-siras, a picturesque object, imbosomed in the amphitheater of beautiful undulating hills which skirt the bay as far as the eye could reach. At this town the Spaniards, in 1781, built their floating batteries, with which they vainly hoped to wrest Gibraltar from the British. General Elliot stood unmoved, like the rock itself, holding the key of the garrison in his hand, determined no one should enter there without his permission. He calmly watched all

the preparations of the enemy ; allowed the Spanish gun-boats, one after another, to take their position, loaded with warriors and with arms ; then, when all was ready, he gave the command, and red-hot shot, since called " Elliot's pills," fell like hail among the Spaniards, and boat after boat blew up till all were destroyed. I saw the place on the King's Bastion where the general stood on that memorable day. For his services and success he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Heathfield. St. Roque, too—where stood the camp of the Duke de Crillon, another famous place in the siege—stands conspicuous on a gentle eminence. Behind all, the Spanish mountains rise in lofty ranges, and give a charming finish to this romantic picture. A hill was pointed out in the distance, where the Queen of Spain caused her chair of state to be placed, and vowed she would never leave it till the British were vanquished, and the rock was again her own. Alas ! she was forced at length to retire. On reaching the low ground again, I wandered about, luxuriating in the historical associations that cluster round this singular spot. The Moors landed here on their first arrival in Spain, and kept possession for seven hundred years. In 1462 it was captured by the Spaniards. In 1704 the English first attacked and took it, and, as a valuable key to the Mediterranean, have kept it ever since. Whether, in a military point of view, it is worth all the immense expenditure of men and money it has cost, I pretend not to decide. By many this is doubted. It has no harbor ; its guns cannot close the Straits to a hostile squadron ; it maintains its importance chiefly from the prestige of the past. The smuggling, so extensively carried on at Gibraltar, is as disgraceful to England as it is injurious to Spain, and ought to be put down. I looked with much interest at the low sandy plain to the north ; the neutral ground between the Spaniards and the British ; their respective lines you see clearly marked out. Near this spot stands the neat somber burial-ground, with distinct plots marked off for the Jews, and different sects of professing Christians, as if, even in death, our sad divisions must still be perpetuated. At length we had



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

to tear ourselves away. Though we had made the best use of our time, many of the wonders of the place we had to leave unvisited.

SKETCHES OF CHICAGO.

IN the latter end of May, 1835, when the writer of these sketches was some twenty-three years younger than now, our family set out in a wagon, in the old-fashioned way, from Westfield, New York, to Erie, Pennsylvania, to take boat from thence to Chicago. In those days people made inquiries beforehand when steamboats left for the West, and just as a few years ago people flocked to New York at the leaving of a California packet, so the people flocked to Buffalo and other parts to take boat for Chicago.

Our family went to Erie to head off the boat advertised to leave for the West from Buffalo. These boats were uncertain things, and we gave ourselves plenty of time, and were in consequence obliged to wait two or three days in Erie. This town at that time was an old sixth-rate village, standing upon bluffs that were every day crumbling into the lake. It was near the place of Perry's victory, and at one of the wharves lay the "Queen Charlotte," one of the British vessels sunk in the lake in the war of 1812. She had been lately raised, and was now being refitted.

Daily we looked for the steamboat. At last she hove in sight, and by the time we could muster to the pier she was ready to take us on board. It was the "Thomas

Jefferson," a long three-masted, old-fashioned steamboat, whose old hulk now, no doubt, lies rotting on some weather-beaten shore.

We were soon off for the West in high spirits. The squalid hamlets, Cleveland, Detroit, etc., were visited, and on we went into the wild and dreary regions of the Straits of Mackinaw. At the village of Mackinaw we found a mixed set of French, Indians, soldiers, and traders living in a cozy dell beneath pine-clad hills, and overlooked by the fort on whose distant parapets we could see the sentinel treading his slow rounds. We had our first view of the Indians here. Through the picturesque straits we wound our way, and bidding these beauteous regions farewell we rode up the putrescent waters of the Green Bay. There was no wooding-place from Mackinaw to Milwaukee, and in consequence the boat was forced to run up the bay a hundred miles, and out again for a supply of wood.

On the eighth day of June our good steamer which, without accident, unless we count the nauseous sea-sickness accident, had brought us thus far, cast her anchors in the lake off Chicago. There was no harbor then into which so large a boat could enter, and we were forced to lie there a day waiting till scows could be procured to take us to the shore. We landed at last strangers in a strange land; we were soon domiciled, and all of us at once entered upon city life. A great city that, however!

Lake Michigan is skirted all around her western shores with black oak sand ridges. The lake once covered the country for at least ten miles in shore, and this old bed is low, and now and then sluggish streams, mere bayous, put into the lake upon whose banks are generally skirts of prairie. Where Chicago is situated one of these streams broke through the sand banks and then extending west three quarters of a mile, branches north and south. The prairie west is a low level over which no doubt the lake once flowed into the Mississippi. The prairie sets back to the Des Plaines River, without timber, and a tongue of this prairie borders the lake for three miles. The river setting in here is about two hundred feet wide, and twenty or more feet deep. The shores are so abrupt vessels can lie along the banks within a plank's length

of the land. The south branch of this bayou (for it is nothing more) runs nearly parallel with the lake for over two miles, and then bends for a mile to the west, and ends abruptly at Bridgeport. The forks of the river are now about at the center of the city. In 1835 there was a clever village at the point at the forks, and another on the main branch of the river on the lake, and near the fort. They were squalid towns well filled with liquor shops, and each strived manfully for the mastery. Blue-coated soldiers still occupied the fort.

Every morning the mellow tones of the bugle summoned men to the roll call, and every Sabbath men in stiff leather stocks sat in the pews of the Presbyterian Church. Three streets from the river, on Lasalle-street, there were plenty of trees and underbrush, and I often, in those days, gathered hazle-nuts across the street west of the First Baptist Church. Where the Rock Island Railroad depot stands was a dense hazle thicket where, even in that day, lynx and wild cats were found. South Water-street and Dearborn-street were the main business streets of the town. Lake-street was the great thoroughfare, and near the Tremont House it was no uncommon thing to see a four-horse stage mired down. Joking men would put an old hat on a stick with a warning label "gone down!" and boards chalk-marked, "no bottom here!" would often meet the eye; and, indeed, there was a great deal of truth in this last warning! There were a few liquor groceries on Lake-street, and Thomas Church kept a dry-goods and grocery store on the south side of Lake, between Clarke and Dearborn-streets.

Speaking of Thomas Church and hazle-bushes makes me think of an incident. A great circus came to town. Billy Barlow was the chief songster. The fame of his songs reached us outsiders, whose want of money kept us from entering, and there was a dreadful desire among us boys to get inside. One Sunday afternoon I was strolling over near the public square when a friend told me that pea bushes were in demand, and that I could sell those for money enough to get into the circus. I borrowed a hatchet, and cutting a nice lot of poles, Sunday as it was, went down town to sell them. I went to Mrs. C (not the present Mrs. Prune C.) and offered them for sale. She said she did

not buy such things on Sunday. I threw away my poles. Mrs. C. did not break the Sabbath, and I did not get into the circus.

The chief men of the town of that day were the Kinzies, the Hubbards, Beaubiens, G. W. Dale, J. B. F. Russel, R. J. Hamilton, etc.

The St. James Episcopal Church was commenced in 1836. There was a small Catholic chapel a block east of the Tremont House. The Presbyterians had a house about twenty by thirty in size, seated with school benches, which served as chief church and school-house, where this present writer made mischief in school hours, and sat with aching bones through long, dull Sabbath services. Besides these (I have since learned) the Methodists had a small room on the north side. These were the churches of that day. There was no regular service in any of them.

The town supported three schools, and school-rooms were hired here and there for school purposes. The Presbyterian Church just mentioned was situated on the alley, west side of Clark, between Lake and Randolph-streets; in this the chief school of the town was kept. In 1836 I attended school on the west side, a few rods from the Point. The room was about ten by twelve. Mr. Wakeman was teacher. The highest classes read in the New Testament, this being the chief "Reader" in the school. In the winter of 1836 and 1837 the only school on the west side was kept by Mr. King in his own dwelling-house.

The Indians had generally left the country, but the annual payment for 1836 was made in Chicago, and five thousand Indians assembled for allowances. The commissioner on pay-day held his office in an old frame house between Washington and Randolph-streets, four or five blocks from the river on the west side. It was a quarter of a mile on the prairie, away from any other house. Sentries marched hither and thither, forming a large semi-circle about the door.

Many of Chicago's present prominent citizens were my schoolmates in that day. S. L. Brown, Francis Sherman, jr., Mrs. Ingles, and a host of others scattered over the west, Ballentine Curtis, Irving Granger, Scovills, and a half hundred others known through the country. But alas! others, and loved ones too, are laid

away in the grave. How many of us of the old time hold in memory Charles A. Stowel, Harrison Jones, Francis X. Taylor, William Sweet, and others precious to memory?

The surroundings of Chicago were somewhat different from the present time of railways and prodigious cities! Some forty miles to the north was a little burgh of four or five houses called Little Fort, which is now the charming Waukegan. Twelve miles north of the town, on the Milwaukee road, was a prominent tavern, kept by a Dutchman, where dancing and whisky drinking were the chief employments. This place was known far and near as Dutchman's Point. That Dutch tavern-keeper, John Plank by name, is now a presiding elder in the Rock River Conference.

Go down on the pier and you will see, some twelve miles to the north, a point of land extending into the lake. That from the early day until 1854 was known as Grosse Point. Until 1854 there was no living thing there but the wolf, the deer, and here and there the lone wood-chopper in his hut. Every few days some small schooner would anchor off the point to take in a cargo of wood. A company of enterprising trustees of a college bought three hundred acres of land down there four years ago, and laid out a town, calling it, after John Evans, the president of the board, Evanston. Now a beautiful town, with three colleges and a seminary, inhabited by the well-to-do people of Chicago, greets the railway traveler as he speeds northward. Evanston will be known in history! One of the oldest citizens of Chicago, Mrs. E. Garrett, left at her death a property of over three hundred thousand dollars for the support of a Methodist Biblical Institute at this old Grosse Point place.

Ninety miles to the westward an old quiet man ferried the traveler from the South to the lead mines of Galena, over the Rock River, and everywhere. Dixon's Ferry was a noted place. That is Dixon now. Juliet (now Joliet) and Ottawa were little villages to the southwest.

Twelve miles south of Chicago there is a river very much like that at Chicago. Here early speculators laid out the city of Calumet. They built a toll bridge, and spent hundreds of dollars striving to drain a large morass. You could not go amiss

of the town stakes. This city was to vie with Chicago, and for a few years the struggle for life there was ardent indeed. Now Calumet is lonely enough, and fishermen dry their nets there! Beside so large a monster as Chicago all little fish are swallowed up.

The newspapers of 1835 in Chicago were the *Chicago Democrat* and the *Chicago American*. Both were small weekly sheets, very common affairs. The *Chicago Democrat* went into the hands of John Wentworth in 1836, who had just come to Chicago on foot to make his fortune, and has remained ever since the same paper it then was, as far as may be, changing only in size and material as times have changed. It has made a living, and something over, for its owner, and has sent him to Congress several times. John Wentworth ought to love the *Democrat* and do well by it.

The *American* has changed hands and name several times. Some eighteen years ago its name was changed to *Chicago Express*, and about 1844 it became the *Chicago Journal*, and has continued under that cognomen until this present time.

The *Chicago Democrat* is the first paper I ever remember seeing, and my first political impressions were received from it. It was customary in those days to berate the Whigs in the *Democrat*, and I verily believed Whigs were a set of bandits, seeking the country's ruin. I had no more idea a Whig could be an honest man than that a robber is honest. I have had many a laugh since then at those old notions of mine. I was so credulous. I thought so grave a thing as a newspaper could not but be in earnest. I looked upon an editor as a man far higher than I now place a president. O what a boyish faith I had in that old *Democrat*!

It was a long time after 1835 before Chicago supported more papers than those two first ones; now, however, every prominent interest has its paper. Of some eight Advocates published by the Methodists one of the best is published at Chicago.

The arm of the journeyman printer long ago became too tardy, and they have brought in the man of iron from the mountains and set him at work, and his breath of steam utters words that burn!

Long ago the village at the Point and the town near the lake became one, and there is one dense city now. This reaches

four miles along the lake, and extends about four miles back into the country. The city is nearly square, and covers over sixteen square miles. There are, perhaps, one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants.

But let us return to our early incidents. There was no actual work done on the canal, which was the main moving cause of the city's early progress, until 1836. Then, all things being ready, and the fifteen years of "red tape" maneuvers having passed, and the matter having gone over from the officers of the circumlocution office into the hands of the people, July 4, 1836, the work was set in motion.

The 4th of July of 1836 was a great day for the people of Chicago. That day was set apart as the day of commencing the canal. Never a brighter day beamed on the world. The sun shone down brightly, and it was just cool enough for linen jackets. Early in the morning cannon and music aroused the town, and Chicago, small as it was, swarmed with anxious people. The ceremony of throwing out the first shovel full of earth was to be performed at Bridgeport, and speeches were expected on the occasion; hence, from an early breakfast hour, the hearts of the citizens were set on an excursion. The boys especially, among whom I was numbered, were on full tilt to see all the hurrah that could be seen. There was a small steamboat called the *Chicago* in the city; it was about the size of a common steam "tug," and was the only steamboat, I think, that had ever been in the river. This steamboat was trimmed out gayly, as was also a vessel and a Mackinaw boat, and these three were to carry the notables up the river. The rabble and the boys were to go on foot, or in any other way they chose. Everything that looked like a boat was skipping over the river that day. Skiffs, yawls, canoes everywhere on the water; wagons, carriages, and carts on the land made up the conveyances of the excited multitude. A tow-path had been built all the way up the east side of the river, which could have been seen as late as 1844. Early in the morning the steamboat was on a move; and I remember how her pipe was knocked down as she passed under the old draw-bridge on Clark-street. It was afternoon before the passengers saw Bridgeport; and many of them did not get there then, by the way, for the *Chicago*

was so loaded she ran aground in mid river away up among the tanglewoods of Hardscrabble. It turned out to be a vexatious day to the boat riders.

Some Irishmen shoveled out a few spadefuls of earth, and a few speeches were made to those who were so fortunate as to get there.

Night drew on, and the throng began to straggle homeward, tired enough. All arrived safely, with no mishaps worthy of note except the famous steamboat. That came puffing homeward through Hardscrabble about dusk, and met an adventure. On the river bank, near Sherman's stone quarry, was a large pile of small stones on the bank, where scows had been loaded. As the steamboat came along a party of Irishmen (for what reason I could never learn) poured in a shower of stones upon the passengers. The boat was not going to be chased on Independence day, and therefore hove to for a pitched battle. Officers tried to do their duty, but failed. At last three men (the leader Mr. Steel) went ashore and put the valiant assailants to flight. An important man who had been brigadier of militia had skulked away on the steamboat and could not be brought to aid in the defense; but when Mr. Steel caught one of these fellows, this same braggart came blustering ashore, and catching up a club struck the captured one, exclaiming courageously, "We'll give it to you!" Many persons spilled their precious blood on that momentous occasion.

At last the sun went down and darkness drew on. The great Illinois Canal had been commenced; the 4th of July had been celebrated; the crowd had let off their surplus of patriotism, and darkness and stillness ended the scene.

In May, 1848, twelve years after the commencement of the canal—which had been discontinued in the bankrupt days of 1838—all Chicago turned out once more to hail the first boat that had glided through the channel commenced so long before. The canal was at last, after so long a time, finished, and it now exists as a monument of energy and expense. That same canal has consumed more money than it would take to checker our state with railroads.

With me, personally, there are circumstances that will always bring up peculiar emotions when I look upon that old canal. A brother, J. B. Field, to whom his family looked with hope, was out on that day of

1836. He was out, too, in 1848. He had then become a business man, and had a home and family of his own. He went up to Bridgeport in 1848 to see the opening of the canal, and in the evening came home sick and feverish. The cold and the excitement of the day had been too much for him. He laid him down to die. In one short week all that was mortal of him was laid in the graveyard north of Chicago. The days of a city's joy were days of sorrow to us! So do days of joy join hands with days of sorrow and interlink themselves forever!

A RIDE IN MEXICO.

THOUGH the Pacific was smooth as a duck-pond, not a soul on board the *Golden Gate* took breakfast on the eighth morning out from San Francisco, for Acapulco was but a few miles off, and we could breakfast much better on shore. Soon we approached the entrance of the harbor; tawny rocks with almost vertical strata project into the blue water; behind them ridges so shaggy with wood and underwood that they might have done honor to Scotland. After rounding another point, we are fairly in the cove, and out of sight of the Pacific. The village—for it is no more—looks pretty among its groves of orange, lime, and cocoa-trees, that even cast their shadow on the white sand below the clear salt ripples.

Thick as musketoes were the shore boats around us, and great was their rivalry; you had need to step the instant a boat reached the ladder, or it would be drawn from under your feet; however, no accidents happened, and all at last reached the shore, a harvest to the boatmen of some fifty pounds, a dollar being the price for the trip. Beneath some large trees near the landing-place were two-score Mexican women, with as many stalls piled up with oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, pine-apples, and water-melons; some, too, had cakes of country-made sugar, fresh eggs, and quantities of dyed coral and flimsy shell ornaments. People from on board ship are always eager for shore luxuries, and home-returning Californians are always free with their money; ladies bought curiosities, and gentlemen fruit; and by the time the ship's gun fired there was little left for sale. I did not wonder that the

place lived entirely on the weekly steamer and the occasional man-of-war; a good big man-of-war, they say, is better than ten steamers. The gun fired, and my shipmates disappeared rapidly; some lamented they had paid their passage through, as they would otherwise have liked to accompany me to Mexico and Vera Cruz; some talked of the danger from robbers—such a country for robbers; some, again, in a truly American, or, as Elia would say, Caledonian spirit, expressed their doubts of its being the shortest or cheapest way to New Orleans. The gun fired a second time; the *Golden Gate* steamed off, Acapulco became quiet, and I was left alone to plan my journey.

First, then, for a passport, which I ought to have obtained at San Francisco; but if you have money to spend, no one at Acapulco will oppose your landing or ask to inspect your baggage; you might be disgusted, and return on board ship, and then, good heavens! what a loss. El Señor Miranda, the alcalde of the place and district, received me courteously; he was a fat old gentleman, but fully as courteous as he was fat; nothing would please him better than to give me a passport, and he gave me the document free of all cost, and all in his own handwriting; they have too few travelers to keep printed forms.

Next for an animal and a saddle: you may hire these tolerably cheap, and a man to travel along with you and bring them back again; but it is a "feckless" way of making the journey: you travel when he pleases, and stop when and where he pleases; in short, you put yourself and eighty or ninety dollars at his disposal, and are carried through without incident or accident, the charm of all travel. I arranged for the appearance of a pony and saddle next day, in time for a start with the vice-consul, (who was glad of a companion besides his servant,) and then I felt enough was done for the day. I was without a companion, for none but myself had stayed on shore, voluntarily; half a dozen, who had smuggled themselves on board at San Francisco without paying their passage, after being kept ironed in the hold on a diet of bread and water, were turned loose at Acapulco, penniless, to get backward or forward as they could, and execute their prodigious threats of actions for false imprisonment, shooting the captain, blowing up the ship, and al-

most the country. By night I had made three important discoveries—that the women do all the little work that is done at Acapulco, and the men spend their time in cock-fighting or riding for cocks; secondly, that I knew very little at present about smoking a cigarito; thirdly, that the chickens were the toughest, and the chocolate the most delicious, by far, of any I had come across.

The start on any journey is agreeable; but if it be a journey on horseback, and through the tropics, it is something more. In the cool of the afternoon we rode out of Acapulco between groves of wild and cultivated orange-trees, alternating with patches of corn and sugar-cane; the latter also grows wild. I was burdened with little; only a revolver and a small knapsack: not indeed that, after the fashion of Dionysius, in the *Frogs*, I carried these myself to relieve my pony; they were slung at the bow of my saddle, a genuine Spanish saddle, for which I must avow something of an affection. There are two other appurtenances none rides without—a prodigious pair of spurs, and a lariatte, or long halter, always kept around your horse's neck, and coiled up in front of the saddle when you are riding. It was my destiny to ride if not entirely unarmed, at least all alone; my Rosinante was not fresh, for he had been ridden a long way in the morning; so at a steep, rough hill—that is, a hill I then thought steep and rough—I dismounted, and led him; but after a few minutes he turned refractory, and broke my bridle all to bits; it must have been rotten enough previously; even if you have a thong or two of leather in your pocket—and it is well not to travel without them—it will take you some minutes to mend a broken bridle, and several more to experimentalize on a Spanish bit, if you have not observed their application previously; so by the time all was square again my Spanish friend, the ex-vice-consul, was far out of sight, as soon happens on an up-and-down serpentine bridle-road; sundry messages from in front reached me through the mouths of home-returning villagers, certainly not Homer's "articulate-speaking men;" but I, poor soul! knowing but a trifle of Spanish, and none of the names of villages, failed to apprehend their import, and most innocently rode on a league past the hamlet where my now ex-companion was waiting

for me. Next morning he passed my sleeping village unseen by me, and the next time we met it was in the Grand Plaza of Mexico; as he was in a great hurry to get to the capital, and I was in none at all, our separation was really a very lucky one.

When you are riding along bridle-paths alone after dark, or by the uncertain light of the moon setting behind the woodland, yourself very uncertain of your way, too, and every moment feeling surer of having gone wrong, from not reaching the expected village—just then the bark of a dog is the most welcome of all sounds. Venta had no inn; none of the villages have; indeed there are but three or four posadas between Acapulco and Cuernavaca, ninety-three leagues; but if you ask long enough you will always find a roof, and it will not be much more than a roof, to cover you. The walls of the cottages are mere wicker-work, fastened to the corner-posts that support the roof; the latter is generally substantial, to resist the rainy season, and always projects into a sort of verandah, under cover of which the fire is built and the cooking goes on. The breath of a hungry traveler soon blows up the smoldering ashes, and by the time I had seen to my horse having his provender, my own was ready; bread, chocolate, fried eggs, and beans, spread out in the verandah; for inside the cottage about a score of women were kneeling and chanting before a small altar lit up with a few candles; their voices were not specially sweet, but the simple beauty of the chant itself, the earnest devotional feeling of those who sang, and most of all, the stillness of the hour, produced a harmony more than sweet; at the commencement of a journey it seemed "to meet and greet one on the way;" and with my revolver under my head, and the strain yet in my ears, I fell asleep; not in bed, pray do not expect beds, the villagers have no such luxuries, but only mats of woven rushes that you may spread on the ground, and provide your own pillow.

Full a couple of hours before daylight the muleteers of a train of pack-mules were busy feeding their animals and preparing their own breakfast. Hardly a day but I met or passed a train of forty or fifty mules, with four or five muleteers to keep them going and refasten the packs that are continually shifting; they carry

their provisions along with them, and also grain for their mules, and a long trough of matting to feed them in. Their noise awoke me: a bit of bread was soon munch-ed, Rosinante was soon saddled, and we were off, as the clouds before us had the faintest tinge of saffron, while the morning star was yet undimmed. To have waited for a substantial meal would have been to lose the prime. O those delightful rides "in solitude, yet not alone," along narrow paths, shaded, even after the sun was high in the heavens, by flowering trees of every kind and color, that load the air with perfume, or arched overhead by the convolvulus in all its varieties, from the little yellow one, no bigger than a golden thimble for the most delicate of fingers, to the large white that might rival a magnolia. The convolvulus, with its tangled growth, embowers the whole country, so that the unsunned rivulets flow cool across your path: and all this is among mountains wild and rocky as those of the Highlands, and infinitely more irregular in their formation: this union of sternness and beauty is the greatest charm of all. At the top of one steep, rugged hill, I stopped a breathing space, and looking back, had my last gaze on the far-off Pacific. Heat and thirst are apt to diminish sentiment, and even enjoyment, and still more so is an upset from your horse: after a long drink from one of the cool streams, I thought to mount as at other times, but my gallant gray thought otherwise, and for the first time with me, played his darling trick of kicking and bolting at the critical moment, so that the saddle-girth broke three parts in two, and the saddle turned, and sent me to the ground—a very neat spill; but from my having hold of the lariatte, the horse could not escape, and after dragging me a short distance, came to a stand. All this was in the way of business, and did not prevent our reaching Dos Arroyos (Two Streams) in due season. "Puedo almorzar aqui?" (Can I breakfast here?) quoth I, at the first promising cottage. "Sí, Señor, blancos y tortuyas?" Huevos is the legitimate word for eggs, blancos the village term: tortuyas are the national bread of Mexico, as much as oat-cake is of Scotland, but they more nearly resemble scones: the women soak the corn [Indian corn] in lye and water till it is hulled; then pound it with an iron roller on a flat stone, and taking lumps in their hands,

twist (whence the name) and flatten them into thin round cakes, and bake them on large flat iron pans over the coals; these pans are in all Mexican cottages. Tortuyas, when brought to you hot-and-hot, as they should be, are excellent; but when a day, or even a few hours old, they become tougher than cow-hide, rougher than saw-dust, and more indigestible than wedding-cake. Bread you do not often see in villages, and wheat I did not see growing till on the table-lands of Mexico.

After breakfast and a siesta, I set to work on my broken saddle-girth, and though with queer instruments, mended it, so that very likely it will last till, as Mr. Chucks said of the top-gallant yard, it is time for it to be broken again; but did the fair lady who put a bodkin in my needlebook think its first use would be to mend a saddle-girth, in a Mexican cottage, with a string of buckskin taken out of a pair of Indian moccasins, themselves bought at Great Salt Lake city, the Mormon capital? This afternoon a man tried to "plant" me: there are no professional ladrones till nearer Mexico, but an Englishman at Vera Cruz told me he had been robbed only ten leagues from Acapulco. As I was just on the point of riding down a steep hill through a narrow gully or cutting, where it was hard enough not to strike one's knees, and therefore quite impossible to turn when once in it, up came a rider sharply behind—a little too soon; reining aside, I let him pass on, and he received the customary salute of Addios very sulkily, as one might fancy an Arab who wanted to rob one, eating one's salt; he bore a strong resemblance to one of the muleteers entering Dos Arroyos along with me. At the bottom of the hill he turned into a by-path, and as my own led me up an eminence, I could see him below, in company with another man, riding very fast through the woods in a circumbendibus: my gray had not eaten two reales'-worth of corn for nothing, so we in turn sharpened up. After a league or so, the fellow again rode behind me, as before, just as I was entering a gully; again he had to pass; again he turned into the woods. All this happened a third time, and as it was getting dark he might perhaps have caught me at last in a fix, but for my reaching the little village of Lalto. Positively, next morning he reappeared in the same fashion, but as the path now became terribly steep and

narrow, I thought the game had been played long enough, and allowed my revolver, with its "cinco tiros," to come in view: he saw it, and I saw him no more. Before night the revolver got a ducking; I missed the ford of the Pelegrino, a dark, broad torrent, such as in a northern climate would delight the heart of a salmon-fisher; but the pool looked so calm, in spite of the big waterfall at its "tail," I was tempted in, not indeed supposing it shallow, but yet not expecting sudden depth. In a moment we were swimming; it was soon done, though not without coming near an upset from "the gray," struggling to climb a slippery sunken rock edging on the deep water; but, till it was too late, I had never thought of lifting my revolver: wet as it was, not a single charge missed or hung fire; that is saying something for Deane and Adams's workmanship. There was still half an hour's sunlight, and after spreading the contents of my knapsack to dry, I sat down on a big stone and dissected the pistol, depositing the screws one by one in my wide-awake. The lock is very simple, if you are used to it; half an hour's work set all right, and an old buckskin glove made a very fair extempore case while the other was drying: in such a warm climate you need not bother about changing your own wet clothes; not, indeed, that I had a change with me.

It is not my intention to speak of every day's ride; they were leisurely enough, seldom beyond four or five leagues in the morning, and as much when the heat of the day was past. The villages, too, are a good deal alike; but Rincon must not be forgotten; Rincon, the smallest of villages, nestling beside a wooded stream at the head of the long valley. It is enshrined in memory along with the green hollow in which, at midnight, I first heard the sweet, sad monotone of the yet unseen Pacific beating against its shore, not wildly or savagely, but with a slow and solemn ground-swell; and from you, little Rincon, I first looked up at the Southern Cross: looked up? no, but along the valley, at the bottom of which, dimmed indeed by the moonlight, yet shining through the moonlight, stood the Cross, almost vertical: the season was that of the vernal Equinox. I suppose none has ever dreamed dreams of travel, and not felt one dream realized on the first sight of *le quattro stelle*, as

Dante prophetically called them : beautiful stars in divine symmetry, speaking infinite things at midnight, when the wind is hushed among the pines on the mountains, and the stream in the valley runs silently among the silent trees, and the birds have ceased to sing, and there is calm everywhere, even in a beating heart. Many successive nights I rose from a mat-bed in some cottage verandah, to look on those stars, and—for so we mingle the most heavenly with the most earthly things—from their inclination knew it was time to give my horse his early feed of corn.

Between a great many hundred feet of ascent and descent in the course of a day's ride, it is hard to perceive any general rise of the country, yet almost league by league something of tropical vegetation drops behind. The cocoa-trees ventured no further than four leagues from Aca-pulco; but after thirty-five leagues there is a sudden and complete change; without crossing any division, you pass, by a constant ascent out of deep rich valleys among grand, wild mountains, into one that is a mere trough, with bare, brown hills on either side, and reach Masatlan, a village with a stone house, almost a posada. The landlord I found a small strong man, with dark shaggy hair and beard, and with small, but keen, quick eyes; across his forehead and face was an ugly gash, half covered with bands of linen, and the many-colored blanket wrapped loosely round him gave a sort of Orientalism to his appearance. Finding I was from California, he asked a good many questions I did not care to answer, for I did not like his manner or looks; meanwhile his son kept bothering me to take him as a servant for the journey, to clean the cabayos, etc.; I had work enough to get rid of him by standing a reale's-worth of aguardiente—brandy, or whatever spirit you like to call it. A few leagues beyond Masatlan is Chilpancingo, a town perhaps three-quarters of a mile square, with long narrow streets closed in by the massive stone walls of one-story houses, pierced here and there with a door, but scarcely ever with a window. Ugly as the valley is, the town itself has many pleasant gardens, full of orange-trees, lemons, and bananas. Many villagers I met tramping home with a stock of candles for the ensuing Easter festival, and others were still buying; but

the chief inn, the *Meson di San Francisco*, was as quiet as death; they told me the day was 'santo,' and it was impossible to get my horse shod till Saturday, or perhaps Monday. In Mexico traveling with your horse unshod, or with only his fore-feet shod, is very common; mine had come so well enough; but with no blacksmith for another thirty-five or forty leagues, I did not like the risk. First I was glad to change some United States gold at par for Mexican dollars, but that involves changing again, for in small villages the people have no money, or are afraid yours may be bad. Sometimes I could not get change even for a two-reale bit or reale; at Chilpancingo, however, they were glad enough to have my United States gold, but were unwilling to change English sovereigns, and would not look at California coin; the latter has a bad name; I lost ten per cent. on all mine, and unfortunately nine tenths of my money was in that form. Even in the States it is at five per cent. discount; but as a dollar a day will pay all your traveling expenses when once started, the loss is not very serious, after all.

Patience and perseverance will do a good deal; I found a blacksmith's house, and sat there till he returned from mass. He would shoe my horse after dinner, and invited me to share the meal; as the following day was Good Friday, dinner was frugal—tortuyas, and two kinds of beans. They offered to get me a spoon to eat with, but I preferred doing at Rome as Rome does, and a few days' practice had made me expert in the application of pieces of tortuyas to all such purposes. After dinner the blacksmith gave me a lesson in making cigaritos, and then walked out to buy horse-shoes and nails at a shop, for they seem to import the shoes in boxes. We could buy but seven nails, and as the day was "santo" the blacksmith would not make more than enough to shoe the fore-feet: the pair of shoes and seven nails cost seven reales, about three shillings and sixpence; and the shoeing half a dollar. A traveled young Mexican came in, and assisted me in blowing a quaint pair, or one might say two pairs, of vertical bellows: he assured me there were placeres in the mountains opposite, and wished I would stay to work them; he had been to New York to get up a mining company, but came back *ἀπρακτος*, as Thu-

cydides would say, and with an idea that speaking Spanish with an English pronunciation, made it easier of understanding to a foreigner; the result was most untellable gibberish. But while he talked I had across the street better occupation for eyes and every sense: two such forms and faces as you rarely see; such as you might take for an ideal of Shakspeare's fairest Italian heroines; oval faces, hair black, but not jet-black; eyes dark, clear, soft, and laughing; complexion a delicate brunette; the stature that most graceful for women; and the throat and whole figure, though slight, yet of a symmetry that not even the folds of the long mantilla, flung a second time over the left shoulder, could entirely conceal. The sisters of Chilpancingo disappeared all too soon: I hovered about a long while, as a moth might around a dark lantern, in the hope of at least seeing the light, if it cannot burn itself, and at last went home in safety and darkness.

It would be hard to condemn all Mexican inns upon a single specimen; but the *Meson di San Francisco* was the dullest of hostelries. The house and verandah occupied two sides of an inner court-yard, and on to the verandah opened sundry rooms, or cells, or sepulchers. Cuarto No. 6, about twelve feet square, contained three or four old chairs, a small table, and a sort of bedstead, covered with leather, but not with bedding; the walls were of solid stone, without windows or any way of exit but through narrow folding-doors of oak, four inches thick. Perhaps I am a coward; but I never could get over the feeling that some one could, if not possibly, at least conceivably, shut me in; and careless of my revolver, looked only at my powder-flask, and examined the practicability, with that limited amount, of blowing the door or door-lock open. Any way it is dull work, "sitting alone, singing alone," and dining alone; no delightful siesta in the long grass hammock swung from corner to corner of the house; no chatting with the lively muchachas; and, to do Mexican village girls justice, though blessed with a rather Indian complexion, while young they are commonly and uncommonly pretty; then what a comfort that all the long noonday not a man is to be seen; whether they are out at work or at play, one neither knows nor cares. A girl's curiosity makes her more pleasant and more piquant, perhaps flatters the traveler; but for "los

hombres," their curiosity becomes impertinence, or at least a bore; then you pick up the language from the women; they understand you; but you never understand the men. In the evenings one had to make the best of it, but often when supper was over, and I stood smoking in the moonlight, some inquisitive muchacha would come out for a talk, instead of lying down in-doors with the rest on a mat, by the splinter of pitch pine stuck aslant in the ground, and serving for a candle. Thus every one will see the preferability of a cottage to an inn. But, perhaps fitly, this night, the eve of the Crucifixion, was set apart for less worldly and sensuous occupation. The church (only the second I had seen since Acapulco; the villages have none) was crowded with both sexes. Except a short sermon from a very fat old priest, there was no service, but an arrangement of images, and preparation for a procession. The continual adjustment of dresses and lights gave me painfully the idea of being behind the scenes at a theater; but one could not deny there was something effective, though theatrically so, in the ghastly pallor of the Saviour; at one time clothed in the purple robe, and crowned with thorns, at another, blind-folded and buffeted. A second figure was that of the Virgin; and a third male figure I could not understand. At last the procession formed, and paraded the principal streets, accompanied by lamps, and followed by a multitude of people carrying candles; the brightness of the Paschal moon took off from their effect, but the serenity of a tropical night added much to that of the measured steps and solemn chanting of the priests and the bearers of the images. All knelt down as they passed, myself included, who have no personal fear of symbolism, nor any admiration of an obtrusive, unaccommodating Protestantism. The next evening there was similarly a procession, but only of a bier followed by the Virgin.

To Sumpango, a small town three leagues from Chilpancingo, there was almost a carriage-road, but I saw no vehicles, nor even a wheel-rut anywhere. I now, for the first time, began to hear the word "revolution," rumors and conjectures of what had taken place at Puebla, and not unfrequent questionings whether Acapulco had "pronounced," or Alvarez was there. From Sumpango to Mescala

the journey is twelve leagues, without an inhabited house; there is at one point a small deserted hamlet, deserted at the time of the revolution, people told me, but what revolution they meant I could not exactly find; probably that of 1855, when Santa Anna was turned out. The American war is hardly known as more than a myth in such a lack of reading. The route lay the whole distance along the Cañada, or River bottom, an ignorance of which word sent me two thousand feet or so in steep zigzags up a mountain side; the error found, it was too late in the afternoon to attempt twelve leagues; and the rider I had met asked me into his cottage, and afterward refused any payment. I was not sorry to have returned to the town, for one object of interest I had overlooked—a ruined church, with a solitary palm-tree beside it; a poet might have found something to write of that tree, separated from all its kindred by forty leagues, alone in a dreary valley, and beside a ruin. I only said, "Thou and I, tall tree, are strangers here!"

Long before daybreak on Easter morning, guns were firing and music was playing, and villagers were dribbling in, as, along with the twilight, I left Sumpango; this time in the right direction. The ravine was often narrow, and the mountains on either side high and steep enough, but they had neither the grandeur of bare rock nor the beauty of a luxuriant vegetation; only a few flowering trees of the duller sort. Higher up were whole leafless woods, and everywhere different species of cactus, almost itself a tree; possibly the blossoms just opening may alter their appearance, but those tall upright pillars of dull green are particularly hateful to me; the villagers, from hence almost to the table-land, use them in fences around their cottages or corrals. Strange to say, in a few wooded parts of the Cañada I saw greater variety of birds than on any previous day; the little scarlet bird, that can settle on the lightest spray, was absent, and turtle-doves were common lower down; but green parrots, and the woodpecker with his gorgeous crest of crimson, were entirely new; while the lizards, as of old, flashed to and fro in the sunshine. A burning sunshine it was, as the day advanced, and, worst of all, and most unexpectedly, on a sudden the stream I had crossed half a mile before was dry; not a

drop of water lay between the white pebbles. Of course, traveling down stream it is hopeless to look for water till you reach some greater stream, of which this is a tributary; that I knew to be five leagues off, and five very bad leagues too; so there was no help but a pistol-bullet; not as a substitute for a bare bodkin, but to chew; I offered my horse one, but he would not try it.

Perhaps I had spent Easter-day as well riding as resting, for the first thing I saw after dismounting at Mescala was a scion of the family returning, most crestfallen, with a defunct cock, its blood still dripping from a large gaping wound; my hostess, without a word of pity, began at once to pluck and clean it; for my part, I was not sorry my own meal was already on the fire. In the evening there was a gay fandango. Beside the village flows the Rio de Mescala, a smooth, deep, and exceedingly rapid river, some fifty or sixty yards wide; my host and another man agreed for three reales to put me across; one swam the horse over, the other swam over, towing me and my property on a raft of wicker-work and gourds, five or six feet square. We drifted a long way down stream, but got over safely; this primitive method of transit, however, though well enough for a single traveler, must be a long business with a whole train of pack mules. While breakfasting at the hamlet of Chaletla, an alcalde, with four or five armed men as an escort, rode up, and presently began to inspect my gray, as he ate his corn and sacate in the shade; sacate are the blades of corn which are sold in small bundles, two or three for a reale. Now the appearance of Rosinante was not so magnificent as to attract any special admiration; far from it; having come to work fresh from a scanty pasture, for round Acapulco there is little feed, he was "flaco, mucho flaco," very thin, though free to eat as much as he liked; so this scrutiny could not be flattering, nor was it contemptuous, but in truth detective. Presently his worship (in Spanish countries every one is "your worship") beckoned me to come to him; half way was as much as was consistent with the dignity of the British lion, "Your horse," said he, "has the brand of this village; it is stolen, and you must give it up." To this I answered, with Anglo-Saxon brevity, that I knew nothing about

the brands; that I had paid for the horse; it belonged to me, and I meant to keep it; if he wanted to know more he could see my passport, at the same time handing him that document; he read it, but persisted till I had blustered a little about "el consul Britannico." Then, said he—for an old shepherd's plaid shooting-jacket and a woolen shirt leaves a man's status a little in doubt—"what is your trade or profession?" "That's none of your business," I thought, but answered indirectly; to wit, that I was traveling to Méjico and Vera Cruz, and afterward to the Estados Unidos and Inglaterra, if it should seem good to me. A man must take what he can get, and the alcalde could get no more; I was turning to go away, when he continued, "Tiene aguardiente la?" pointing to the cottage, where my saddle, etc., were deposited. "No, Señor," I answered, very truly, though rather doubtful whether he thought me a smuggler or merely wanted a drink himself: "No, Señor, y V. tiene V. aguardiente?" not from any wish to insult him, but to discover the object of his question. The answer, however, was a shot through the body, for all his attendants burst into a roar of laughter at the notion, while I politely bowed, and he, muttering what in English would sound very like a strong oath, ordered a start at once, and rebuking his fellows, rode away. As he possessed a superfluity of official self-consequence, no pity whatever was needed for his mortification.

The sun was still high when, after a long ride over broad plains and slopes of dry grass-land, I crossed the Sierra, and descended into the valley; one very like those of Utah, and treeless but for the large dark grove concealing all of Eguale except the white dome of its church. Eguale is a large village with a small town at its core, and the place beyond which they of Chilpancingo and Mescala assured me there were "muchos ladrones," and traveling alone "sin compañero," one would certainly be robbed. No people like disrepute at their own door, so Eguale declares the road safe twelve leagues further, but then an abundance of robbers, for in the existence of these somewhere all agree. The *Meson di San Francisco* was enough for an experience of posadas, and I looked out for some private house to pass the night at: after a few refusals came the

welcome "Sí, Señor, aquí si quiere V."—You can stay here if you like. Thereupon the front folding-doors of the house were thrown open, and I rode through the principal apartment, the long room in all Mexican town houses, into a court-yard behind; under the verandah were seated three señoras, one of them painting some flowers. She was a handsome, dark-eyed girl, and rather handsomely dressed; the peculiarity consisted in letting her rich black hair fall to her waist wholly unconfined by comb or ribbon; most girls wear it bound up, and with a pin of gold, if they possess as much wealth, passing through and holding it. But the señora had not judged ill; and the grace with which she flung back the dark tresses from her forehead and from the saffron kerchief around her throat, such as dark-haired gipsies love to use, was a charming individuality that harmonized with her rare archness and laughing yet eager curiosity. "Sientese V.," said she, offering me a chair as I entered the verandah after unsaddling my horse. We soon fell into conversation upon my day's journey and the terribly unpronounceable name of the last village, and the flowers she was painting, freshly plucked from among a myriad of blossoms in the court—the Portugal or flore di Felfa, (as she called it,) and the rose, the flore di Castilla. Some dull visitors then came in and broke up our *tête-à-tête*; but after chocolate, the delicious chocolate, served up in the tiniest mugs of porcelain, as if any more of such deliciousness would be overpowering, we sat and talked and talked. The Señora must know more about me; was I really Yngles and not Frances? Certainly I was. And had I ever been at London? O yes, I lived there all my life. And the Palacio di Cristal, was it "mucho grande," and at Hyde Park, was it not? and who could have thought it would be moved elsewhere and made "mucho mas grande." And England was not a republic, we had a Reina, and what was her name, and was she "hermosa" (beautiful)? To all this I answered very loyally, and the señora expressed her admiration of a country governed by a beautiful queen who could not oppress you if she would, and would not if she could. Then France, that was not a republic now, it had an emperor; was he not related to "el grande Napoleon?" Yes, I said, he had been president, and behaved like a

scoundrel, and made himself absolute ; but such things take place so often in Mexico, that my little bit of political morality was quite thrown away on the fair señora. And there was an empress, was there not, a Castilian lady, and was she, too, beautiful, and had I seen her ? Yes, she was "mucho, mucho hermosa ;" I had seen her myself, so there was no mistake. The señora looked proud of her countrywoman. And were the English Christians ? Yes, said I. Ah, that was better than the Americanos, they were not Christians, they were anything ; and how many brothers and sisters had I, and how many of them were married, and was I married myself ? No, señora, I never was at Eguale before. And how old was I, and what was my birthday, and who was my patron saint ? The last was more than I could say. O, she must know ; there was an almanac somewhere ; so after due examination it turned out San Hereulano was my patron, at which the señora laughed a good deal, so I take it he is a saint of small account, and the señora herself could not have told me much about him. However, I promised, in memory of her, to build him a chapel—in Spain, of course. Then she gave me a brilliant description of Méjico, with its "muchas yglesias" and convents, in one of which she had been educated ; and very well educated too, except perhaps in point of geography, on which her knowledge was a good deal like that of Katinka or Dudu. "Spain's an island near Morocco, between Egypt and Tangiers."

Beyond Eguale the route passes through one or two fine mountain valleys, and from time to time comes upon pieces of wide road. Wherever cutting on a mountain side has been necessary, it has been done well, and as a commencement of a carriage road to Acapulco, which has long been talked of, and ought long since to have been made. At one village I had to dismount, pay a reale as toll, and write my name in a book ; a ticket being given me in exchange, and asked for a few leagues further on. Presently I reached the Rio d'Amacusac, apparently a sluggish stream, except where I forded it, for by this time the country again consists of plains and low hills ; there is a little town and church on the river side, and of the same name. A league beyond passed by the Sienda di S. Gabriel, a fine monastery and church,

surrounded by beautiful gardens, with cocoa-trees and other tropical productions that are exotics here ; bright streams of water pass through and along the walls, and the plain all around is irrigated by means of little channels. Another league brought me to Ixtla, a town known as Puente d'Ixtla, or the Bridge of Ixtla, the first of any kind from the Pacific coast. My host here was a troublesome fellow. Unluckily I had let out the name California, a magic spell wherever you go. Growing sleepy, I put my haversack down as a pillow ; but I was from California ; of course it had "oro" in it ; my host, no doubt, sat watching it the whole time I slept. At the first opportunity, he lifted it : Heavens ! what a weight ! it was oro, then ; his eyes glistened ; alas ! nothing but some bullets and a heavy bullet-mold. He felt my saddle ; evidently would have liked to have felt me ; and though finding no trace of oro, retained to the last an undiminished belief that I had quantities of it somewhere. He tried hard to stick a horse, or saddle, or spurs into me at a long price ; and failing that, his own company, the least acceptable of all, and as a protection against ladrones. The last offer had a dishonest look ; yet, sooth to say, I do believe the man had no idea of robbing me, or he could have knocked me on the head when asleep, but California and the idea of "oro" had fascinated him. The good people of Ixtla, like those of Eguale, assured me there was no danger of robbers for another twelve leagues beyond Cuernavaca : and so all through the country the terrible "muchos ladrones" have always been thirty miles or more ahead, and I could never manage to make up the distance. However, Cuernavaca was the end of my solitary ride ; a quaint old town, and a stern, gloomy-looking old town, with its gray cathedral church and frowning towers ; but high as it is, all the tropical vegetation seems to flourish there, clinging like a young wife around a grim old husband. I sold my horse and saddle for what they would fetch off-hand, and at three in the morning rattled away in the diligencia for that bourne of my expectations, the far-famous Méjico.

CLEVERNESS, says Margaret Percival, is like good-nature, a point always brought forward when there are others which it is desirable to keep in the back ground.

HINDOO EMIGRANTS.

THE writer was one of twenty Englishmen engaged in conveying from East to West two hundred and sixty natives of the Carnatic. Forty of these were women; and thirty children under ten years of age; the remainder, youths or adult men. Most of the males were strictly coolies or laborers, chiefly agricultural; but some had exercised specific arts or callings, as metalworkers, bricklayers, painters, basket-makers, cloth-weavers, barbers, milkmen, confectioners, washermen, shoemakers. One had been employed in making garlands for native festivals and funerals. Many had been gardeners, drawers of toddy from the palmyra trees, bullock or bandy drivers, and a number had worked in the paddy-fields. Several had been "boys" or palanquin-bearers, some peons, policemen, or messengers; others, domestic servants, cooks, or horsekeepers. One had been a sepoy. Two had been schoolmasters, of whom one could read and write English imperfectly. About a dozen had been to the Mauritius as free emigrants, and had there acquired some knowledge of French. Fifteen of the party were Mussulmans, six or eight Roman Catholics, and of the remaining about fifty were Pariahs. Their ages varied, but by far the greater number were in the prime of early manhood.

Their complexions were of all shades, from light bronze or yellow, through rich chestnut brown, to dark olive, bordering on black. The children were the fairest, but among adults there was a wide range. The younger men were especially handsome, with open oval countenances, fine eyes and teeth, smooth soft skins, and well-proportioned forms. Some were, of course, of less graceful mold, but scarcely any were misshapen, and a few were of peculiarly attractive aspect. The women were inferior to the men in personal appearance.

Though amply supplied with clothing by the government emigration authorities at Madras, they made little use of it on board, and dressed as they were accustomed to do on shore. The men contented themselves with a cloth round their loins; the garment of the women was a long cotton cloth, wrapped and folded so as to conceal the trunk, and descending to the knees, or a little below them. Simple as were the

materials, there was much scope for elegance and taste in the way in which this female drapery was worn. They invariably left the head uncovered; the men sometimes did the same, but at other times investing it with a turban or cap. In both sexes the feet and legs were bare. Young children were quite nude, but had a string round the middle, to which the forecloth would afterward be attached.

Unpretending, however, as was their costume, these coolies were as profuse in ornaments as their means would allow. The women, if unable to procure bracelets of the precious metals, wear rings of glass upon their wrists, and the greater the number of these rings, the better are they pleased. As they are necessarily drawn on over the hands, they fit loosely upon the arms, and clank one on the other as the wearer moves. Rings of silver, pewter, or brass, in lieu of more costly fabrics, are worn upon the fingers and toes, and rings or jewels hang from the tip and sides of the nose. The neck is encircled with strings of beads, or decorated with tassels and trinkets of various devices, suspended from a cord. The lobe of the ear is perforated, and through the aperture is introduced a coil of painted paper or palm leaf, wound on itself like a watch-spring. By contrivances such as these, the lobe is sometimes much elongated, and converted into an open circle, larger in circumference than the whole remaining portion of the ear. Little children are decked with necklaces, bracelets, and rings, before they assume a particle of clothing. Among men, ear-jewels are frequent, and in a few may be observed the pendent lobe. Some also wear finger and toe rings.

In the arrangement of their hair, these emigrants exhibited a great diversity of taste, with much of what some might call an absence of all taste. It was frequent with the men to shave the head, except a tuft on the crown and at the sides. The hair of the vertex is never cut, and is sometimes long enough to reach the waist. It is either plaited into a queue or tied into a knot, or suffered to hang disheveled. The hair is occasionally cut in the most fantastic shapes and patterns, and at other times permitted to preserve its natural growth and appearance. The women leave it as nature formed it, and in them it is often luxuriant and beautiful. It is

generally lank and soft; in a few instances thick and curling. In young children it may be brown; in adults always black, but soon whitens with age. Most of the women had their arms tattooed in blue, but there was nothing remarkable in the devices. The other prevalent adornments, if such they may be called, were the usual idolatrous symbols. The Vishnuvites paint three yellow lines, diverging upward from the root of the nose; the Sivaites present three parallel horizontal white lines across the forehead, breast, and upper arms; and it is common with them to have a vertical blue line down the center of the forehead. It was the absence of these marks that chiefly distinguished from the rest the Mohammedans and Roman Catholics.

Both sexes were sadly inattentive to personal cleanliness. Every morning, however, they might have been seen in rows along the deck, washing their mouths, and rubbing their teeth with pieces of stick, kept for the purpose. This was not neglected, even if it included the whole ceremony of ablution. They were also in the habit of frequently pouring water on their feet. The principal occupation of the women was that of destroying the vermin with which they were infested.

Their food was according to a dietary scale prescribed by government, and was more liberal than their necessities or inclinations required. Rice was the staple article, to which the other ingredients, the dholl—a species of pulse, the salt fish, the ghee or clarified butter, the tamarinds, and savory herbs, were rather regarded as accessories. Each day's first duty was to serve out in one mass the requisite amount of provisions for the whole. The subsequent appropriation and preparation of this food were left to the emigrants themselves. It was for the most part conducted by a certain few, who possessed more activity than their neighbors, and sufficed to occupy them all the morning. The rest were perfectly willing to be exempt from any trouble but that of eating. The proper quantity of rice they estimated by a measure brought with them, which allotted to each about twenty-four ounces a day; and having been duly proportioned, it was set to boil in large pans. A cook-house was provided on either side of the ship, one for men of caste, the other for Pariahs and Mussulmans. Mohammedans will not eat unless the cook be of the faith,

but Pariahs are quite content to take their food at Moorish hands. One day, at the commencement of the voyage, the Mohammedan cook refused to act, in consequence of some offense he had received, and his place having been taken by a Pariah, the Mussulmans refused to eat. They demanded a fresh supply, but, with a view of correcting such evils for the future, the request was disregarded. One of the number, however, whose flesh was weak, although his name was Tippo Saib, partook of the accursed thing, and thereby provoked an indignant outbreak on the part of the "true believers." The torrent of abuse poured forth, by one youth in particular, was overwhelming and terrific. Of execrations and expletives they have no lack, but the denouncement most in vogue is that of all kinds of defilement and dishonor to the female relatives of the offender, past, present, and to come. A Hindoo, one morning, was detected eating meat that he had obtained from the ship's cook, and had a sentence of excommunication passed upon him by those of his own caste, though with none of the violence of the Mussulman proceedings. The Pariahs will eat anything. The greatest difficulty in provisioning the emigrants related to the article of water. At first there was much grumbling about the scantiness of the supply, although the consumption exceeded the stipulated allowance of three quarts a head per day. So one morning the distribution was given up into their own hands, and as it was so managed that many did not obtain any at all, we had in the evening a rather serious disturbance. After this we had to watch it ourselves, but by degrees they learned to practice greater discretion and equity, and a better understanding soon prevailing among all classes, they could safely be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. In the cooler weather experienced in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the allowance of water was more than they needed, and the only article of which the full prescribed amount was ever in demand was tobacco.

Smoking was their great solace, but they had some positive and defined amusements. A *tuntum* or native drum had been provided for them, and when first introduced, occasioned much merriment; but as, in their music, noise is the chief element, the instrument was soon disabled

and laid aside. There was a good deal of singing among them, and they had many rhyming tales or fables, but the sounds to which they rehearsed them scarcely deserved the name of tunes. Men would dance in circles to a measured step, clapping their hands or striking short sticks; but women never joined in the exercise. The only sedentary game remarked was one played with counters upon a diagram, like a draught-board, chalked on the deck for the purpose, and seemed to partake of chance and skill combined. Many of the youths amused themselves with athletic sports, and there was a general tendency to cheerfulness and mirth, with no deficiency of resource as to pastimes. During the lovely weather we enjoyed while running through the southeast trade of the Atlantic, their fondness for grotesque dressing, mummers, and practical joking was pursued in a more systematic manner; and with the aid of some rude scenery, and a concerted plan, they got up a kind of theatrical entertainment. We Europeans were ceremoniously invited to witness the performance, in which, so far as we could comprehend it, there was little to admire, but as a means of harmless diversion to a native audience, it was not to be despised.

On this, as on other occasions, we were necessarily much indebted to the services of the professed interpreters; but such lingual acquirements as passed muster with the authorities at Madras, were far below the standard that strangers like ourselves would have found it desirable to impose. One only of this official class spoke fluent English. He was a smart young man, who had been servant to an officer, and could converse with equal apparent ease in four of the languages of India, but his character was by no means a model of propriety. The vernacular tongues of the people were the Tamil and Telugu, and the Mussulmans among themselves used the Hindoostanee, which they have derived from their migratory forefathers, but it is not generally known to the heathen inhabitants of Southern India. The Telugu natives were about a fourth of the entire number, but most of them could speak Tamil also, and many of Tamil extraction were acquainted with Telugu. A knowledge of the two languages would seem to prevail extensively; but while they have common affinities, they are very unlike in details. The Telugu men who worship

Vishnu are the proper Hindoos. From fifteen to twenty on board were able to read and write with ease. Some denied that they could do either; but on trial it was found that they could form and pronounce the numerous alphabetical characters and combinations of their native language. The number of these letters and sounds is something formidable to an English student of the Tamil. Others said that they could read; yet when books were placed in their hands they were evidently at a loss. It seemed a common occurrence that they should know their alphabet, picked up, it may be, from their parents or playfellows, without possessing, under ordinary circumstances, an opportunity for further acquirements. The information thus gained would be almost mechanical, and of little practical utility. The inquiries made with a view of testing their attainments, led to a great rage for cultivating the literary arts. Paper, pens, and ink were eagerly asked for, or else they were content with borrowing or contriving styles for engraving the palmyra-leaf. Some became teachers, others learners; and from morning to night, for several days, the ship resounded with the accustomed din of a school-room. Each little world, like the larger one, has its fashions and its toys, pursued intensely while they last, but easily changed and soon forgotten. But every encouragement was given to the emigrants to favor their efforts for improvement; and it is to be hoped that, during the voyage, all learned something which may have contributed to their subsequent advantage.

Two births took place into our community. The attendant process, with Hindoo women, appears to involve little suffering or restraint. They had among them a species of medical and surgical practice. In local hurts and pains they trusted much to local applications, poultices of tamarind, or dhol, or anything they could procure, chunam rubbed upon the spot, frictions, and shampooing. For inward complaints their great remedy was "pepper-water," a warm infusion of aromatic herbs and spice, with onions and sugar. Castor-oil was the medicine with which they were best acquainted, and with the use of opium they were too familiar. To prevent or cure convulsions in children, they were in the habit of scarring the body with red-hot needles. This proceeding

was chiefly regarded as a charm, though the counter-irritation might have some effect. They would also fasten strings round their limbs, both as amulets during disease and as votive tokens after recovery. These were called *sawmy*, and supposed to have some sacred character or consequence. This word was of the commonest application in reference to the creed of heathenism. It entered into their most familiar patronymics, the equivalents of our Jones and Smith, as Ramasawmy, Veerasawmy, Venketasawmy, Mootosawmy, Moonesawmy, Rungasawmy, Appasawmy, Chiunasawmy. Some man would occasionally rant and rave, as if divinely or demoniacally inspired, throw himself into paroxysms resembling epilepsy, and then give vent to incoherent sayings, while the bystanders looked on with superstitious reverence and awe. This was explained as being the work of Sawmy—that is, of some good genius, whose influence had been invoked, or else of some evil genius whom there was a struggle to expel. Such an exhibition was several times presented, and it reminded us of the pythonesses of old, or of the “possessed” of the Gospel narrative.

To the dark and uncertain teachings of their heathenish creed may be traced their moral imbecility, and especially their propensity to suicide. On two occasions, when morning broke, alarm was given of a comrade missing; and the only conclusion at which we could arrive was, that he had voluntarily drowned himself during the night. Both had been on the sick list, though not dangerously indisposed; and no motive for the deed could be alleged but their general want of power to bear up against suffering of any kind. Threats, and even attempts at suicide took place, as the result of disputes and annoyances, and but for interference would have been carried into execution. The emigrants were sadly prone to regard trifles in the worst light, and exalt them into affairs of serious importance. They were deficient in moral energy to resist physical evil, soon became depressed, and thus were unable to raise their fallen spirits. This was especially the case with bodily ailments and disasters; those vexations and disturbances which so often arose among them, were found, when analyzed, to originate in the most absurd and trivial causes. Although so fond of quarreling, they were

not much addicted to fighting. They were lavish in the foulest abuse, and indulged in menacing gestures, but they rather avoided than courted a close engagement, and a few blows soon dismayed them. Tall stout men would cry like children, if perchance the assault they received were more than verbal; and in all their disputes there was little danger of their doing one another much harm. They were frequently vexed with the question who among them should be greatest? Some pretended that before embarking they had been invested with a kind of authority or pre-eminence, and would occasionally appeal to the ship's officers for confirmation of their claims. From the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the truth, it was generally advisable not to interfere; but care was always taken to correct any evident mistakes, and to prevent the exercise of improper liberties. They were treated with uniform kindness; and on the whole their conduct was good. At no time had we to deal with positive disaffection or disrespect. Some who at first occasioned a degree of trouble and anxiety afterward became orderly, civil, and industrious. At the termination of the voyage there was in all a perceptible improvement in condition and demeanor.

When the hour of parting arrived, not women and children only, but men also, showed evident signs of sorrow and reluctance. Much of this may have resulted from timidity or doubt as to their future lot, but much of it arose, we fully believe, from pure regret and grateful estimation of the care they had received. They were not landed direct in Georgetown, but sent to estates up the River Demerara, or along the coast, in small schooners belonging to the proprietors. Our coolies were distributed among five different estates, in gangs of fifty, formed by mutual arrangement, according to caste or family and social connection, each party having an interpreter; and most of them had to travel from twenty to thirty miles. Every one was furnished with a passport, which, after five years' service, would procure for him a free return to his native country if he chose to demand it. On the estates they were to be accommodated with lodging and medical attendance free of charge. For the first fortnight or month they were supplied with food in lieu of wages; they

afterward would earn according to their amount of labor, being paid in the same proportion as Africans or Madeirans. For hard toil they were not well suited; but what they undertook they would execute with neatness; and there was enough in the necessities of the colony to give them all remunerative employment.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

UNSATISFACTORY SOLUTIONS.

FOOLISH attempts to get over any of the difficulties of that great mystery, the "Origin and Permission of Evil," by insufficient solutions, are irritating to skepticism, rather than sedative. For example, look at that hypothesis (not even plausible if we go at all below the surface) which Deists often resort to by way of accounting for the stupendous physical evil of the universe, the "Sad Accident" column of the world's daily journal; namely, the supposed inevitable effect of the establishment of "general laws." It really throws no light whatever on the mystery. "If 'general laws' be established," say our wise philosophers, "it would be unreasonable to demand their suspension in order to avoid occasional accidents; if the 'law of gravitation' be in force, a man falling down a precipice will break his leg or his neck." To be sure, if he *does* fall down a precipice; no one wants him to be suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. Certainly that were as unreasonable as the suspension of the "law." But is the suspension either of the man or the law the only alternative? Might not the more "general" laws be so combined with the secondary laws which, as we see in fact, modify their effects, that they should never be otherwise than beneficial? Nay, are they not already so combined as to secure this end in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand? and will any one pretend that not even Infinite Power and Wisdom could have prevented the solitary thousandth case of accident also? Is not the muscular system of animals, for example, so perfect that ten thousand people shall pass by a precipitous road on a mountain side, and not even one of them fall, though if he *does* fall he will doubtless be dashed to atoms? Are not horses, and dogs, and asses, men, wo-

men, and children, wriggling in and out all day through the streets of the city, and not half a dozen "accidents" in the four and twenty hours? Are not tens of thousands of fires blazing, and billions of sparks flying about there from morning to night, and yet is not a conflagration a comparative rarity? Would it be *impossible* for Omnipotence, had it so pleased, to combine the general laws and the secondary laws in such a way that this infinitesimal residue of exceptional mischief should *not* occur, without any suspension or removal of the more general laws, seeing that it would only be doing in *every* case what is already done in the immense majority of cases? One would imagine, to hear some of these philosophers talk, that the said "general laws" can prove their existence and vindicate their dignity only by punishing an occasional violation of them or producing a certain small amount of misery; as if the law of gravitation could not be sufficiently valued for its innumerable beneficial and beautiful results unless the equally admirable and beautiful laws of muscular action failed now and then (though very rarely) to adapt themselves to it, and to counteract the evil consequences thereof; as though it could not be adequately estimated unless it now and then broke a leg or a neck, or sent a sensitive creature flying through the air!

No; say that the stupendous and varied miseries of our world, stupendous, I mean *absolutely* considered, but really not so if viewed in *comparison* with the good, have been allowed to enter it for reasons which we cannot comprehend, but which are especially connected with man's moral condition and education, (and hardly anybody that is not an idiot will refuse to acknowledge, in the consciousness of his ignorance, that it may be so,) and then faith, finding that reason affirms its own valid grounds for believing in the dominion of an intelligent and benevolent Ruler quite independent of all such difficulties, is able to confront, though it cannot vanquish them. But it irritates reason and faith too (at least it does mine) to be treated with solutions that are worse than none.

I am the more surprised when I find, as I occasionally do, some *Christians* using the above argument of "general laws," as an answer to the difficulties in question,

since *they* at least professedly believe in the *possibility* of a world in which, though there will doubtless be "general laws," those laws will as certainly be combined with such mental, moral, and physical conditions (whatever these last may be) of the inhabitants that, as the ages of eternity roll round, there will be no "sad accidents" to mar the universal felicity. Men *ought* to conclude, on such principles as those just commented on, that Omnipotence cannot prepare such a place, consequently there will be none; that heaven itself will now and then exhibit a seraph who has lost his voice, or been lamed in the wing; or a young angel who has strayed into infinite space, and is lost to his disconsolate celestial kinsfolk, or broken his legs or his nose by stumbling on the treacherous smoothness of the jasper pavement!

Akin to such shallow and inadequate hypotheses as that of which I have been speaking is another often insisted on by the Deist and the Christian, by way of illustrating the *benevolence* of the Deity! "How bountifully," say they, "is prey provided for the various species of animals! How exactly fitted is the entire organization of the lion or the shark for seizing, and killing, and devouring his food! How perfectly good is his appetite, and with what *gout* he swallows his dinner! How is all about the sweet beast subservient to his happiness! Yes; but what, in the meantime, is to be said for the *prey*? Is *that* devoured with as much *relish* as the other devours it? Hudibras says:

Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat;

but I think he would hardly have said:

Surely the pleasure is as sweet
In being *eaten* as to *eat*!

I doubt not that the thing is all right; but I cannot accept reasoning which thus refutes itself.

I have even known Deists, and good Christian men, too, go further.

Even in *print*, I have seen it stated, by way of diminishing the impression of general suffering, that as we know that the chase is a great delight of the beast who takes his prey, so we know not what delight there may be in being hunted down (and truly I think we do *not* know!) We are told there *may* be a delicious excite-

ment in the stag or the hare in the attempts to baffle his pursuers! If so, surely he has the oddest ways of showing it. I shall next expect to hear a sentimental angler expatiate on the dear delight the little fishes perchance feel in getting hooked! "Handle him," says old Isaac Walton, in giving directions for impaling a frog or worm on the hook, "handle him tenderly, as though you loved him." "Nay," such a philosophic angler would reply, "I *do* love him, and am proving it; he *likes* to be thus transfixed. His wriggle is but a wriggle of delight."

No; such arguments as these only irritate the mind that listens to them, as all inconclusive arguments are apt to do; it is but special pleading for God, who does not need any such refinements if, as Leibnitz says, we but knew all. "Shall we argue wickedly for God, and speak deceitfully for him?"

We do *not* know all, or rather we know next to nothing, and hence the difficulty; but we know enough, if we attend to it, not to allow ourselves to be baffled by what we do *not* know. From an immensity of proof we may understand that intelligence and wisdom, and for the most part goodness, are prodigally displayed over the whole of creation, and we may find the last confirmed still further by (what I must confess I need) revelation; and here we may rest, leaving insoluble difficulties unsolved. As for those connected with the "Origin of Evil," having studied them enough to know that you cannot master them, leave them alone. As Lord Bacon says, though applying the words to another subject, "Give to reason the things of reason, and to faith the things of faith."

If you *will* continue to revolve this mournful mystery, and to yield to its horrible fascination, you will darken and distress your mind. *Experto crede*. And ever remember this, that, however sublime and momentous the theme of our meditations, if it really be beyond us, it is just as much a waste of our energies and our time to meddle with it, as to busy ourselves with the veriest trifles in existence. If you look ever so fixedly into utter darkness, it is but a waste of eyes, and you might as well keep them shut. I would remind you of what some plain preacher once said: "Infinite," said he, "have been the disputes as to the *origin*

of evil; but the real question of importance is, not how we got *into* it, but how we are to get *out* of it."

Should we not be surprised at a man who, having tumbled into a ditch, instead of scrambling out as fast as possible, lay still in the mud, resolving in himself the question, "I wonder how I got here?" About as wise are many who have spent no inconsiderable portion of their time and energies in resolving the question of the origin of "evil" without a thought of how they may evade its consequences.

BIBLICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

LET us imagine that in the process of science a book should be executed of such marvelous materials, that on blank leaves inserted for the purpose, the sun-beam should etch every face that hung over the page until it became a self-illustrated work, a magic gallery of pictured shadows. Something like this is the Bible read in the light of history and biography. In their radiance, it becomes a book from whose every page, and almost every text, the eyes of the great and sainted dead are looking into ours. Here, then, we find Photographs for our Bibles; and we purpose to give illustrations of Scripture by history and biography—to adduce texts or passages of the Bible, intertwined by the law of association, with historical names and events in the annals of the Christian Church.

To begin, then, at once, open the Bible at the fifty-first Psalm.

We may transport ourselves to the 4th of February, 1555. Newgate Prison stands out dark and sullen in the winter morning. Through the long passages, strewed with filthy rushes; through stench, that of bad fish predominating—stenches that feed fat the pestilence that walketh in darkness, we pass into a little cell. Pause at the iron cage with reverence. There is calmly sleeping the first champion of the Reformed Church, the first martyr of English Protestantism, John Rogers. A step glides into the room. It is the keeper's wife. The prisoner sleeps soundly, for he is at peace with God, and the angels are watching over his head. "Awake, haste, prepare yourself for the fire." "Then," says the martyr, with a quiet smile, "if it be so, I need not tie my points." He is taken from New-

gate, first to Bonner for degradation. He meekly beseeches a few words with his wife before the burning, but is answered with a scowl. Meanwhile the procession is formed for Smithfield. The sheriffs walk along with their wands of office; the gruff halberdiers are there, trampling round the pinioned prisoner; priests from the Abbey, apprentices from the Fleet, yeomen from the Tower, merchants from the 'Change, watermen from the Strand, mingle with the crowd. But there is a sound of sobbing among them. A mother appears with a babe at her breast, and ten little ones going and weeping by her side. It is the prisoner's wife. "Come, good John, a free pardon, and go home with thy honest wife and little ones; only renounce thy heresy." Patience, stout and godly heart. A few minutes more, and the pangs of death will be over; and the eyes will have opened on the land where there are no more tears, and the ransomed spirit have received the crown of life. Meanwhile he can leave her nothing but that heart-touching paper found in a dark corner of his cell. "O God! be good to this poor and most honest wife, being a poor stranger; and all my little souls, hers and my children; whom, with all the whole faithful and true catholic congregation of Christ, the Lord of life and death, save, keep, and defend in all the troubles and assaults of this vain world, and bring, at the last, to everlasting salvation, the true and sure inheritance of all crossed Christians. Amen. Amen." But listen. A voice is hushing the noisy throng. It is a psalm which John Rogers sings as he goes. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Opening the Psalms again, almost at hazard, the thirty-first attracts observation. That Psalm recalls the 4th of May, 1535. On that day John Hughton, Prior of the Charter-house, was brought out to Tyburn to suffer for refusing to acknowledge the royal supremacy, as then defined. That noble face, of almost feminine beauty, was pale, but not with terror. The ropes that fastened him to the dreadful hurdle could not disguise the symmetry of his slight and graceful figure. That

fair frame was animated by a gentle spirit. Haughton was not a Protestant; but to him, as to More and Fisher, every Protestant may afford a sigh. In an age when the vices of the Romish priesthood cried to Heaven for vengeance; when their most flagitious offenses were expiated by a fine of a few shillings, or by carrying a taper in a procession; when the monasteries were full of men who had exchanged the hair shirt for fine linen, and a diet of bread or vegetables, with small beer or water, for fat capons, and big-bellied tuns of sherry and sack, Haughton set an example of severe virtue in his own person, and insisted upon regularity in the house over which he presided. His execution is historically remarkable, because it was the first occasion on which the dress of a Romish ecclesiastic was ever brought to the stake. As he knelt down on the scaffold his closing words were taken from the thirty-first Psalm, verses one to five. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," etc. But turn to the Psalm and read for yourself. With these words he made the last sign to the executioners.

Another recollection occurs to us in connection with this Psalm. It is nearly forty years before the last—the 22nd of May, 1498. This time the scene is not in London, but in Florence, by the sunny Arno, under the blue sky of Italy. And the victim is Savonarola. Nine years before he had been preaching near this spot, in the garden of the cloister at San Marco, under a shrubbery of Damascus roses; and his subject had been the Revelation of St. John. Upon the assembled multitude, used to hear scraps of Aristotle and Plato, and the school logic, that pure Scriptural exposition had fallen like spray-drops from the river of God; and as the preacher spoke of the love of Christ, the tears rolled along his cheeks, and the hardest hearts melted like snow. Not many years after, Luther himself published Savonarola's "Exposition of several Psalms," with a preface, in which he recognized the Monk of Florence as one like-minded with himself. Now the great orator has come forth, not to preach, but to die. He had endured long imprisonment; his delicate nerves had felt the tortures of the Inquisition; he had been bound to a pillar by a cord, and suddenly let fall; hot coals had been burned under his feet; and now, with the iron round his neck, and fastened to a

faggot, that he might experience at once a double pang, he is quite calm. On what hidden bread has he been feeding his spirit? His last written words were a meditation on the thirty-first Psalm. Doubt and joy alternate until the third verse—"Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore, for thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." On this verse he expresses his perfect peace. But he stops; for at that point his writing materials were rudely taken from him.

We have, perhaps, tarried too long beside the stake and gibbet. Take another scene, other Psalms. The place is Versailles; the time, the reign of Louis Quatorze, about the year 1705. All is splendor, for a magnificent ball is to be given. In the morning the hunters have gone out, train after train of splendidly-mounted cavaliers, and the horn has wakened the echoes of the chase. In the sunny afternoon the lords and ladies have lounged along the walks, and by the terraces, through long arcades of poplars and cypress, by jars of exquisite flowers. On they pass, laughing, by the marble fountain, in those rich and stately dresses which the chinas and fans of the times have made familiar to us. The young Duchess of Burgundy is gayest and brightest there. But where is her lord, the heir-apparent to the throne, and grandson to the king? He sits away in his private apartment, far from scenes in which he finds nothing congenial. Our readers will easily find the sketch of his character, as given by St. Simon, or may read it in that exquisite book, Vinet's "History of French Literature." Originally subject to transports of passion, which made him an object of terror; ungovernable in the pursuit of pleasure, sarcastic and overbearing; between the age of eighteen and twenty he had heard that mysterious voice which speaks in courts as well as elsewhere; which may be muffled, but is not lost in the folds of a corrupt Church and a ceremonial religion. The young prince was withdrawing himself from the din of pleasures, whose unsatisfying nature he has discovered. He could say, with one of old,

The heart is restless ever,
Until it finds rest in Thee.

Could we see the little book in his hand, which Fenelon has given him, we should find that he has been reading and weeping

over the Seven Psalms which have been called Penitential.

On referring to Isaiah, the fifty-third chapter is especially dear to every Christian heart. "From that chapter," says Bengel, "not only many Jews, but Atheists, have been converted. History records some; God knows all." Two memorable instances there are. One we all remember—the conversion of Candace's treasurer, by Philip. He was a proselyte returning from Jerusalem to Meroe, in Upper Egypt, the capital of the Ethiopian Candace. In his devout abstraction he reads aloud, so that the humble foot traveler, who comes up the chariot, hears what he is repeating. And the place of the Scripture where he read was this: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and, like a lamb dumb before the shearers, so opened he not his mouth."

This beautiful passage of Scripture recalls to us also another triumph of Divine grace, in the person of a different man, in a different scene, in another age. A poet of the day has, with much happiness, compared the thought or line, which the writer sends abroad and forgets, and after many days finds stored in a friend's heart, to the arrow which the archer shoots at random, and discovers in the cleft of a tree. And the Scriptures are the arrows of God, which "are sharp in the heart of his enemies, whereby the people fall under him;" yet the wound is not unto death, but is barbed with love. And the force of the arrow is not spent upon the first object it strikes: its range is from its first sending forth to the end of time: it may have a myriad marks. The same shaft which cleft the Ethiopian's heart, cleft another and a harder. The date is not now the year after Pentecost, but June, 1680. The scene is not by the olives and palms of Gaza, in sight of the long sweep of the Mediterranean; it is in Oxfordshire, near Woodstock. This is the lodge of the then controller of Woodstock Park, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. But there is a stillness about the house: the French valet slips with noiseless tread over the polished oak stairs; the countess passes like a ghost, pale and silent, down the corridor; the Earl is dying—in his thirty-fourth year he is dying. It appears that for many months he has been a changed man. This change was mainly owing to the ministry of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, who has left an account

of it in a book, of which Dr. Johnson says, "The critic ought to read it for its eloquence, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

Let us give to the tenth of St. Matthew an illustration similar to those already attempted. The place is not far from that in which the penitent Rochester went to his rest—it is the University of Oxford. The time is about a hundred and fifty years earlier, the end of 1527 or 1528. The hero of this story is one Anthony Dalabar, an undergraduate of St. Alban's Hall, whose narrative is given to us in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," in the lad's own words. Its vivid pictures of the treatment of the Christian Brethren, as the Protestants were termed, its life-like and unaffected pathos, its minute touches of University life, make it one of the most precious records of the time; one learns more of the age from that narrative than from many an eloquent chapter in a regular historian. Shortly before this time Cardinal Wolsey had founded the great seminary now called Christ Church, at first Cardinal College. The great minister was anxious to attract to his newly established college the rising talent among the young men of England. From Cambridge he invited those students who were the greatest proficients in the elegant literature of the day: John Clarke, Sumner, and Taverner. All three had imbibed Protestant principles, through the tracts and Testaments of the Christian Brothers and London Protestants. Clark was in the habit of reading St. Paul's Epistles in his chambers, and drew round him a knot of young men whose hearts had been touched by grace. At this time one Garret, a Fellow of Magdalen College, came back from London with a supply of books. The cardinal, though somewhat tardily, was beginning to set the bull-dogs upon the track of heresy. The proctors accordingly were on the look-out for Garret, and a meeting was held by the brethren, among whom was our young friend, Anthony Dalabar. Anthony's brother was a priest; and as Garret was in orders, it was arranged that he should go under a feigned name, and take this priest's curacy, in Dorsetshire. Upon his departure, poor Anthony, who had got a bad name, began to think of number one, and resolved to leave his Hall, and enter himself at Worcester College. But as he is spending his

last night at St. Alban's Hall, and reading a precious commentary on St. Luke's Gospel, a thundering knock comes to his door, and who should walk in but Garret—a dear friend of his and of his Saviour—foot-sore, splashed, half dead with fright and hunger. Garret utters an imprudent exclamation, and a person, who in the year 1858 would be called a scout, slips out, evidently to inform. Dalabar says:

Then kneeled we down together upon our knees, and lifting up our hands to God our heavenly Father, desired him, with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him, that he might well escape the dangers of all his enemies, if his good pleasure were so. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing, that we all bewet both our faces, and scarcely, for sorrow, could we speak one to another. When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door, and went into my study; and taking the New Testament into my hands, kneeled down upon my knees, and with many a deep sigh and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over St. Matthew x, praying that God would endue his tender and lately-born little flower, in Oxford, with heavenly strength, by his Holy Spirit.

Had we time, we might go on to St. Frideswide's Church that evening. We might see the deans and canons in their gray amices at even-song, and the chapel blazing with lights. The music of the *Magnificat* swells under Taverner's fingers. Then the commissary comes in, and old Dr. London puffs and blusters up the aisle, and the brethren are sorely tried. Here we must bid Dalabar adieu; only remember some of the words that he read and prayed over: "Beware of men, . . . when they deliver you up; take no thought how or what ye shall speak. . . . Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. . . . He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

But we must pass on. The fifth of Genesis gives the genealogy from Adam to Noah. We all own the importance of this record, historically; but in a religious point of view, one might be inclined to overlook its significance. We believe it to be a fact, that this particular chapter, read in a church, without note or comment, led to a train of thought, which in one instance, tended to produce a complete change of life. "All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and he died. All the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; and he died. . . . And all the days of Methuselah

were nine hundred, sixty, and nine years; and he died." These lives of enormous length crowded into the epitaph of awful brevity—this passing bell of death, hanging silent in the air, whose solemn tongue tolls out its message only about once in a thousand years, and hardly seems to make a vibration in the atmosphere of eternity—led the thoughts of the man we speak of to the things which are unseen. Glance at the twenty-third verse. When Leighton's sister spoke laughingly of his deadness to the world, and remarked, that if he had a family it must be otherwise, the archbishop's reply was, "I wot not how it *would* be, but I know how it *should* be. 'Enoch begat sons and daughters, and he walked with God.'"

The hundred and first Psalm is a strong declaration of David's purpose as a head of a family. "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." There is a fact connected with it which adds to it an especial interest. When Nicholas Ridley was Bishop of London, he used to assemble his household at Fulham, "being marvelously careful over his family, and this was a psalm which he constantly chose. He often used it in the presence of "his mother Bonner," as he affectionately called her, whom he used to place at the head of his table, in presence of the highest of the land—the aged mother of the notorious persecutor.

The hundred and third Psalm will be even more deeply felt by those who recollect what Isaac Walton says in his noble and beautiful life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln. "Now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death. He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment: and during that time did often say to himself the hundred and third Psalm, a psalm that is composed of praise and consolations fitted for a dying soul."

Take that verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death. "We may transport ourselves, in thought, to the month of February, 1630. Let us enter the chapel, full of quaint recollections of Holbein and bluff King Hal, so lately the scene of the nuptials of a daughter of England. The Chapel Royal is crowded to excess; for the first preacher in England, Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, has been sum-

moned in his turn: "When he appeared in the pulpit," says his biographer, "many thought he presented himself, not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face." He gave out the text which we have quoted, and the discourse was a meditation upon death. The pale, sad face of the king, grew sadder and paler. The high-born ladies of the court, the youth and beauty of England, had, it may be with some few exceptions, been too much habituated to that particular sort of political sermon which had grown fashionable in the previous reign of the pedant, who had spent so many months in solving the question, "why the devil doth most deal with auncient weemen." But now some of these noble and gentle faces began, for the first time, to grow thoughtful; life, it seemed, had other ends than a court-masque, or a cavalier's serenade. The preacher's streaming tears and hollow voice were never forgotten by many then present. Dr. Donne had delivered his own funeral sermon. He went straight home from the pulpit to his house to die. Or notice one verse in the Canticles, in passing: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." This was exquisitely chosen by the parents of a young lady, who died at Rome of consumption, to place upon her tombstone; but the cardinal censor is said to have refused his permission.

Pass to the New Testament. Who forgets that Juxon read the twenty-seventh of St. Matthew, the second lesson for that day's service, to Charles, just before he passed to the scaffold at Whitehall? Let us imagine a very different scene and date—the orange groves and minarets of Shiraz, the city of the Rose. Henry Martyn, the English missionary, is there, with three Persians. It is the one spot of fairyland in that hard and self-denying life. Where the brook goes babbling over pebbles; where the grapes hang from the vines; where the passing breeze scatters a drift of snowy orange blossoms upon the rivulet; where the nightingale sings in the dewy coolness of the thicket; the little group is sitting in the Khan's garden. There one of them, Aga Baba, read this twenty-seventh of St. Matthew. "The bed of roses beneath which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me," writes Martyn, "as this discourse of the

Persian." The portion of the previous chapter which describes the agony in the garden, nerved John Huss for his death; from the experience of his own struggle, he learned to understand that Divine sorrow:

Truly it is much to rejoice always, and to count it all joy in diverse temptations. Much to fulfill, little to speak. Since that most brave and patient soldier, knowing that on the third day He should rise again, and by his death overcome his enemies, after his last supper was troubled in spirit, and said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Or do we read that verse which Luther has affectionately called the *Bibel in kleinen*, "God so loved the world:" it embraces the two opposite extremes of the human intellect. It has been stated that, in his last illness, Bishop Butler expressed some doubt how he should know that the Lord was a Saviour for him; and that on his chaplain quoting this verse, the bishop said, "True; though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue to this moment; and now I die happy." Now from the majestic intellect and massive brow of the author of the "Analogy," and of those "deep and dark sermons preached in the Rolls Chapel," irradiated with thought and aspiration like a marble dome with the dying sunset, let us turn to the untutored minds, and the foreheads "villainous low," as they have been called, of the Negroes of South Africa. They come to ask for the Bible; they do not recollect, or have never known its name; but they say, "give us the book with the beautiful words, 'God so loved the world.'" In the life of Perthes, the German bookseller, he observes, on the chapters of St. John's Gospel, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, that they are enough to live by, and enough to die by. Few, however prejudiced against the politics and ecclesiastical views of Laud, can have read his most affecting speech upon the scaffold without sympathy and admiration. His quaint applications of one verse in the eleventh chapter of St. John, may be worth recording:

Yea, but here is a great clamor that I would have brought in Popery. You know what the Pharisees said: "If we let him alone, all men will believe in him, *et venient Romani*, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation." Here was a causeless cry against Christ, that the Romans would come; and see how just the judgment was. They

crucified Christ, for fear lest the Romans should come; and his death was it which brought in the Romans upon them—God punishing them with what they most feared. And I pray God this clamor of *veniet Romani* (of which I have given no cause) help not to bring them in.

The associations with particular texts in the Epistles are countless. We write down a few. In Henry VIII.'s reign there was a custom that the bishops, on New Year's Day, should bring his Highness a gift. On one occasion the right reverend fathers all came. It rained gold, silver, purses of money, rarities of all kinds. What dainty dish has honest Master Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Lincoln, brought to set before his sovereign? A New Testament, superbly bound—a brave gift for a king. But the book is wrapped up in a napkin, and round the napkin there is a legend in large letters. More honest than courtly is the scroll. It is the fourth verse of the thirteenth of Hebrews. The thirteenth of Romans recalls one of the most celebrated conversions by Scripture—that of the great Augustine. His youth, up to thirty-two, passed in strange oscillations between Manicheism and truth, between grace and sin. Open his Confessions, and their sad penitential sorrow and ethereal sanctity give the lie to Byron's brutal taunt:

Those strange confessions,
That make one almost envy his transgressions.

One day deep thought brought out all his misery before the gaze of his soul. "A great storm arose, and broke in a shower of tears." He went out alone to weep under a fig-tree, and a voice said, "Tolle, lege; tolle, lege"—a voice for which he could not account by any casual occurrence. He took up his copy of the Apostle, and read—"Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lust thereof." "No need or wish," he adds, "to read further. Immediately at the close of the sentence, a light of security was poured into my heart, and all shadows of doubt fled away." Now Augustine was the chief evangelical element in mediæval theology, so that some have almost reckoned him for one of the two sackcloth witnesses. He gave an impulse to Luther. Calvin's whole mind was colored by his.

The ripples which spread from his writings agitated the stream of thought round Pascal, Quesnel, and Fenelon. That verse in the fourteenth of Romans—"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—brings Whitefield into view. It was his text in the churchyard of the High Church of Glasgow, in 1741, when he closed his sermon to those vast throngs by the memorable words: "Now, when the Sabbath is over, and the evening is drawing near, methinks the very sight is awful. I could almost weep over ye, as our Lord did over Jerusalem, to think in how short a time every soul of you must die." Pass on to the text in the fourth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin." Joseph Justus Scaliger was dying at Leyden. There he sat in his chamber, cowering over the fire; his illustrious friends and intimates were away, De Thou, Dousa, Casaubon; only Daniel Heinsius was with him to the last gasp. Tier upon tier rose his books, not so remarkable for their number as for their almost priceless value, partly collected by himself, partly the gifts of all the scholars in Europe to the "Phœbus of the learned," "the all-accomplished," "the dictator of letters." His was a genius, grand indeed, and capacious, and diffused over the whole circle of the arts. It has been said by one well qualified to judge, that those who estimated him only by his writings, his "Eusebius," or his immortal work, the "Novum Organum" of chronology, did not know the twentieth part of his learning. He was familiar with so many languages, ancient and oriental, and so exactly, that had this been the sole employment of his life, it had alone been a prodigy. Besides the history of all ages, places, times, and nations, he had a memory of wonderful promptitude; what he had read once he had placed in such exquisite order in the gigantic catalogue of his knowledge, that he could find it at once, and answer any question arising from it, not only in his lecture-room, but among statesmen and ambassadors. A great politician observed of Scaliger, that he had been deceived in him, for that he had expected a learned man, but that he had found a man who was ignorant of nothing, without a whit of pedantry or academic dustiness about him. Let us

draw near in reverential silence, and hear what the dying scholar has to say in those awful moments, when earthly learning fades away, like a mist in the severe light of eternity. "I have a hope, greater even than my countless sins, reposed upon Him who knew no sin, whom God hath made to be sin for us."

In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians there is a passage: "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church;" a text which, perhaps, only occurs to us in connection with the controversy on works of supererogation. It is a flower which withers in the hot hand of controversy. Would we see it fresh and fragrant in the chamber of a dying saint, let us read the adieus to his friends and to the Church, of Adolphe Monod. There is a print in the little volume. A white pillow, and on it a head reposed with jet black hair, a fine brow, worn and pinched features, and a wasted hand. But we see not all. In that chamber are assembled thirty or forty, to whom, week by week, he addresses a few words. On the 4th of November, 1855, his subject is "the Pastor suffering for the good of the Church;" his text the passage we have named. Do we not read its meaning in the light of that sick room?

Is it not true that my affliction has helped to call your thoughts to death, to eternity, to Gospel verities? Is it not true that in the fraternal love which I bear you, you have been pushed, as it were, to prayer? I feel that the people of God lift me on their prayers; and I am penetrated with joy and gratitude. Is it not good for you? Has not a spirit of peace and serenity been spread over those who are with me? You see, then, how I find sweetness in the thought that my sufferings are for you; so that I may say, in the spirit of St. Paul: "I rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church."

Or, again, does it not give liveliness to our feelings, in regard to those glorious descriptions in the closing chapters of the Revelation, when we think of M'Cheyne preaching on "the great white throne," one fine night, by moonlight, to a vast throng near an old church; or of that most affecting anecdote told of the late venerable Bishop Mant. When he was sitting in his room, weak and dying, his son read

to him those chapters: "Bring me my hat and stick," said the old man, feebly, "I want to go, I must go to that country;" or let us transport ourselves to the death-bed of Robert Hall, and hear him breathe out with his dying lips, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The associations, historical and biographical, connected with Scripture, would not be fairly handled, unless we confessed that there were others of a different and painful character connected with some of its texts. Scripture, like its Divine subject, is appointed for the trial of the human spirit. "It is set for a sign, that the secrets of many hearts may be revealed." When we read that desolate passage in Job, where he exclaims, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, . . . let that night be solitary," we may recollect how a great but bitter spirit turned to it. When Swift was in the height of his glory, courted by ministers and fawned upon by peers; when he used to meet Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary at Lord Masham's; when he made a more conspicuous figure at the Thatched House than Escourt himself with the golden gridiron suspended from his neck; it is painful to see him retreating to his lodgings, and lamenting his birthday, as he termed it, by reading over the third chapter of Job. When the traveler reads at St. Peter's, at Rome, the inscription traced in colossal characters round the cupola, which overhangs the apostle's grave—"Tu es Petrus," he cannot but think of the fabric which the craft of many bad men, and the superstition of many men who were not bad, have reared upon the one foundation. The word to Jeremiah, "See I have this day set thee over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy," appears as the text of the famous bull by which Pope Paul III. put Henry VIII. under interdict and deposition,—that "most impudent brief," as Francis of France termed it.

Texts misunderstood have been the plea of the mendicant orders, and introduced "counsels of perfection." The passages which contain the institution of the Holy Communion, almost admit of being treated as a text from which to consider the history of Christianity. Full as they are in themselves of "exceeding great love," they may remind the historian of blazing piles and bloody wars, of fierce controversy and party hatred, from the

thirteenth session of Trent, and the Lutherans and Sacramentaries, down to Denison and Ditcher.

On reading the glorious song of the seraphim, in the text of Isaiah, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory," one is immediately apt to think of the *Te Deum*, which is, as it were, encrusted upon that verse. Often has the *Te Deum* been chanted on occasions that might make the angels weep. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is almost too obvious. Let us attempt another scene. At three in the afternoon of July the 15th, 1099, Godfrey stood on the walls of Jerusalem. A few hours after, and the sunset fell upon the minarets of the mosque of Omar. Then, bareheaded and barefooted, the Christian soldiers ascended the hill of Calvary. A voice of priests chanting rose upon the air; it vibrated through the few olives which yet remained in Gethsemane, where the Saviour had knelt; it fell softly upon the purple mount of Olivet—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!" And yet superstition had never offered a bloodier hecatomb to Moloch or Baal, upon the Mount of Offense, or in the Valley of Hinnom, than these men, in the insulted name of Christ, had just presented, on the very spot where he had moistened the ground with drops of agony, and poured out his blood for his enemies. They chanted over seventy thousand slaughtered Moslems, and a multitude of Jews, who had been burned alive in their synagogue.

These sadder recollections teach most instructive lessons—lessons of modesty, charity, and mutual tolerance—lessons of human imbecility, guided through centuries of storm and error, to a haven of tranquillity and truth. We must confine ourselves, however, to the lessons which may be derived from the other and happier side of the subject.

In the first place, then, we suggest that to trace and collate historical and biographical associations with passages of Scripture, may be useful in exciting a fresher interest both in one and the other. It is a great point gained when we read *anything* with a purpose in view; it stimulates the flagging attention, and gives the eye an unwonted quickness. It is yet a better thing when we can give unity to scattered pieces of knowledge—when we can bind them into one bundle,

and find a "colligation for our conceptions." Accessions to information do not then burden the mind. On the contrary, they are more deeply rooted into its soil because their relations are multiplied; each is a root that throws out a thousand tendrils, and both helps and is helped by every other.

And still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew.

No wonder at all, for the more we know the more we can know. Knowledge thus compacted is as different from loose pieces of information, as a well-packed carpet bag from a plethoric and badly tied brown paper parcel.

Such a mode of looking at the Bible has a tendency to give us a blessed confidence in it. The word which converted Augustine and Rochester is still mighty as ever. The word which comforted martyrs in their agony; which has been healing, strength, and peace to the loftiest intellects and profoundest spirits of our race, remains unexhausted to us. They have leaned their giant weight upon it, and it has carried them bravely over the awful chasm between time and eternity, and their experience of its power to sustain increases our faith.

How much have we omitted; for, first, the fairest pictures on the page are those of the Captain of our salvation. The Saviour's gentle face hangs over many a text, is painted on many a psalm. The first verse of the twenty-second is shadowed with His cross. Could any hand draw that portrait? And all these sketches that we have attempted, all that any man can collect, are but as a grain of sand to the countless grains upon the shore. There are histories that no man has written or can write; there are biographies, beautiful in the book of life, which no human eye can read; there are calendars of home whose rubrics are colored by our hearts; there are texts in every graveyard which have flattered from many a dying lip, had been spoken from many a pulpit that we might well thus illustrate. What Christian home has not a Bible, with favorite passages italicised by the pencil of a departed saint? Thus are painted, and will be painted to the end of time, those countless figures that we have spoken of, on the margin of the illustrated book of God.

ONE BRIGHT BEAM ON A CHEERLESS PATH.

A LEAFLET ON "LITTLE HELPS."

I AM in the position of a man who has fallen behind his age. I was reckoned to have some talent for business, as business was conducted in my young days, but I have never caught the go-ahead spirit of these times, straining, pushing, jostling, maneuvering, over-reaching, by which it has happened that many who set out with me in the voyage of life have far outstripped me, and perhaps as many more have foundered and sunk never to rise again. My business has become a very humble jog-trot affair. An increasing family, with diminishing means, has forced me to withhold contributions from many charitable institutions to which I once loved to give; and the only way in which the floodgates of benevolence have been kept open for some years has been by giving an occasional penny to a certain set of mendicants, who steadily visit my little store. I never argue with those who tell me it is wrong to relieve beggars; I don't care to grapple with the general principle; it suffices for me that this humble and slender charity gratifies the desire of alleviating human misery; it keeps me in constant contact with those who are worse off than myself, and prevents me from being wholly absorbed in my own selfish sorrows; the sight of so much misery that I cannot relieve makes me regret my poverty more for the sake of others than for myself, and leads me to bless the All-wise Disposer for what I have, instead of dwelling repiningly on what I have not. I rejoice that more auspicious paths of usefulness are open to the enterprising and hopeful; but to one whose spirit has been broken by misfortune, and crushed by domestic bereavement, this sort of intercourse with the poorest of the poor appears to have a melancholy suitability. It is a walk few will envy me. Seldom do those who take to mendicity rise to anything better, and seldom does he who interests himself in beggars meet with anything to cheer or encourage him. It is generally from bad to worse. Let me gratefully record an exception.

Among those who have frequently got a penny at my counter was an interesting boy about eight years of age. He could

give little account of himself, except that his father was dead, and his mother was sick, almost always sick, and unable to work; and she had no one in the world but him, and all he could do was to beg for her. There was nothing to distinguish this squalid, ragged child from the common herd of young beggars, except that he did not whine or cry; he told his story with a certain frankness and manly confidence that made one almost sure it was true. I gave him a penny whenever he called, and often wished it were in my power to rescue him from this vagrant life, almost certain to lead sooner or later to vice and infamy. But having nothing further in my power I did not feel at liberty even to make stricter inquiry into the case. I did, indeed, mention the child to some of my more opulent and influential neighbors, but they could see no way of benefiting him except getting him into an orphan hospital, which would have separated him from his mother, and this I could not believe to be right. I durst not attempt any plan the burden of which would probably fall upon myself. I had to think of eight motherless little children of my own, whom I was barely able to support, and whom my death might some day leave utterly destitute. So I continued just to give little George the usual dole of alms, encouraging him to hope that he would soon be able to work for his mother; and advising him meanwhile to avoid bad company, to refrain his hands from stealing, and to keep a sharp lookout for any honest way of earning a penny now and then rather than begging one.

One day a lady who kept a boarding-house told me that her inmates were in the habit of leaving bits of good meat and vegetables on their plates, besides crusts of bread and other matters, which could not be cooked up again, and yet were too good for the waste pail, and she asked if I knew any poor creature that would think it worth while to call for such scraps. I gratefully accepted the offer, and promised to send little George, while secretly I hoped and prayed that she might interest herself further, and that this might prove one step to his deliverance from mendicancy.

A few days afterward George made his appearance at my office, but so metamorphosed that at first I did not know him. He was well dressed from head to foot,

his face and hands perfectly clean, and his hair neatly cut and brushed, a remarkably pretty boy I now for the first time perceived him to be.

"Why, child, what has happened to you?" I exclaimed as soon as I recognized him.

"That's just what I came to tell you, sir, for I thought you would like to know. You see, sir, I was walking easy through Franklin Square last Wednesday, and I saw a gentleman looking very hard at me. And then he came straight up, and he changed color, and asked me my name; and I told him it. And he said, 'Then I'm your uncle.' And, sir, he looked very white, and seemed as if he could scarcely get out the words; but he told me he was a farmer, and that he was a bachelor without a family, and that my father was his only brother, and that he knew me by my likeness to him; and he asked me about my mother and all, and went to see her. And he took me and bought me all these clothes; and he washed me, and did my hair with his own hands, and still he looked me in the face, and said, 'You're the image of your father, my boy; that's the way I knew you.' And, sir, he is to take us home to live with him; and he says my mother will be quite well again when she is rightly taken care of; and he says he'll send me to school, and bring me up respectable. You would wonder, sir, how tender-hearted he is to be a big, stout man; I thought nothing of my mother crying when they talked about my father; but it was queer to see my uncle crying, as if he had been nothing for all the world but a woman itself."

Thus did the little fellow run on, nor did I care to interrupt him. To tell the truth I was afraid that, if I spoke, I might betray such weakness as was, in George's estimation, "like nothing but a woman itself." A moment he paused, and seeming not to understand my silence, he added, "And, sir, I thought I might come and tell you, and bid you good-by; for perhaps, if you had seen me not coming back, you might have thought I had taken to some bad ways against your advice. So I thought I had better come and tell you."

Of course I congratulated my little protégé on this happy turn in his destiny; I made him promise not to neglect going to a Sunday school; and with some further words of advice I parted with him,

blessing Providence for one bright beam on my cheerless path, and fondly cherishing the hope that I might meet George again at some future stage of life's dreary journey.

CONCENTRATION.

MUCH speculation is often indulged upon the variety of minds, or the difference in talent. Heads are *felt*, to ascertain the altitude of cerebral projections, to know whether the promising subject will succeed or not, to *see* the quantum of his intellect.

Mathematically speaking, I concede there is some variety in the native power of minds. But for all practical purposes we might easily ignore this difference, and attribute the various success attained by different individuals to their habit of concentration.

I call concentration a habit rather than a power, because it does not properly belong to the elemental powers of man's mental nature. We may, by practice or habit, learn to concentrate all the powers of the mind upon any subject; or we may become so careless in the manner of our investigations as to suffer a complete dissipation of our mental strength; and then, perhaps, console ourselves with the idea that from those to whom little is given little will be required. It is said that "no one knows what he can do till he tries;" this simply means that we have no just conception of our powers till they are all brought to a focus upon one object. The genial rays of the sun, profusely and diffusely poured out upon nature, induce the beauty of cheerfulness and the glory of blooming flowers; but refract those rays through the sun-glass, and concenter their heat upon one point, and you have the intensity of fire produced from the genial ray; and now the beauty of the rose is consumed by the same element that before had painted it with beauteous hues.

By concentration steam is doing its mighty wonders in the world. As it rises in vapor from the bosom of its boiling mother, suffer it to diffuse itself, and soon it is as gentle as the humid zephyr; but drive it into its little chest, and with perfect fury it will vibrate the mightiest piston revolving the most complicated and magnificent machinery. We are filled with admiration and amazement, when we be-

hold the almost omnipotent power of steam; and justly, too, since its works proclaim it the mightiest agent of earth.

Thought is mightier than steam; but it, too, to be effective, must be forced into the steam-chest of abstraction, and made to play upon the lever at the right point. Suffered to dissipate it will roam creation o'er, and never mature one solid idea. But bring all the thoughts together, all the powers of the intellect to bear upon one point, let the ideas follow each other in regular and logical relation, and theories that will stand the test of all experiment will be the fruit of such intense labor.

Thought, to evolve any great idea, must be intensified; must have the power of abstraction, Archimedian energy. The most common minds frequently have thoughts as powerful as those which have been behind the lever that moved the world; but while these dissipate in fog, those were gathered to a focus, and made to tell effectively upon some great object.

Big ideas, which we may call the aggregation of accumulated thoughts, are like heavy loads, they weary the bearer. And here lies the secret of so many failures; the mind shrinks from severe labor. Mind does not grow by accident, and those who will not pay the price cannot enjoy the pearl. Deep, toilsome, abstract study, lies at the foundation of every great achievement. He who will wade the deep and dark waters, shall find light in the hidden caverns by and by, and gaze with enraptured delight upon the princely treasures discovered far below the surface stream of nature. Truth will repay its sincere devotees, but its altars must burn with indesinent oblations. How many thousands slumber, and wish they were great, who are too indolent to make the first step in the royal road. He is great who is capable of mighty thought, who knows how to think on any subject; such a one is capable of mighty deeds when such are to be done. There is strength in union, but nowhere else as in united thoughts. We look upon some eminent character, and think how easy it is to be great; but we are strangers to his toils and cares. We cannot retrace his steps to behold them moistened with the bloody sweat of his travail. We stand and admire his princely attainments, forgetting that they are the harvest of toils we have spurned, the gathering of seed we would

not sow. We have let our thoughts fly at will, too lazy to hive them; he has worked in sunshine and cold to hive his thoughts, that they may make their honey, and swarm in due season.

The complaint is often made of poor memory. I would ask, who takes care of your memory? who is responsible for its tenacity or vacuity, but yourself? Is hungry nature ever in doubt as to what will satisfy it? Did the miser ever forget his treasure-chest? Did the lover ever forget her spouse? No, nor will any one forget what he loves. That which has been the object of your intense care and thought will not easily be forgotten. Where the thoughts are concentrated, there the memory sticks. You may fall to sleep reading this paper, but you would not slumber reading the conditions of a legacy in which you were the principal heir. A good memory simply implies a ready control of the thoughts; and he who has learned to master his thoughts, and direct them whither he will, has a good memory. Learn to concentrate your thoughts upon any subject at will, and you have gained a power that will raise you to any eminence in the world of knowledge that you may desire. Force your thoughts into a bomb-shell, band them with iron, and then, when the time comes for execution, touch them off with a spark of electricity, and glorious will be your triumph; but if you ignite every thought as fast as the mind germinates it, thinking to startle the beholder with the report, eternal and disgraceful will be your failure.

The best time for study is that season of the year when outward nature forbids the rambling thoughts to roam abroad. Winter, with its storms and snows, is uninviting. The mind must turn within, and explore its own land and ocean scenery. Here are mountains to be scaled and deep gorges to be fathomed; rocks to be break and analyze, flowers to name and classify, and pearls to polish for the admiration of man.

When thought works on thought, then will ideas in sublimest proportions arise, and complete the superstructure of a magnificent and finished work.

PROMISES HUMAN AND DIVINE.—If men break their promises, remember that God never breaks his. He promises, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

LOT—THE DEAD SEA.

NO miracles are performed at the present day. God is not seen, as in the olden time, exerting his omnipotent power to reward virtue or to punish vice. Hence men are apt to read the record of the Almighty's doings, as found in the earlier portions of the Bible, with much the same feelings as they read the pages of fiction or romance. Or, if they venture not to question the truth of the sacred narrative, they are apt to feel as if something more were necessary: they would like some tangible, visible proof, that these things were done.

The subject now before us presents precisely that kind of evidence; evidence of a memorable event that may be seen and felt at the present hour. We turn our attention to the southeastern part of the Holy Land. There is the Dead Sea; called by the sacred writers, the Salt Sea, and the Sea of the Plain; and by Josephus and others, the Asphaltic Lake. It is a body of water in length forty miles, and in width from eight to ten. Into this lake flow the waters of the River Jordan and of several smaller streams.

Several remarkable peculiarities render the Dead Sea one of the most interesting portions of our globe. The specific gravity of its water is greater than that of any other lake or sea. It is intensely bitter, salt, and buoyant. Madden says that he could lie upon its surface like a log of wood; and Heyman gives the following statement from his own personal experience:

When I had swam to some distance, I endeavored to sink to the bottom, but could not, for the water kept me continually up, and would certainly have thrown me upon my face had I not put forth all the strength I was master of to keep myself in a perpendicular posture; so that I walked in the sea as if I had trod on firm ground, without having occasion to make any of the motions necessary in treading fresh water; and when I was swimming, I was obliged to keep my legs, the greatest part of the time, out of the water. My fellow-traveler was greatly surprised to find that he could swim here, although he had never learned. But this proceeded from the gravity of the water, from the extraordinary quantity of salt found in it.

Captain Mangles says:

The water is as bitter and as buoyant as the people have reported. Those of our party who could not swim, floated on its surface like

corks. On dipping the head in, the eyes smarted dreadfully.

According to a calculation made by Dr. Shaw, although we know not from what data it was made, six millions of tons of water from the Jordan and tributary streams flow daily into the Dead Sea. As is well known, it has no visible outlet. Of necessity, therefore, this immense amount of water must pass off by evaporation, or by some subterraneous channel. Probably by both. Broad, transparent columns of vapor are seen hanging over it, whence are precipitated on the shore large quantities of salt, which is collected by the Arabs for the use of their flocks and families. This vapor will scarcely suffice to carry off the water; and hence the supposition of an undiscovered, subterraneous outlet. In the vicinity of the lake are found trees bearing fruit, known as the apples of Sodom. The trees are from ten to fifteen feet high; the fruit, when ripe, is yellow, resembling an orange, beautiful to the eye, but when pressed in the hand it explodes, leaving nothing but the rind and a few fibers. The author of a work, entitled "Three Weeks in Palestine," thus describes the appearance of the lake and of the neighboring country:

Marshaling our forces, we set out for the Dead Sea, crossing the most dreary, parched, and desert plain imaginable, having the appearance of land left bare by the receding waters of the lake, which seems to have shrunk considerably. At the first dawning, the tints of the rising sun, purple and gold, with the deep shadows concealing the nakedness of the land, gave beauty to the landscape. The mountains encircling the lake, which lay sleeping and motionless beneath them, reflecting their images, supplied a noble outline which fancy might fill up at its pleasure with a thousand Edens; but as the sun ascended, the illusion was quickly dissipated; the full glare of day displayed the wildness in its true coloring of awful desolation, a desolation that was felt and that depressed the spirits. The mountains assumed one dusty brown hue, unrelieved by even a passing shadow, for not a cloud was visible in the heavens; the sea was of a dull, heavy, leaden tint, unlike the fresh transparent purple which the living waters of a mountain lake usually display. The ground over which we rode, riven into chasms and ravines, showed not a blade of verdure; the few stunted shrubs that had struggled into life, were masses of thorns, with scarcely a leaf upon them, and wore the brown garb of the desert. The whole scene was a fearful exhibition of the blasting of the breath of the Almighty's displeasure.

In the year 1849 an expedition was fitted out by the United States govern-

ment, for the purpose of exploring this wonderful sea. They spent twenty-two days upon its surface; and Lieut. Lynch, the commander of that expedition, thus states the conclusion to which they arrived, with reference to the account given by Moses:

That this entire chasm was a plain sunk and overwhelmed by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the first averaging thirteen, and the last about thirteen hundred feet below the surface. But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Septuagint account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record, (continues the lieutenant,) I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be unbelievers.

Such is the Dead Sea, as it has been gazed upon by generation after generation, with mysterious awe. Its sluggish waters roll on, attesting the truth of the Mosaic record, and carrying back the mind to its terrible origin, while the language of Jesus Christ directs our thoughts to an infinitely more terrible visitation; as it was when it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all, even thus shall it be when the Son of man is revealed!

Turn we, then, our attention to the Bible history of this wonderful sea. As we have heretofore stated, Lot was the nephew of Abraham. In early life his father died, and he became an inmate of the family of his uncle. By Abraham he was made acquainted with the true God; and when the father of the faithful, in obedience to the command of Jehovah, went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, Lot went with him. They were together in their journeyings in Haran, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, and in the land of Canaan. For a while they pitched their tents, and dwelt together in harmony in the neighborhood of Luz, called afterward Bethel. Here their flocks and herds greatly increased. They both became rich. Their herdsmen quarreled, and at the suggestion of Abraham they separated. Lot chose a region of country, called Pentapolis, a Greek

word, meaning five cities, from the fact that within the district were the five principal towns, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Belah, or, as it was afterward called, Zoar. From the account given by Moses, this region of country was exceedingly beautiful and fertile. It was well watered, says he, everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord: like the land of Egypt, as thou camest unto Zoar; that is, as Paradise, where God placed our first parents, beautiful; and as the land of Egypt was rendered fertile by the overflowings of the Nile, so the whole plain, even to its southern boundary, Zoar, was watered by the Jordan.

Lot took up his abode in the neighborhood of what was probably the largest of these cities, Sodom. He had chosen his residence for its beauty and fertility. In his eagerness, he had overlooked one great fact—the moral character of the inhabitants. The men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly. This also was the character of the other cities of the plain. Better had it been for Lot to have remained in the company, or, at any rate, in the neighborhood of his God-fearing uncle. Like Lot, how many in our own day, select a home for its external advantages merely! Is it a pleasant place? May they get gain there? It is enough. Startling are the accounts that come back to us, even now, from many who have migrated to the far West of our own broad domain. Some, indeed, do not retain their integrity even till they reach the shores of the Pacific; and when there, the blighting influence of the reckless adventurers—dissolute, knavish, and profane—falls like a mildew upon hearts once bathed in a Saviour's love. For a while, however, Lot maintained his upright walk. Even during his residence among them, which extended to nearly twenty years, he is styled by the Apostle Peter, the just Lot, and is spoken of as that righteous man who was vexed with their filthy conversation and with their unlawful deeds. His situation was consequently, even in this lovely land, far from pleasant. He was taught, not only the insufficiency of worldly wealth, but its utter uncertainty. At an unexpected moment he was suddenly plundered of all his possessions, and himself taken prisoner by a band of robbers; and but for the courage and promptness of his uncle, as we saw in a former

essay, he had ended a miserable life in poverty and bondage.

It is wonderful that after this severe affliction Lot should again return to Sodom; that he should still choose to dwell in the midst of the Heaven-daring wickedness of the cities of the plain. We know not that he had any other reason for his conduct than that which induced him at first to select it for his residence. It was an exceedingly pleasant land, and remarkably adapted for the purposes of gain. He had become attached to the climate and the soil. His daughters had married there, the circle of his acquaintance was enlarged, and though he was grieved from day to day by the conduct of the ungodly, yet his heart seems to have yearned over the loveliness of the landscape and the beauty of the valley of the Jordan. Possibly he hoped to be a benefit and a blessing to the citizens of the plain. It could not be otherwise than that his example would be like a light shining in a dark place. There was reason to hope, too, that by that light the citizens of the plain would be attracted from their wicked ways. But it was not so. They pursued their own course, filling up the measure of their iniquities; and at the time to which we have now arrived there were not in Sodom (with the exception of Lot and his family) ten righteous persons. Two of the angelic messengers who had first announced to Abraham the intention of the Almighty, now visit the city in which Lot dwelt. He received them courteously, and entertained them kindly. A pleasing picture of ancient simplicity of manners and of hospitable kindness to strangers is here presented. Lot seeing them, rose up to meet them, and he bowed himself with his face to the ground, and he said, Turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and early on the morrow you shall go your way.

He supposed them wayfaring travelers, and knew not that they were God's messengers assuming for the time the human form. So also were the men of Sodom ignorant of the quality of Lot's guests; and their conduct toward them evinces, in hideous colors, the deep depravity of the human heart. While gazing upon the scene here presented by the inspired pencil, we marvel not that the terrible judgments of the Almighty are about to fall upon a land

polluted by such loathsome abominations. To the mild remonstrances of Lot they not only refuse to listen, but taunting him with the fact that he was but an alien and a foreigner in the land, they threaten his life. This fellow, say they, came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge; that is, he came among us, a stranger, took up his residence in our fertile and beautiful valley, where by our sufferance he has been permitted to stay, and now he will needs assume to himself the character of a judge. He presumes to tell us what we ought to do, and to give us unasked advice. Now, said they, will we deal worse with thee than with them, and they pressed sore upon him, and came near to break the door of his house. But for the interposition of Lot's visitors his life had paid the penalty of his rashness in remonstrating against their wickedness. His guests now disclose their real character. They put forth their hands and pulled Lot into the house, and shut to the door, and they smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness, both small and great. Whether this was done by depriving them literally of sight, or by causing a dense darkness through which they could not see, is not certain. At any rate, they were baffled in their designs, and the supernatural power of Lot's visitors was revealed. Shut in together, a little company, Lot himself, his wife, and two daughters, the strangers make known the purpose of their visit. It is an errand of mercy to Lot, and, for his sake, of mercy to his family. The Lord hath sent us, say they, to destroy this place. The cry of the inhabitants is waxen great before the face of the Lord. And now, gather together thy relations, thy sons, and thy daughters, and whatsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. This was a terrible announcement. That goodly land, well watered, like the garden of the Lord; that country which twenty years ago had attracted Lot by its loveliness, and where his children had grown up around him, and where he had become rich, is to be utterly destroyed. All his possessions, his flocks, and herds, and dwelling place, are to perish in the general overthrow. And soon and suddenly shall the destruction come. With the rising of to-morrow's sun shall dawn the day of doom for the cities of the plain.

On hearing this announcement, verging as it was toward midnight, Lot sallied forth to seek his sons-in-law, and to make known to them the doleful tidings. They had refused to listen to his entreaties in former days; they had derived no benefit from his example; but now, as he comes with a message directly from Heaven, as he comes to announce the impending doom so soon to burst upon the devoted cities, as he comes with the kind offer to take them by the hand and lead them to a place of safety, surely they will heed his voice and with him escape for their lives.

Where they were, or how employed, we know not. In the darkness of the night Lot found them. In few and hurried words he informs them of what he had just learned from the celestial messengers. Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city. He added, doubtless, words of persuasion. But they listened and laughed. He seemed unto them as one that mocked. Like those to whom Enoch preached, or the men upon whose ears fell repeatedly the warning voice of Noah, so fruitless and unavailing had been the ministry of Lot to the inhabitants of the plain; and even as in our own day the preaching of the Gospel is to them that perish foolishness, so to his sons-in-law did he seem as one that mocked when but a few hours intervened between them and terrible destruction. With a sad heart Lot returned to his home. The hours of the night wore rapidly away. There was little sleep in that dwelling. The angels appear to have spent the night there. The morning dawned, and now, say they, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters which are here, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

It is said Lot *lingered*. Whether because of sadness at the thought of the swift destruction coming upon his neighbors, or the regret he felt at forsaking his possessions—for, as we have seen, he loved the land—we know not. He lingered, and they laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters, the Lord being merciful unto them, and they brought him forth and set him without the city. This done they give to the fugitives the direction, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

One of the most wonderful features of this affair now presents itself. Without the gates of Sodom, and on their way to the neighboring mountain, Lot intercedes for the little city, Belah, on the extreme southern point of the plain. God hears his prayer, and directs him there to take refuge. I have accepted thee concerning this thing also that I will not overthrow this city for which thou hast spoken. Therefore the name of it was thenceforth called Zoar. And now the sun rises. It looks down, as of old, on the cities of the plain. The inhabitants are at their usual work. Planting and building; buying and selling; eating and drinking. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven, and he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities. There, where those cities stood, now flow, and shall flow on, till the end of time, the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. Go, measure it, sail upon its bosom, fathom its depth, and if, like the sailor of whom I spoke, a skeptic, or an unbeliever, you will come back, like him, with the assured conviction that God's word is true. That men have found or fancied difficulties in the statement given by Moses is not to be wondered at, or that questions may be proposed concerning it not easily answered. Some two thousand years after this event the wisest Commentator on the Old Testament Scriptures that ever appeared upon our earth directed *his* attention and ours to this catastrophe. With reverence we may ask *Him*, who spoke as never man spoke, for information on this subject. Lord, how were the cities of the plain destroyed? In what way are we to understand the language of Moses? Is it an allegory? Is it fiction, or is it fact? Listen to Christ's answer, an answer strangely overlooked by many who profess to interpret the Scriptures as philosophers, and as men of science.

They tell us of the bituminous nature of the soil of the cities of the plain; they talk wisely, according to the wisdom of this world, about electricity, and hunt up derivations for the word rendered brimstone in the account given by Moses. They are too religious to convert the whole narrative into an ingenious deception. We should say, perhaps, too sagacious; for there, as we have said, roll on, from age to age, the sluggish waters of

the Dead Sea. One generation after another has gazed upon it awe-stricken, and from father to son has descended the tradition.

Here once were situated Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim. Hence, while admitting the fact of their overthrow, they seek to account for it by secondary or natural causes, and what is most wonderful, at the same time profess great reverence for the authority of Christ. He says, and I believe *him*; he says, and let him be true and every man a liar: The same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.

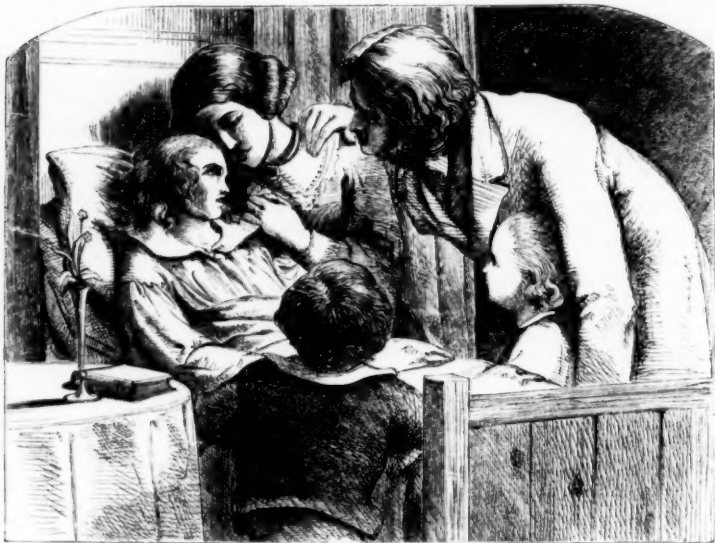
Jesus Christ also, as you may remember, adverts to the terrible doom of Lot's wife. By Moses the account is given in few words. She looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt. Scarcely any passage of sacred writ has given occasion for more fanciful speculations. Into *them* I enter not. The simple fact stands forth upon the sacred page. She heeded not the direction given, Escape for thy life. She looked back, probably with a longing desire, even then, for the home she was leaving, and she perished in the general doom of the ungodly. A timely admonition to all who like her have heard God's warning voice, and are striving to shun the wrath to come, to forget the things that are behind, and to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. *Remember Lot's wife.*

Just here, had the pen of inspiration been guided by the hand of partiality, the history of Lot had ended. But it is still continued. He who alone was deemed righteous among all the inhabitants of the cities of the plain, for whom angelic messengers are sent, to warn and save, is presented unto us as having fallen, fallen foully into most abominable sin. Is this he who maintained his integrity, his upright walk even among the men of Sodom, whose righteous soul was vexed from day to day by their ungodly deeds? It is even he; but ah, how fallen! how loudly he speaks to us from the solitary cave in the mountain, Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. It seems to us, too, that had Moses intended to have taught the doctrine, once in grace always in grace, or, that though God's children may fall foully they should not

fall finally, it seems to us that he would have carried his history a little further; he would not have ended it, as he does, with the drunkenness and incest of the man who, beyond a peradventure, was once high in the favor of God. We cannot help thinking that were the doctrine to which we have referred true, there would have been somewhere in the Bible, in the writings of Moses, or the prophets, or the apostles, a ray of light thrown upon the darkness that now envelops the lamentable end of the once righteous Lot.

We advert a moment to the great Teacher's practical improvement of this terrible catastrophe. Thus shall it be, he says, when *the Son of man is revealed*. He refers, primarily, to his coming at the destruction of Jerusalem, but connects with it, as on other occasions, that second advent when *He* shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Like the destruction that fell upon the cities of the plain, *that* also will be at an unexpected hour. They were thoughtlessly engaged; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded, when sudden destruction overtook them. *Even thus* shall it be when the Son of Man is revealed. As it was then with the beautiful vale of the Jordan, so at that day with the entire earth, it shall be wrapped in one universal mass of flame from heaven, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. So hath God himself decreed; so runs the record of his will; while, in his providence, he has left there in the Holy Land, the waters of the Dead Sea to chant forth, in their low murmurings, an unceasing requiem for those who perished in their guilt, while the same waters cry aloud to generation after generation, echoing the words of him, the Saviour once, but then the Judge of quick and dead, Thus shall it be when the Son of Man is revealed.

In the Island of Goa there is a vegetable called the "sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, others close up, others continue flowering in the night the whole year.



THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and call'd
him out
To gambol in the sun, he turn'd away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die!
'Twas night—he summon'd his accusom'd
friends,
And, on this wise, bestow'd his last bequest.

"Mother, I'm dying now—
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd;
And on my brow

"I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. O! tell me, is this death?
Mother! your hand—

"Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother!—say, when I am dead
Shall I be miss'd?

"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!

"O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there!"

"Father! I'm going home!
To the good home you speak of, that bless'd land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

"I must be happy then;
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother! the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the buddings things,
Forget it not!

"Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister! my young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

"And when its roses bloom
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother! sing the tune
You sang last night. I'm weary and must
sleep!
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not
weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring—
He breathed it not! the laugh of passers-by
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marr'd not his slumbers—he was dead!

THE DUTCH IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

IN the year of our Lord 1607, the memorable year in which forty-seven learned men began the English version of the Bible, Henry Hudson sailed in search of a north-east passage to India. For two seasons he strove in vain to penetrate the ice barriers, and then turned homeward. His patrons abandoned their enterprise, and the "bold Englishman," in his time

"The greatest sailor since the world began,"

went over to Holland, and entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, whose awkward argosies then vexed the waters of almost every sea.

Two years later, in a yacht called the *Half Moon*, the intrepid navigator again ventured among the arctic ices. Voyaging north and south along our coast, he anchored, September 3rd, 1609, inside of Sandy Hook.

While Hudson lay there at anchor the natives from the western shore came on board, seeming to be highly pleased with the arrival of the Europeans. They were dressed in ornamented deer skins and mantles of feathers. The pipes for the enjoyment of the Indian weed were especially curious to the English. The natives brought green tobacco to exchange for knives and trinkets.

The next day a boat was sent to explore the bay visible through the Narrows. Sounding as they went, they saw "a narrow river at the westward, between two islands," supposed to be Staten Island and Bergen Neck. The country was well wooded with lofty oaks, and a delightful odor of grass and flowers was wafted over the river. The party proceeded up the bay about six miles, and were on the point of returning, when the boat was suddenly attacked by two canoes containing twenty-six Indians. John Colman, an Englishman who had accompanied Hudson in his northern voyages, was killed by an arrow penetrating his neck, and two others of the crew were wounded. After the friendly behavior of the Indians this sudden act of hostility on their part can be explained only on the supposition of some indiscretion committed by the boat's crew. It is certain, however, that the northern Indians did not regard the European strangers with the same degree of wonder and veneration as the natives of Mexico.

Colman's was the first European blood shed in the peaceful waters of the Hudson. His companions buried him at Sandy Hook, and the spot still appropriately bears the name of Colman's Point. Additional precautions were taken against the Indians, but, singularly enough, they came off to the *Half Moon* on the follow-



PURCHASE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND BY GOVERNOR MINUIT.

ing day without exhibiting any hostile intentions, and manifesting indeed no knowledge of the fatal affray. Only two of them were allowed to go on board the vessel. These Hudson forcibly retained and caused to be dressed in red coats, at the sight of which the other Indians returned to the shore. In a short time a canoe came off with two men, one of whom was also detained, doubtless as a hostage, but not being closely guarded managed to jump overboard and swim to the shore.

Eight days after his arrival Hudson sailed through the Narrows into the "most beautiful bay of New York," and turned his prow toward the River of the Mountains, whose perpetual inundation washes the shores garlanded by our fair metropolis and her daughter cities. And as his eye drank in the soft charm of the magnificent autumnal landscape, he doubted not that the broad Mohicannittuck flowed down from the India for which he had been so long in search.

After cautiously sounding his way through the Narrows, the *Half Moon* first "went into the river," and anchored near the Kills, "in a very good harbor for all winds." The Indians came off to them without hesitation, even making a show of love, but Hudson, having in remembrance the fate of Colman durst not trust them. On the following morning twenty-eight canoes, made of "single hollowed trees," and filled with men, women, and children, visited the vessel. The oysters and beans which they offered for sale were gladly purchased, but not one of them was allowed to go on board. In the afternoon the *Half Moon* ran six miles further up. The strangers were delighted with the loveliness of the surrounding country. "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon," said Hudson, "and abounds in all kinds of excellent ship timber."

Joyfully on the following day they entered the "River of the Mountains," seeming to them the portals of a new world. The light wind permitted them to sail but a few leagues, and at nightfall the *Half Moon* anchored just above Yonkers, in sight of "a high point of land which showed out five leagues off to the north." The next day a favorable wind carried them rapidly up Tappan and Haverstraw bays into the magnificent region of the Highlands. At night Hudson anchored near West Point. The following morning was

misty, but when the sun rose, the light clouds dispersed, revealing to the voyagers the grandeur of the overhanging mountains. While the *Half Moon* was getting under weigh the two savages who had been detained at Sandy Hook, watching their opportunity, leaped out of a port-hole and swam ashore, scornfully deriding the crew as the vessel sailed away. Toward night the summits of the distant Catskills loomed up in the distance. Here they found "a very loving people and a very old man." Much of the following day was consumed in taking in fresh water and the purchase of vegetables from the Indians. Five miles further up the River, Hudson landed in a canoe. The old man who accompanied him was a "governor of the country," and conducting the stranger to his cabin provided for him with Indian hospitality. In his "Journal," Hudson says:

The tribe consisted of forty men and seven teen women. There I saw three, in a house well constructed of oak bark and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being built with an arched roof. It contained a great quantity of maize, or Indian corn, and beans of the last year's growth; and there lay near the house, for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house two mats were spread out to sit upon, and some food was immediately served in well made red wooden bowls. Two men were also dispatched with bows and arrows in quest of game, who soon brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it in haste with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned on board the ship.

After ascending the river as far as the site of Albany, Hudson retraced his way to Manhattan, and at once sailed for Europe.

The *Half Moon* returned with a number of adventurers, and in time the trading establishment on the southern point of Manhattan expanded into a prosperous Dutch village. Trading posts sprang up in the interior, and, for the greater security of the colony, the Hollanders entered into a treaty with the chiefs of the Iroquois under the tall oaks of Tawasentha. In 1619 the first English vessel entered the bay of New York. The captain ordered the Dutchmen away, but they smoked on in silence unmindful of the impudent stranger.

The Dutch East India Company was formed in 1623, and in that year the colony of New Amsterdam received an accession

of thirty families of Walloons, hardy Protestants from the Flemish frontiers. During the severity of the religious persecution in the seventeenth century, they had fled from the Franco-Belgic provinces to Holland, and became domesticated there. An infant was their first production on American soil; and the name of Sarah De Rapalge, born at the *Wallebogt*, (Walloon Cove,) is chronicled as the first Christian child who saw the light in the province of New Netherland.

Holland was already a land of liberty and religious toleration, and from the first New Amsterdam so far followed the example of the mother country that, in the estimation of the rigid Puritans of the North and the Catholics of the South, she became a "cage of unclean birds."

In 1626 Peter Minuit arrived as governor of the colony. It was stipulated by the West India Company to send out, temporarily, with their emigrants, a schoolmaster, who, being a member of the Church, should also preside at the religious meetings, on the Sabbath and other days, leading in the devotions, and reading a sermon. Some individual was usually designated as a *Ziekentrooster*, (Comforter of the Sick,) who was to comfort the people and edify them, by rendering aid to the minister of the Gospel. Two individuals, whose names are preserved, came out with Peter Minuit in that capacity.

The first act of the governor was to purchase of the Indians the island of Manhattan. Of this interesting and most important event in the early history of New York we give an excellent illustration, engraved from the celebrated painting by William Ranney. The Dutch, foreseeing that the Island of Manhattan would, from its admirable position, become the center of their American commerce, and the capital of their province of New Netherland, desired to superadd to their original title, by discovery and occupation, the higher right of honest purchase. The natives ceded Manhattan, then estimated to contain twenty-two thousand acres of land, for the sum of twenty-four dollars.

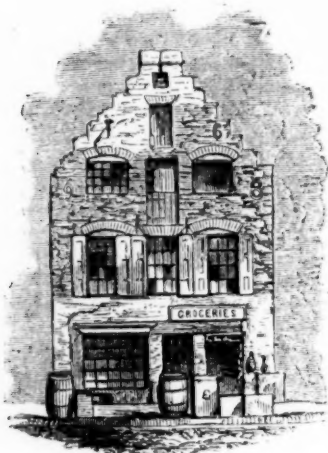
The transaction is represented as occurring at the southern extremity of the island, near the present Battery. In the distance are the high grounds of Staten Island, with the nearer shore of Governors' Island in front, while a ship is lying at anchor not far from the shore. The principal figure

in the foreground is Director Minuit, attended by the Provincial Secretary, Isaac de Rasieres, the *Schout*, or Sheriff, the *Kranck-besoecker*, or "Consoler of the Sick," and various other officials. The dresses of these persons are all faithfully copied from authentic representations of the Dutch costume of that period. The red men, in their savage attire, with their squaws and children, are engaged in examining, with wonder and delight, the trinkets and European cloths given them as the consideration for the purchase. In the background is the rough cabin with Dutch occupants, and the unsubdued forest. Neither Plymouth nor Boston can point to such an incident in their history. The purchase of Manhattan was imitated only by Penn, fifty-six years later, under the famous elm of Shackamaxon.

In 1633 came into office the redoubtable Wouter Van Twiller, "a model of majesty and lordly grandeur," as the charitable Knickerbocker lovingly calls the successor of Minuit.

He was exactly five feet five inches in height, and five feet six inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that dame nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at the bottom, which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were very short, but steady in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that inflexible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full fed cheeks, that seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into the mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with a dusky red like a Spitzenberg apple. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty.

Van Twiller owed his appointment to a family connexion with the great Van Rensselaer. From a humble clerk the doughty Dutchman suddenly became a ruler of men. Yet, in spite of his inefficiency, New Amsterdam flourished. The West India Company had just established the



AN OLD DUTCH GROCERY.

patroons. One hundred and four soldiers were sent over to protect the colony. Schoolmaster Roelandse came to instruct the children, and good Dominie Bogardus to lead in holy ways both old and young. At last the sleepy director fell into merited contempt. Even the dominie was constrained to call him a child of the devil, and threatened him with a terrible shake from the pulpit.

To their great surprise one day an English vessel, the "William," entered the waters of Manhattan, and boldly held her way up the Hudson, or the Mauritius, as the old river of the mountains was called by the Dutch, in honor of Prince Maurice.

The wrath of Van Twiller was aroused. He raved and swore between great bumpers of wine, and pointing to the vessel, declared that for the honor of the fatherland she should be brought back, and the English be in no wise permitted to trespass upon the domains of the House of Orange. This was, indeed, accomplished, almost the only notorious achievement during the seven years' administration of Van Twiller, excepting the purchase of Paggank, or Nut Island, which to this day bears the name of Governor's Island.

The sluggish Van Twiller was succeeded in office by William Kieft, a turbulent adventurer, whose portrait had been gibbeted in the city of Rochelle. He was a quick-witted man, delighting in magnificent schemes, and possessing great alacrity in mischief. The Dutch claimed everything from Delaware River to Cape Cod. A few harmless Swedes settled along the former, and Kieft fought them valiantly with proclamations, declaring that if they persisted in remaining there he would not be responsible for the consequences.

He attempted to introduce reforms above the capacity of the people, and even of himself. The zealous director built a harberg, or city tavern, at the head of Coenties Slip, which afterward became a noted edifice. Kieft also kindled an Indian war that brought innumerable evils upon the natives, and came near exterminating the colony of Manhattan. Hitherto the settlers had lived in almost uninterrupted peace with their dusky neighbors, although the latter suffered greatly from the avarice and "firewater" of the traders. A chief of the Weekquaesgeeks had been murdered in cold blood fifteen years before, and the Indians can never forget an injury. The River Indians became jealous of the Mohawks on account of the partiality shown them by the Hollanders. Mutual animosities were excited. Kieft was delighted with the prospect of an outbreak. When the dark warriors brought the tribute of corn and wampum demanded by the governor they threw it at his feet with bitter curses. Hostilities ensued. On a stormy night



BROAD-STREET IN DUTCH TIMES.

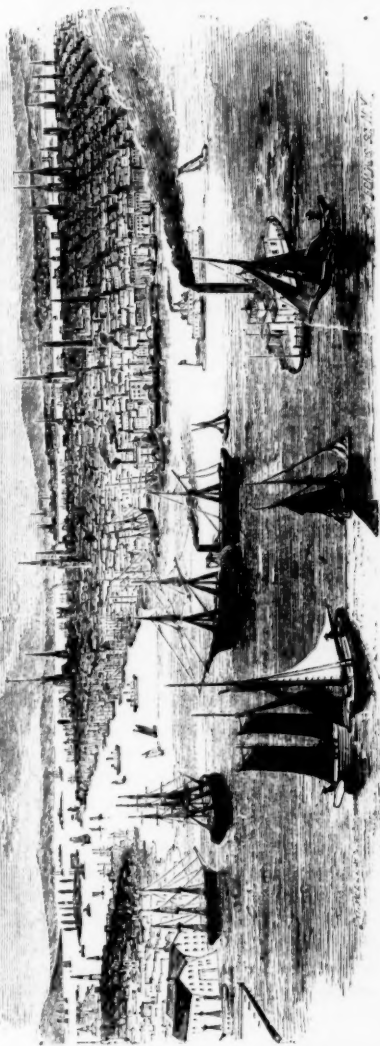
of February, 1643, more than a hundred Indians were murdered in cold blood at Corlear's Hook and Hoboken. The flames of the burning villages were easily seen from Fort Amsterdam. The hatchet was now fairly raised, and the colony would have been exterminated had not the English furnished timely aid. The Indians were subdued after sixteen hundred of them had perished.

During these unfortunate events the "Council of Eight" sent home a dolorous account of the affairs of the province. They said:

Our fields lie fallen and waste; our dwellings and other buildings are burned; not a handful can be either planted or sown this fall on the deserted places. The crops which the good Lord permitted to come forth during the past summer remain on the field, standing and rotting in divers places, in the same way as the hay, for the preservation of which we poor people cannot obtain one man. We sit here amid thousands of Indians and barbarians, from whom we find neither peace nor mercy. We have left our beloved father-land, and unless the Lord our God, had been our comfort we must have perished in our misery. Several handsome buildings, erected by settlers upon their plantations, now lie in ashes through a foolish hankering after war; for all right-minded men here know that these Indians have lived as lambs among us until a few years ago, injuring no man, and affording every assistance to our nation. But now they rove in parties continually around, day and night, on the Island of Manhattan, slaying our folks not a thousand paces from the fort; and it is arrived at such a pass that no one dares move a foot to fetch a stick of fire-wood without a strong escort.

But, however much occupied with the Indians, the busy Kieft found time to look

after the morals of New Amsterdam, which at this early period of her history do not appear to have been of the best character. Many and fierce were the proclamations sent forth against evil-doers. All persons were admonished to abstain



NEW YORK AS IT IS.

from fighting, from intercourse with heathens and negroes, from theft, calumny, and all other immoralities. The court sat on Thursday of each week, and absentees subjected themselves to a fine of one shilling for the first offense. Immoderate drinking also gave rise to much

mischief. All persons, "except those who sold wine at a decent price and in moderate quantities," were forbidden to sell any liquor under a penalty of twenty-five guilders and the loss of their stock. All sea-faring men found ashore after sunset were to forfeit two months' wages, and he who was guilty of selling guns or ammunition to the Indians was to be punished with death. The cultivation of tobacco was thus early regulated by law. All contracts, sales, or public acts, in order to be valid, had to be written by the secretary of the province, a measure that gave room to much complaint against the director, but was just, for the reason that the majority of the people were unable to read or write.

Stuyvesant, a man of honor and a wooden leg, became Kieft's successor. The colonists revered him "as if he had been the Czar of Muscovy." But while the new governor promised justice to every person, he emphatically declared it to be treason to petition against one's magistrates whether there be reason or not. "If any one shall appeal during my administration," he exclaimed, "I will make him a foot shorter, and send the pieces to Holland."

Under the vain, but energetic Stuyvesant, the Church became a state institution. The people, however, enjoyed religious toleration, and republican sentiments gained ground. The colonists had lived in the exercise of civil and religious liberty in the father-land, and they were not to be deprived of these sacred rights by the aristocratic and headstrong director of New Amsterdam.

A council of nine was organized, and the privilege of a burgher government granted, although Stuyvesant was greatly displeased with "this impudent intrusting of power with the people." A schout, two burgomasters, and five schepens formed a municipal court, as in the cities of Holland.

When the long-continued animosities between the English and Dutch settlers in America had subsided, and the land of the Pilgrims had become the home of intolerance, the New Englanders flocked to Manhattan. Lands were granted to the new comers, who intermarried with the Dutch, and soon acquired influence.

Early in the administration of Stuyvesant the old harberg, or tavern, was con-

verted into a stadt-huys. There travelers to and from New England had been accustomed to rest. There being no money in the treasury, the magistrates received no pay, but enjoyed many week-day privileges, and on the Sabbath sat upon state cushions, while listening to long sermons upon the doctrine of predestination and the perseverance of the saints. For many years the burgomasters held their sessions in this quaint old stadt-huys, where the doughty Kieft had smoked long pipes, and entertained with long stories his oleaginous companions.

Stuyvesant conquered the Swedes, but New Amsterdam in turn came into the possession of others. In 1669 King Charles granted the whole territory of New Netherland to the Duke of York and Albany, and the same year Nicolls was sent out with four ships and four hundred and fifty men to take possession of the colony. The Dutch were obliged to surrender, although Stuyvesant, the last of the patroon governors, declared that "he would much rather be carried out dead" than submit to so great a humiliation. New Amsterdam then contained fifteen hundred inhabitants, furnishing a striking contrast to that magnificent city which will soon contain over a million souls. The majority of the Dutch settlers remained, passing their lives in happy domesticity, living in quaint houses on curious old streets, and trafficking in quaint groceries of which we have given an idea in our illustrations, and which would this day be veritable curiosities on the Island of Manhattan. In 1763 the city was retaken by the Dutch, to be ceded the following year to the English, in whose possession it remained until the close of the Revolutionary war.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

A LAY OF LUCKNOW.

ASLEEP!—amid the awful thunder
That speaks of coming doom,
While swarming hosts of fiendish foes
Round Lucknow's fortress loom.
Worn out by toil and suffering,
Death closing darkly round,
The daughters of the island-race
Lay on the hard, cold ground.

The Englishwoman's troubled rest
Is broken fitfully;
But hush'd in motionless repose,
The head upon her knee,
A Scottish woman pillow'd there,
Dreams of the far-off home,
Where her old father from the plow
At eventide will come.

What sudden sound 'mid that wild roar
The charmed vision breaks,
As, springing from her kindly couch,
The Highland woman wakes?
The Scottish ear—the Scottish heart,
'Mid that stern din of war,
Hears the shrill Highland bagpipe speak—
The slogan sound afar!

"We're saved! I hear Macgregor's peal,
Ay foremost in the fray:
O, Highland hearts and hands are true;
We're saved this blessed day!"
She stands amid the hero band
Who wage the hopeless strife,
The harbinger of coming aid,
Of rescued love and life.

They listen! But that distant sound
Reaches no Saxon ear;
For them no Highland pibroch tells
That Scotland's aid is near:
Again the voice of war sends forth
Defiance stern and high;
Despairing, though undaunted still,
Are England's chivalry.

Once more that cry: "The Campbells come!
We're saved!" They pause again.
O blessed Heaven! she speaketh sooth!
They hear the bagpipe's strain.
High 'mid the roar of deadly strife
The Highland music swells;
And of the God-sent aid at hand,
The mountain slogan tells.

Down, as one man, the leaguer'd force
Fall lowly on their knees,
And tears, and prayers, and bursting sighs
Float on the eastern breeze.
Full, fuller, swells the changing strain,
Borne through the rending 'ne
Of conquer'd foes—they hear it now!
The sound of "Auld Lang Syne."

O! blessed be His holy name
Who, in our direst need,
Can thus, through swarthy myriads,
Our faithful comrades lead.
Yet even with the memory
Of mercy all divine,
Will come a ling'ring echo, too,
Of Scotland's "Auld Lang Syne."

VOL. XII.—33

THE WELSH PULPIT.

THE Welsh are a people among whom the pulpit is a power. The alienation of the working classes is a theme never discussed in Wales. In that country "the masses" are under the power of the Gospel: "Bethel," "Capel Sion," "Bethesda," and "Ebenezer," are always thronged. The most ignorant on the affairs of this life at least feel some interest in questions pertaining to another. In the busiest day of the week the smith leaves his anvil, the grocer his shop, the shoemaker his last, the farmer his field, to hear the stranger-preacher, whose name, though he heard it on the Sunday, he may have quite forgotten. Follow them to their respective employments, listen to their conversation, their shrewd remark, their warm discussion, and deduct, object, detract, philosophize as you may, the impression still clings, that the pulpit is there a power.

On the still Sabbath morning, station yourself by that "lonely house of God." The chapel-house is the only habitation near; you see no other human residence. Can a congregation ever be assembled there? Can the place ever be filled? It is about ten. The worshipers "come, and still they come;" through silent glen, over mountain-top, through pass and defile, along stony lane or scarce visible foot-path, on horse or on foot, in small groups or one by one; all pointing their way to that small, gray, low-roofed house, surrounded by that (O how quiet!) resting-place for their dead. They all confess to some mysterious power of attraction there. It is past the time; the place is now filled; the dirge-like but soothing sound of praise, in fine harmony with the scene around, now ascends. Wait a while; the text is read; the discourse begins; and you soon see that gray-coated shepherd, red-plaided matron, burly farmer, giddy youth, and sober age, alike confess, by look and attitude, that there is power in the word preached.

And the associations, those great annual gatherings, the "May meetings" of Wales, who can describe them? Everything about them proclaims the presence of a power. A truce is given to denominational differences: the Methodist is less a conference man; the Baptist less baptistical; the Churchman less lofty. Hospitality, boundless and indiscriminate, is

the "order of the day." Everybody rises early that morning. Cottages and farm-houses, newly whitewashed, glisten in the sun. The dust of a year is disturbed; a general purification has been going on for weeks. "Godliness and cleanliness" are seen strikingly associated. Even the very few who never go to any place of worship have put on their best apparel. The association is the theme of every tongue; it has inspired dreams of pleasure and of pride; it has brought up to the surface, along with the good, some evil. The whole country is moved; the people for miles around keep "holy-day." The roads are thronged with pedestrians, horses, and vehicles. The whole population seems on pilgrimage. A vast assemblage of people, in a not populous country, meet on a sloping field, one of nature's own galleries, before a tented platform, from which they are addressed. You are girt around, it may be, with lofty hills, some richly wooded, some bare and bleak, with here and there an opening, through which you catch an entrancing glimpse of deep blue sky, or of boundless sea; openings which, in your present mood of mind, seem like avenues into eternity. Nature wears her richest garb, for it is in June. The public services begin in the evening. The bustle does not yet subside. You wonder when the people will cease to come; the mass before the platform is still increasing. The first sermon is already over; but the circumstances are yet unfavorable, for still they come. The multitude, worn out with fatigue and excitement, rest themselves on the grass, on vehicles, or on rude extemporized seats. Another preaches, grows warm, and brings us still more into sympathy with the occasion. When he finishes, we are prepared for more. The solemn stillness of evening has stolen on. There is a pause as solemn in the worship. O look at that gorgeous sunset! Was ever magnificence like that? Surely this is the richest grandeur of time, intended to tone us into sympathy with a grandeur imperishable. The hills, the trees, the fields of growing corn, the meadows, the thousands of upturned faces, seem bathed in an atmosphere of softest light. How the ray flutters and trembles on the distant wave! The preacher, too, feels the beauty of the hour. Pale, and with befitting emotion, he rises, and says, simply, (but with what effect!) "I am warned by

the down-going sun not to occupy much of your time; thank God, the Sun of righteousness never sets!" and then reads for his text, "The Sun of righteousness shall arise, with healing in his wings." The allusion brings around us the glory of both worlds. The inspiration of nature and of religion is evidently upon the preacher; he has a genius in sympathetic contact with the scene around him; he seizes every passing incident, and makes it contribute to the great end which has brought him there. As he proceeds his voice awakens the distant echoes. He raises no vulgar shout; his voice is but the wing of the soaring soul. His ideas and his tones expand and swell with the growing elevation of his theme. Glowing with holier afflatus than the scenery of time, however grand, can inspire, the line which divides the perishing from the immortal is fast fading from his rapt prophetic vision. Sources which bubble ever fresh in the depths of eternity, supply the rapid current of his thought. Away on loftier heights than Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon ever reached, he surveys interests more varied, and destinies more stupendous, than ever floated in the vision of statesman, or inspired the ambition of king. He sees nothing before him but deathless spirits; he is now a prince in the world of thought; he bears sway in the kingdom of souls; his scepter waves over a territory in the unseen. Presumption quails beneath that imperial glance; rebuke, winged with sarcasm, transfixes the cowering hypocrite; towering pride is scathed with the lightning of holy indignation; consolations fall like the dew of heaven upon the troubled conscience; hope for the guilty and oppressed is lifted high; wonder, amazement, gratitude, remorse, and thanksgiving, these are the various emotions kindled; emotions the consequences of which reach on forever. The vast throng disperses, to meet on the morrow, when something similar will again be witnessed.

In a country where this is a specimen of what not seldom occurs, the pulpit must be a power.

Here, then, we have a fact worth volumes of recent discussion on preaching. What are the elements of this power? Doubtless there are some peculiarities in the social condition of the people. Less political agitation prevails. A large com-

mercial class, with its attendant good and evil, does not exist. The town system, with its peculiar vices and corruptions, is not so largely developed. A lower order, dependent upon a class above, yet fearfully distinct from it, cannot be found in any large numbers. When the revival of religion took place, it thoroughly penetrated the nation. These and other circumstances must be borne in mind, in the attempt to form a just estimate of the Welsh pulpit.

What is emphatically designated the "hwyl" is a peculiarity so striking in Welsh preaching, it so immediately arrests the unaccustomed ear, that we are justified in giving it especial and early attention. The word "hwyl," (pronounced *hooil*;) like many other Welsh words, is a highly figurative one. A ship is said to be in full "hwyl," when it leaves port with full and spread sails, under a favorable breeze. And a preacher is said to be in full "hwyl," when, in happiest mood, thoughts and words coming quick and apt, and rising like a man inspired to the loftiest heights of his theme, he inevitably, and as a matter of course, *intones* or *chants* his fervid thoughts. No! let us at once confess neither of the above words adequately expresses this peculiarity. It is something between a chant and a song, but greatly unlike either. We are not unaware that what is thus described will, in some cases, when listened to, excite a smile. Nor are we ignorant that some of the more "*knowing*" among the Welsh themselves think the practice rather absurd and vulgar. And not long since we read the remarks of a learned American doctor, on a similar peculiarity in American preaching, and his dictum on the matter is, that to adopt any tone peculiar to the pulpit is highly absurd. Is it really so? At first the preacher *talks* very simply; by and by he changes his tone; you would then, perhaps, say that he *discourses* to you; he still rises: you now see and hear something of the orator; he *declaims* and *reasons*; at length, passed through all these stages, you see clearly that passion and feeling, the grandest forces of the soul, are at work. Winged thoughts and words come forth, all-glorious with the hues of heaven. They are poetry. How can they be otherwise? Reason, imagination, feeling, and passion are the factors. Figures and metaphors

become the native speech. With such thoughts is the "hwyl" so unnatural or absurd? Occasionally you may fancy you hear in its tone the wail of unearthly sorrow, or the jubilant song of the redeemed. Are not poetry and music twins? And is it possible to be impassioned upon the most elevated themes, without adopting a tone more or less peculiar to them? We think not. The style and tone must accord insensibly. The principle is illustrated in all oratory. The peculiarity of the Welsh "hwyl" is that the principle is carried to a further extent, and acted upon in a mode that accords most remarkably with the genius of the language and the people. When it is a mere habit, without inspiration, it is an intolerable oratorical vice; as such let it be condemned; but whatever material for criticism it may furnish, it has a power, when natural and genuine, over the masses of the Welsh people, which none but those who have witnessed its effect can easily believe. Until the preacher has arrived at this stage of his discourse, whatever he may have said, he has got no farther than the Welshman's understanding; the "hwyl" at once finds its way to the heart. Under these overpowering intonations, even Englishmen have been subdued by the mystic power of an unknown tongue. Like music and song, they evoke a sympathy scarcely dependent upon words. Christmas Evans was scarcely less indebted to those magic peals which made his hearers tremble or rejoice at his imperial will, than to his marvelous allegorical and dramatic power.

The efficient Welsh preacher is generally a man of rude and vigorous health. The athlete who stands before you on the Association-day (and he represents a class) is daily braced by the up-hill walk or mountain ride. His is rarely a student's life. His soul and body are not shriveled by prolonged subsistence upon Greek and Hebrew roots. He is no effeminate recluse. He may be a pluralist in the best sense of the word, having the care of more Churches than one, and the duties thus devolving upon him contribute not a little to his vigor. His firm step, and face bronzed by blast and sun, betoken all this. He converses more with nature than with books. He has, in consequence, that kind of mental and moral vigor which a good athletic frame so highly favors.

If his thoughts are not often profound, never subtle, they are generally manly. His ministry glows with life. Whatever defects it may have, it has the redeeming elements of energy and force. There are striking exceptions to this rule even in Wales. At the present day one of the most gifted men in the Welsh ministry has always suffered from feeble health. Still the rule is as we have stated, and as might have been expected. The amount of work now done by the most notorious preacher of the day, and which is regarded by many as Herculean, has been the ordinary life-service of many a Welsh preacher "unknown to fame," except among his own native hills. Wales has been evangelized by such men, and the pulpit of the present day owes no small share of its popular power to its possession of such men still.

Nor let this fact of adequate physical power be underrated. In no profession, if its duties are properly discharged, is every energy more continuously taxed. *Mens sana in corpore sano* ought to be a condition of entrance into all our colleges. Physical, mental, and moral health are closely connected. Men who, as preachers, move the world, must be in all respects men of power.

Fancy then, reader, a mind and body thus well strung, brought to bear with *wondrous entireness* upon the work of preaching. This concentration of the Welsh preacher is quite remarkable. The social condition of the people favors it. We have known many men of power in Wales, whose thoughts by day and dreams by night seemed utterly engrossed with their favorite work. They seem to know little else, to care for nothing else. This was the focal point in which all their powers and passions met. How to make every sermon *tell*; of this they thought, of this on every fit occasion, and with every congenial mind, they talked. Yes! preaching was with them a passion, all-engrossing, all-absorbing; upon it they mused till the fire burned. With them the apostle was never allowed to degenerate into the pedagogue, nor the pastor into the clerk. They were no committee men; they would never have excelled as secretaries; they did not attempt a little of everything, far less to teach it. The thousand heterogeneous claims upon his English brother do not

press upon the Welsh preacher. We will not pause to enlarge upon the difference; let the fact be noticed, and let it have its proper place among the reasons which must be assigned for the power of the Welsh pulpit.

But probably the main difference between English and Welsh preaching, and the source of the peculiar power of the latter, must be sought in the language and the mode of thought employed. It has frequently occurred to us that if ministers, who happened to have sprung from the lower orders, and who have therefore been familiar with their language and entire mode of thought, would in the course of their ministry, if suitably located, lay aside their acquired speech and style of thought, and speak, on occasions especially devoted to this purpose, to the degraded thousands around them the words of God in their own peculiar tongue, the effect would be great. To some men in the ministry whose education is imperfect, and to whom a more polished mode of speech is by no means natural and easy, this temporary self-degradation, if such it may be called, for a lofty purpose, would, we conceive, be no very difficult thing. There need be no coarseness; there *might* be less in reality than sometimes marks pulpit exhibitions of higher pretense. All that is meant is, that their usual medium of communication be adopted. No language has such power over a man as that in which he thinks.

All classes of the Welsh people—all who speak the Welsh language, rich and poor, educated or otherwise, use precisely, with the slightest possible variation of dialect, the same medium of communication. In ordinary conversation, the language of the most highly-educated minister is that of the meanest of his people. The distinction between the conversational language of an educated Englishman, and that, say, of an illiterate peasant, has no counterpart in Welsh social life. This fact must be duly noted; then let it be observed that this popular medium of communication is, with scarcely an exception, used in the pulpit. Nor is there anything in this language that is offensive or disagreeable to the most educated or critical. Probably the Welsh language has been more cultivated of late years than at any previous period in its history; still the most learned men in Wales find it quite natural

and agreeable to use in all ordinary conversation the language of the least cultivated; and the most accomplished Welsh preacher feels it no condescension to clothe his thoughts in the language of the poorest in the throng. This may in great measure be accounted for from the derivative nature of the language, every word being constructed of monosyllables, each one of which has a connective meaning in forming the word. In the naturalness of the construction of the words the utmost perfection is said to exist; and enthusiastic Welshmen can be found who claim for it the honor of having been spoken in Paradise. The same homely idiom, the same occasional, but by no means glaring incorrectness, the same natural but negligent grammar, may be observed in the sermon as in the fireside talk. There is no polishing of sentence, no elegantly-turned period, but there is the natural euphony of impassioned word and thought. There is the heightened language with the rising thought. But the thought is still expressed in the people's tongue. In his wonder at the little power which English preaching has over English poor, the Welshman is apt to forget this fact. The almost exclusive care which the Welsh preacher bestows upon the *thought* is quite marvelous; all the study has been to simplify it, never to elaborate, to turn it round and round, to put it in many lights, and under many hues—to humanize, and, if I may so speak, to Welshify it. The farmer carries home with him the abstrusest principle, it may be, packed in the homeliest words of a homely illustration. This was the pre-eminent glory of Williams of Wern; he put the thoughts of a philosopher in the language of a child. The highest philosophy fell unexpectedly from his lips, and the people rose to the height of great arguments unawares. What would be like grave chapters in moral science, as treated by some "Rev. Dryasdusts," we have heard inwrought in sermons that *told* on every peasant. We have even witnessed the singular process, by an accomplished artist, of doing Hamilton of Leeds into Welsh; some of the glory was lost, but none of the power. It is in this peculiarity of the Welsh pulpit that we find the main source of its great popularity.

The dominant aim of the Welsh preacher is impression. He seems thoroughly to understand the peculiar mission of the pul-

pit. More "intellectual preaching," however a few may urge it, is certainly not the demand of even well-instructed audiences. Upon this point, facts are decisive. The most instructive preachers are certainly not the most attractive. Nor are the causes far to seek. Those who seek intellectual excitement, and a high order of instruction—who are interested in the discussion of lofty and difficult themes—know well that the popular orator is not the man, nor the pulpit the place for them. More "intellectual preaching" is the cant cry of the intellectually small. There exist more efficient means of high instruction. In this respect the pulpit can never vie with the press; the attempt is generally as weak as it is foolish. In our day the press must be supreme in the domain of abstruse thought, and those who are capable of it will find in books the best answers to their highest questions. Disguise it as we may, the pulpit of the present day is only to a limited extent the instructor of the people. The preacher is no longer an oracle. There are other teachers whose mode of teaching will admit of more profound, more pertinent, more consecutive instruction, than any oral teacher can pretend to furnish. Thought, in our day, germinates and matures under other influences than those of the pulpit. Views are formed, questions are settled or unsettled, elsewhere.

The conclusion is, that *impression* must be the predominant aim of the preacher; it is not the understanding that is to be mainly addressed. He must sway the conscience; that is the end, all else is but means. For this, the pulpit has a power which the press can never wield. In his sphere the preacher has no rival. This distinction borne in mind, the idea of his ever being superseded is highly absurd. As long as the living voice retains its mystic power; as long as its tones become tremulous with the burden of the thought conveyed; as long as the countenance can be made luminous with mind; as long as words and manner can be inspired by "thoughts which breathe" within; as long as truth incarnate is truth the most impressive—so long will the preacher occupy a position unrivaled and alone. For bringing home to human souls those questions which, in the highest sense, affect human destiny, the pulpit is a means unique and all-powerful. The effective Welsh preacher pre-eminently understands all this.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

I SUPPOSE it is natural (that is, humanly natural) that opinions should be at once so diversified and so generally inconsistent on the subject of happiness; for happiness is a thing that every one appears to judge of vicariously. How few, except children, experience it consciously, or recognize and acknowledge its presence with them. It seems to be an inevitable law with the majority of us, that you can no more see the peculiar good of your own estate, than you can see your own profile shadowed on the wall. You twist and turn to look at it, and in the very effort to behold, it is lost. But other people's profiles you can see, judge, and criticise. Other people's happiness you know all about; you look at it, wonder at it, envy it, perhaps. How is it that men and women are so rarely able to see the sunshine that falls on themselves? It is a curious problem in psychology.

Perhaps we are all too selfish to be accredited appraisers of our personalities; and although, as regards this particular one, our partiality takes the unusual direction of undervaluing what belongs to ourselves, the injustice is none the less. And the fatuitousness of the judgment is as striking even as when you, my dear hard-featured friend, flatter yourself that the outline of your face is classical, and the turn of your head as noble as it is refined.

After all, it may be wiser to leave ourselves and our happiness alone. Egotism is the last thing that the human race needs teaching in these days. Therefore, without making "so much ado" about the bliss which falls to our own proper share, we might pursue our inquiries among our friends, our lovers, and acquaintance. Let us try to discover *who* are the happy, and wherein doth consist that intangible, impalpable mystery which constitutes their happiness.

Happiness! how often has our ideal changed within a little time! It varies, we find, with every turn of our own fate, circumstance, or feeling. Is it not so with you also? But probably you never stop to consider within yourself what it is you are living for. You very often yawn during the morning hours, and, listlessly tapping your immaculate oot with a wonderful cane, "wonder how you shall get through the day." You find it tiresome that you

have been to every place and seen everything that you care to visit or to see. You lament that there are "no more worlds to"—travel about. Sometimes, even, you get as far as an aspiration, "that there was something new to be done, that everything wasn't so worn out, so stale, flat, and unprofitable." And if any one asked you if you are happy, you would reply, with emphatic candor, "Confound it, no!"

How odd! for you possess a considerable proportion of that "raw material" which even the most romantic of us admit to be more or less adequate, if not necessary, to constitute happiness. Consider. You are young—in the very bloom of a man's youth, which need not and should not be rubbed off much before thirty. You are strong and vigorous, when you choose to lead a healthful life. You have an average share of abilities, and believe that you have more. You are tolerably well-looking, and more than tolerably well satisfied with your looks. You have a loving mother and affectionate sisters. You possess, O! what troops of admiring friends; and you have an income sufficient for all your wants. How dare you not be happy?

Alas! you dare do all that should become a man, and discontent is as masculine an attribute as your hat, and, I must say, becomes you as well. Not that I intend to quarrel with it in this instance. I think you are like an oyster, and what is in itself a disease, is the one hopeful and valuable part of your being. If you were satisfied with your life, you would be in a still worse condition than you are. If you were "happy," you would be wretched indeed. But you have envied Jack Baggs, and there is a chance for you.

Now there is your friend Wentworth; it is a good trait in your character that your friendship with him has hitherto been so steady and unbroken, seeing that he is as poor in worldly gifts as you are rich, and that you move in widely different circles of society. Moreover, that he never neglects his own pursuits to chime in with your lazy employments, and so far from flattering your vanity or courting your distinction, there is no one of your acquaintance who speaks to you with such candor, or behaves with such straightforward independence. Only the other day, you remember, he informed you,

half-seriously, under the light laugh with which he spoke, that he wouldn't lead such a life as yours for all the worlds one ever has to give, all the riches in Fortunatus's cap. "Although," he admitted, sighing, "I don't undervalue wealth, as you are aware. A little more of it would make me very happy."

You know he alluded to his long-delayed marriage. He has been engaged for several years, and to one as poor and prospectless as young men who have every morsel of their own bread to earn generally contrive to fall in love with. What do you think of this for a trouble, an anxiety to keep life's sunshine from being too enervating? To see one you love better than your life, one whom every fiber of your nature is drawn to, with the instinct to cherish most tenderly, to protect most jealously; to see her constrained to fill a dependent position, while you are toiling, toiling in what sometimes appears a hopeless endeavor to make a union prudent. To do you justice, you feel a great deal for your friend; you would fain render him service, if you could. But he must make his own way "with difficulty, and labor hard." A rough way, a toilsome way, stones under foot, and oftentimes darkness overhead. But he will reach the goal sooner or later; there is little to fear for him.

Meanwhile, spite of labor, difficulty, and trial, do you know a man with whom you would sooner change places, when you come to reflect seriously on the subject? Do you know a man, in the whole circle of your acquaintance, who so often or so nearly trenches on the domain of happiness? What a serene face is his, when, the labor of the day over, he unbends to the enjoyment of the simple pleasures that are such delights to him. He appears to have the art of doing morally what clever chemists perform materially, when, from mean, and sometimes even noxious elements, they distill essences most fragrant.

Only three times within the last two years has he been with Lucy; but I think it is likely that many men in their whole span of life do not taste a greater amount of pure and beautiful happiness than these two, who love one another so perfectly, crowd into their brief festivals. And when other people sigh over the remembrance of past happiness, he is more apt to suddenly keep silence, while a light comes

into his face—a visible thanksgiving, very beautiful to see.

Then his faith in the future is at least as vital and steady as his gratitude for the past. He knows—at least he *trusts* (which is better than knowing, he says)—that he and Lucy will be married one day; that one day they will be able to make their nest somewhere, like the birds, in some pleasant tree, with green branches all round, and the sky shining through.

Meanwhile, though he waits, he does not despond. He attains more than serenity in his quick sympathies with all human interests, his keen appreciation of beauty, his love of flowers and sunshine, music and pictures, (moving pictures, as well as those fixed to canvas,) his sensitive perception of the good and true in all that is before him, whether people in the streets, flowers in the fields, or clouds in the sky. In all this—his heritage from nature, of which his own true heart recognizes the value—Wentworth unconsciously finds, and ever will find, a happiness that you vainly look for half over the world, with "position," connection, all appliances and means to boot.

Truly, we may well ask, who are the happy? One twentieth part of these said appliances, which are all impotent to give ease or contentment to him who possesses so much, would, how often! remove the sharpest thorn from the path of those who tread their hard way unaided, only drawing gladness from the wealth of their own hearts. Thank God for that wealth of the heart! His justice and even-handed wisdom even our finite vision can perceive, sometimes.

Who are happy? Not they who, to our eyes, possess most means of happiness.

Not Mrs. Courtly, who married for love, with the unusual appendage of plenty of money, and the thorough approbation of her friends, and who is cited by every one as an example of "a fortunate woman indeed." Fortunate she may be; happy she is not, as I have known ever since I spent three days with her at her villa. She has so many pleasures, she has no time to be pleased. All those things that to most people are enjoyments, are to her only soporifics. It needs strong wine indeed to exhilarate her. She is clearly not a denizen of this *terra incognita*—this happy land.

Neither is pretty Laura Haverill, the

belle of her circle, the idol of her family, the universally admired and flattered Corinne of half a hundred evening parties. How many good gifts have fallen to her share? beauty, talent, affluence, and love—love as common to her as daylight, and, alas! as little thought of. Yet she is fretful, fastidious, *blasé* of the very blessings fate showers upon her. Her days seem to pass in an alternation of excitement and reaction. She is now in a whirl of gayety—anon plunged in the stagnant, unprofitable slough of ennui. What is it she needs, to convert her *matériel* into that mysterious, impalpable thing whereof we speak? I am not prepared to say. I do not pretend to tell *why* it is that these people, who appear to possess most of the means, appear farthest from the end: why they who receive most blessings are oftentimes least blessed. I only declare; I cannot profess to explain.

Very likely you would smile (yet I think it would be in a sad sort) if you knew the whole life-history of the woman that always occurs to me as the truest example of happiness I have ever known. But you shall see her.

She was already middle-aged when I first knew her. I heard she was once eminently attractive in look and manner, as, indeed, such a sweet simple nature and clear intellect as she possessed would make any woman. But at the time I saw her, all this was seen through the cloud left by severe suffering, both of mind and body, such as she had known almost continuously during the past ten years. Hers was a nature that lavished its love as summer clouds the rain; it fell noiselessly, abundantly, in simple, unquestioning delight of giving. In her earliest womanhood a younger sister was the recipient of all this wealth of tenderness and care. The sister married, went abroad, almost forgot her, or remembered her only in a way that was perhaps bitterer than oblivion. Then Anna loved, in the woman's great sense of loving, one who was to her the model of all manliness, nobility, and greatness. Within a few weeks of the time that they last spent together, when he, by every eloquence of look and tone, had persuaded her of his love while winning hers, he married a rich woman, old, unlovable, and foolish. Anna lost not only her love, but her ideal. The beautiful fabric of her life's dearest dream was

shivered into a million pieces, and the very fragments were of dross.

After that her health failed, and all her relations being either far away, or indifferent to her fate, she went through the bitterness, worse than that of death, of a long illness in a hired home, attended by paid nurses; cared for at so much a-week. When she recovered, one or two of her kinder-hearted friends took her to stay with them for a time. It was on one of these occasions that I first met her. I remember what an impression I received from the sight of her cheerful face, that kindled anew with every new pleasure. And how many pleasures she had, and how intensely she enjoyed them! I did not know her history then, and I thought to myself how fairly apportioned must be the blessings of life, since she, who was poor and still suffering, evidently possessed compensating good gifts sufficient to make her happiness. I was right: but I did not know all. The good gifts were hers indeed, but they were of another and less tangible kind than I thought.

She very seldom spoke of herself, as may be supposed. Nothing can be more incompatible with the sort of unconscious, praiseful thanksgiving which was her daily life than the morbid self-analysis, the continuous, ever-flowing undercurrent of egotism that seems to be one of the prevalent diseases of these days. But once or twice she became unwontedly retrospective, and fragments of her past came out unawares. And the depth of feeling she involuntarily betrayed showed me very clearly that the peace she knew was not that of indifference, and that the joys which yet blossomed about her had their root in sorrows greater and sufferings keener than most of those about her guessed.

She had all a woman's passionate necessity of loving, but very little of its usual more selfish complement of the necessity of being loved. Thus, her love showed itself in and toward a thousand things that by no possibility could yield her return. Birds, and flowers, and music, books, pictures, shells, such things as these that other people admire and are content, she seemed rather to love; so fond, and grateful, and tender was her appreciation of their beauty. I have seen her radiant with a sort of tremulous delight in hearing of some lovely trait of character, or in

watching little children at their play, or in gazing at some exquisite bit of scenery. Sunshine was brightness to her, clouds were pictures, the wind was music. The air came to her most balmily, the breeze most freshly. She was attuned to nature somehow, so that all her variations were made musical; and even that which to other people would produce discord was only harmony with her.

She had faults undoubtedly; but I cannot think of them now. They were very visible to herself as well as to others. They did not make her miserable or despondent, but rather vitalized her energies for herself, and made her charity for others wider and warmer than in any other person I ever knew.

It was curious to hear her sometimes discussing, in her gentle way, with her hostess, a lady with an adoring husband, fair children, an ample fortune, and other minor advantages. This lady's views of life were gloomy; of humanity, condemnatory even to hopelessness.

"It makes me perfectly sick at heart to hear of such people. O dear! how much vileness and deceit exist in the world. Wickedness, crime, sin, meet us on every hand. Isn't it terrible?"

"Nay," would be Anna's reply, "I do not believe in the vileness of the world, nor in the utter depravity of mankind. Human nature must be very dear to the God who watches over its salvation. We have no right to cast out whom he receives."

"O, of course, religiously speaking," the lady would admit.

It was one wide difference between Anna's speaking and most other people's that, though rarely religious in language, it was always so in spirit.

Dear Anna! I left her very bright, with her health renewed into its usual strength, and her heart as blithe and grateful as a skylark's song. When I next saw her it was under a new load of pain and trial. A violent cold had settled on her limbs, and deprived her for many months of the power of walking. I found her confined to a sofa, in a suburban lodging, her window looking out over the trim road and opposite houses, with their little green gardens in front. But the aspect was south, and she was eloquent over the warmth and brightness of her domicile.

"This room is so cozy, and the people

of the house are very considerate. And my friends here are so kind, and come to see me, and sit with me, and write me long letters when they are away. You see my suffering and helplessness bring out everybody's goodness. I feel quite glad and grateful, not only for my own sake, when old Mrs. Cross, who is so disliked, comes and brings me books and fruit; and Mr. Seamore, whom people call avaricious and selfish, sends his carriage to take me a drive, as he has done several times."

Soon after this a new hope brightened her life. Her youngest brother, who had been abroad many years, wrote to say that he longed for a home, and looked to her to share in and superintend it when he should arrive.

"I shall have a real home with my brother, my very own brother, my own home! O how good, how dear a blessing no one can tell!"

But I could guess, seeing her tears of passionate rejoicing, how sad had been the gap that now promised to be filled up.

Well, the happiness of anticipation she had, and enjoyed to the uttermost. The gladness of fulfillment never was hers. Her brother died on his passage home. By his death, moreover, a portion of her slender income devolved away from her. She was so poor now that she had to eke out her means of livelihood by working at her needle.

"But *that* is a blessing. To be obliged to work makes the time of my forced imprisonment pass more quickly. There is an added interest given to the work, you see, that only necessity could supply. It must be bad for me, if I had time to think too much of my brother. O my dear brother Francis, we were little children together!"

Her external fortitude broke down at the mention of her brother.

"It seemed so very sad and desolate at first. I had hoped and yearned so much. For a little while I felt quite heartbroken, like a chidden child. But then came the peace God sends to his chidden children. It is so comforting to feel that when trouble is with us God is with us too."

Not long after I saw Anna once again. She lay very quiet, and calm, and pale on her white bed. Strong in her love, undoubting in her faith, she was waiting for death.

"Dear, don't you grieve; there is no pain left now; and I have been thinking so happily. It is strange, my mother died while I was a little child, but I can remember her face now quite well. . . . How good every one is to me! I love you all very much, but not half enough. Nay, don't cry. Think how happy I have been, how happy I am, even though — Ah, thank God for all!"

And when I looked on her an hour after, when her face shone with that wonderful shining that never comes till the earthly light is gone, and there has come on the mortal shell the passionless, emotionless, far-removed stillness of death, I, too, could say, "Thank God for all!" and think, as I turned again to the outer, living world of sunshine, sound, and movement, "Truly, she is happy."

PROVERBS SECULAR AND SACRED.

A FRENCHMAN loves a sparkling *mot*, or an aphorism effervescing with "glories," and "great souls," and "eternities;" while a true-born Englishman disdains such sentimental stuff: and the rich grave irony which shakes the sides of a Spanish don, would only draw forth the scowl of an Aberdeensman, or the dirk of a Highlander. Hence, in every community, it is with "Poor Richard," and his brethren among the people, that most proverbs have originated; and, in as far as any of them may have had a literary source, we should look for the first promulgation not to Hooker, and Milton, and Sir Thomas Brown, and the souls sublime, who were more cosmopolite than British, but to Latimer, and Shakspeare, and Bunyan, who never spoke to hearts of oak unless with an English tongue. Fine speeches may be quoted, but they are only the standing homely saws of Anglo-Saxon parentage which keep their ground, and are transmitted from age to age.

Sometimes, however, a maxim of the select circle finds its way into general use through the medium of some master-spirit, who, with access to good society, commands the attention of the multitude. A Benjamin Franklin, or a William Cobbett, reads the best authors, and then, in the plainest English, chats from the platform or the press on all sorts of subjects, and, with a plagiarism almost unavoidable, he gives forth, so as not to be distinguished

from his own originalities, the choice thoughts and happy illustrations which rush upon his memory from all the fields of literature. As repeated by such a translator, the good saying is divested of the obscure allusion or the pedantic language, which restricted it to a peculiar coterie, and the quip of Herbert, or the conceit of Jeremy Taylor, is henceforth on the fair way to become a proverb of the people.

As far as we are acquainted with the proverbs of any modern nation, the bulk of them is older than its printed literature; and the number, we suspect, is very small which can be traced up to a definite authorship. But at this moment, there are many which are working their way into general currency, and after they have been somewhat shortened or new-shapen, we shall find among our every-day axioms:

The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Solitude is sometimes best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that;

as well as Gray's "Full many a gem," and Pope's "Ruling Passion strong in death," and Beattie's "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb!" And we may add, that as we become more cultivated, and as a finer sense diffuses itself throughout the community, many a choice saying, now locked up in printed books, or only current among the well-informed, will pass into proverbial frequency: such as the remark of Coleridge, "To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed," and many of those vivid sentences in which, like sparks from a thunderbolt, Napoleon flashed out his own intensity: "The heart may be torn to pieces, while the soul stands unshaken." "It is the good cause, not the stake, which makes the martyr." "Usually the truest wisdom is a resolute determination." "On unity of action depends the success of means." "The man who least of all belongs to himself, is the man whom the events of Providence call to the government of nations." "Every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune

for the future." "There are calumnies by which innocence itself is confounded."

Occasionally the proverb carries something in *gremio*, which so far fixes its date. Such sayings, as "Big churches, little saints;" God's friend, the priest's foe;" "Monks and mice seldom take leave without mischief;" "Touch a friar, and all crows flutter as far as Rome;" and others, in which the German vocabulary abounds, would point to the dawn of reformation, when people were beginning to espy rents in the rochet and rust on the miter. English history has told us the origin of the adage which is read on the scroll of the Garter; and of more than one proverb, that great record of inventions and antiquities, the Bible, has preserved to us the age and the first occasion. "Is Saul also among the prophets?" is, of course, older than the days of Solomon: and David quotes as already a time-honored saying, "a proverb of the ancients;" "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked." As far back as the age of Moses, it had become proverbial to compare a "mighty hunter" to Nimrod; and a proverb corresponding to "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," is immortalized in connection with Mount Moriah, and the crowning act of Abraham's faith.

Like primeval poems, the first proverbs would be abundantly simple. A certain trimness of terseness distinguished some saying, as in the case of the above quoted, "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked;" and coming neatly through the lips and falling nicely on the ear, it grew into a favorite phrase, and was so oft reiterated that at last it could not be forgotten. But as by and by men grew more ingenious or refined, mere neatness was not pleasing enough. The pillar required to be fluted, the rectangular plinth was exchanged for a florid capital, the single verse was replaced by an elaborate stanza, and the proverb suggested improvement. A humorist stuck a feather in its cap or added a sting to its tail, by way of making it more arresting or more emphatic; or a poet turned it into metaphor, and fitted it with meter, so as to make it more convenient to the memory. "Know thyself," was the Heaven-descended simplicity of that oracle which faced the devotee as he approached the Delphic shrine, and it may be accepted as the fundamental precept of the old Greek ethics: but "Know thy-

self" grew trite, and from Æsop, with his fruit-basket slung behind the back, visible to all save the owner, down to the Ayrshire bard:

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us."

moralists have striven to furbish up the old familiar maxim, and bring out its meaning anew. *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*, "Ne quid nimis," "Exceed in nothing," is an advice so good, that it is quite a controversy who first gave it. Diogenes Laertius claims it for Pythagoras. Aristotle assigns it to Bias, and something very like it can be detected in Homer and Hesiod, not to say Euripides. And now every nation has its own way of saying, "Stop in time;" "Too keen an edge does not cut," say the French, "Too fine a point does not pierce;" "Too many sacks are the death of the ass," cry the Germans; and "Too much wax burns the church," re-echo the Portuguese; "Too many sailors sink the ship," shout the boatmen on the Nile, while the English captain translates it, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and the Scotch steward or stoker replies, "O'er mony greeves but hinder the wark."

To an ethnologist, or a student of human nature, there can be no materials more valuable than the proverbs of a people. They are its most genuine cardi-phonía; the confidential communings of the nation in the unreserve of its own homestead; the deliverance of the collective wisdom on all the subjects which engross its thoughts and form the theme of its most frequent discussion. In authorship there may be idiosyncrasy. Byron may be no true type of the Anglo-Saxon, nor Erasmus of the Hollander; but neither Englishmen nor Dutchmen can repudiate their proverbs. These are the nation's own composition; its autobiography; what Augustine would have called its confessions and retractions. Before a maxim could become a proverb, it had to pass the ordeal of universal suffrage; and, without millions of votes in its favor, it could never have been installed; and now that it has reached this rank, it is the accredited representative of its constituents; and as long as it carries their commission, we are entitled to regard it as their exponent. With this, the People's Own Book, in our hand, we cannot fail to perceive the native servility of the Hindoo, the self-pos-

sessed worldliness and mere materialism of the Chinaman, the gorgeousness of the Persian, the pensive enthusiasm and fundamental religiousness of the Slavonian, the high-souled chivalry of the Spaniard, the sly vindictiveness of the Italian, the gayety of the Frenchman, the thrift and caution of the Scot.

Nor is it merely revelations of principle which these proverbs afford, but they give us every race in its humor. According as the bee feeds on the thyme of Hymettus, or the heather of the Grampians, the honey is differently flavored; and even so, the wisdom hoarded in these ancient hives has an aroma characteristic of the various regions where it has been gathered. The basis, or essential principle, may be the same, but the gust or bouquet differs according to the national genius. Take the following group:

Since I wronged you, I have never liked you.
The day I did not sweep the house, there came to it one I did not expect.

Never speak of a rope in the house of a man who was hanged.

If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron.

The gallows was made for the unlucky.

To be a merchant, the art consists more in getting paid than in making sales.

A fool, unless he know Latin, is never a great fool.

If the rings are lost, here are the fingers still.

He who wants to be rich in a year, comes to the gallows in half a year.

A gentleman would rather have his garments rent than mended.

They took away the mirror from me, because I was ugly, and gave it to the blind woman.

"In these 'refrains' of Arragon and Castile, the humor is subtle, and the satire, where satire occurs, is very delicate, and full of quiet dignity. The first two examples and the last are an expedient of frequent occurrence in the proverbs of Spain. In order not to give offense, or by way of 'an excellent oil which will not break the head,' the Mentor admonishes his friend by reproving himself, or confessing his own stupidity. Broader in their mirth, and more caustic in their tone, is the following cluster:

A wilfu' man should be unco wise.

He that has a meikle nose thinks ilk ane speaks o't.

He that teaches himsel' has a fool for his maister.

He [the miser] wad rake hell for a bodle.

It is an ill cause that the lawyer thinks shame o'.

Lippen to me but look to yoursel'.

"Mair whistle than woo'," as the souter said when shearing the soo.

Ye'll mend when ye grow better.

Ye wad do little for God if the deil were deid.

The reader will not fail to contrast the frank directness of the "ye"—the German "Du"—in the last specimens, with the self-accusing "I" of the courtly Spaniard. In all the samples there is perhaps no one more characteristic, than "Lippen to me, but look to yoursel'." Cromwell must surely have heard it before he gave his famous watch-word, "Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry."

The natural productions, and the usages of countries, are inevitably mixed up with their proverbs. "Never trust to a well in front," is an excellent Bechuana proverb, which we acquired the other day from Dr. Livingstone, obviously the proverb of travelers through arid regions. So far akin to it are the Arabic, "The last drinks least;" and, "If water is present for ablution, the use of sand is discontinued," alluding to the mock ablutions in sand which the Mecca pilgrims go through during those portions of the march when there is too little water for washing. "The over-hasty traveler neither saves his cattle, nor makes out the journey," is a Bedouin adage; as also, "Fairer than a white egg in a green meadow," implying, "entertainment for man and beast;" food and repose in charming combination. The sea-faring habits and the amphibious territory of the Dutch, come out in their sayings: "The best pilots are ashore;" "Pull gently at a weak rope;" "After ebb comes flood, and with prosperity come friends;" "Cover the pot—an eel is in it;" "Large fish leap out of the kettle;" "Coupled sheep drown one another;" "The first in the boat has the choice of oars;" "Still water stinks;" "A wreck on shore is a beacon at sea." The proverbs of Arabia abound in lions, horses, and camels; those of Spain and Italy, in asses; those of England in foxes, dogs, and cats; and, judging by this rule, the animal which has laid the most powerful hold on the Frenchman's imagination, is the wolf. "The lion's nose is well defended," is a very deep remark of some Assyrian explorer. "Let the night be your camel," is the ripe result of the experience of some white-bearded cattle-lifter among the sons of Ishmael; and, no doubt, Abd-el-Kader was well acquainted

with the simile, "More beautiful than a black horse with white feet;" as well as that maxim, "The eye of a good horse serves for a tooth;" for as long as the eye flashes, there is no need to look for age-marks in the mouth. "If one, two, three, say you are an ass, put on a tail," is Spanish advice; and "A braying ass eats little hay," is Italian experience. And not to multiply canine, feline, and vulpine adages, we may give a specimen of Gallic lycanthropy, "Wolves do not eat each other." This must be the effect of French civilization, for in Russia they have the reputation of being cannibals; and they have modified the proverb into, "Provender is scarce when the wolf eats his comrade." But there can be no doubt about the following: "The death of the wolf is the health of the sheep;" "When the wolf is dead, all the dogs give him a bite;" "Talk of the wolf, and you will see his tail;" "He who kennels with wolves must howl;" "Counted sheep are eaten by the wolf;" "The wolf is not so big as he is reported;" and, "The wolf will die in his skin."

As proverbs are meant to be portable, it is essential that they should be packed up in few words, and it is very desirable that they should assume the shape most convenient for the memory. Hence, in every language, a large number have taken the form of poetry; and, in the languages of Europe, they have extensively availed themselves of the mnemonic aids supplied by rhyme and alliteration. "A cat may look at a king;" "He that comes unca'd sits unserved;" "Out of debt out of danger;" "All is not gold that glitters;" "Time tries a'"; are instances where much of the pith depends on that sort of initial rhyme so native to our tongue and so agreeable to the Scotch and English ears. Of rhymed endings the examples are equally abundant. In English, we have, "Safe bind safe find;" "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" "When the cat's away the mice will play;" "Early to bed and early to rise, is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise;" "He who would thrive must rise at five;" "He who has thriven may sleep till seven;" and a multitude besides, but not more than can be paralleled in Dutch, Spanish, and German.

The following may be regarded as having a universal reputation; most, if not all of them, being found, with occasional slight variations, throughout continental Europe,

as well as in England and the United States:

A bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit.
A guest and a fish stink in three days.
A hungry belly has no ears.
A little gall spoils a great deal of honey.
A little spark kindles a great fire.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
After rain sunshine.
All is not gold that glitters.
All keys do not hang at one girdle.
An old ox makes a straight furrow.
As you make your bed so you must lie on it.
Better alone than in bad company.
Better he envied than pitied.
Better bend than break.
Better late than never.
'Twixt the cup and the lip there's many a slip.
By night all cats are gray.
Claw me and I'll claw thee.
Empty vessels make most noise.
Every hair casts its shadow.
Everybody's friend is everybody's fool.
Every one for himself and God for us all.
Every one knows best where the shoe pinches him.
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Four eyes see more than two.
Get a good name and go to sleep.
God cures, and the doctor gets the thanks.
God helps him who helps himself.
Good wine needs no crier.
He that lies down with dogs will get up with fleas.
Those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.
Ill weeds grow apace.
It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest.
It is a wise child that knows its own father.
Like master like man.
Look not a gift-horse in the mouth.

Matthew Henry, in his Commentary on the Bible, abounds in proverbs. And as we turn over the leaves of his "Exposition," so rich in sanctified wisdom, and through which there reigns such an atmosphere of perpetual summer, we cannot fail to recognize the frequent occurrence of these fruitful sayings, as one great element of our instruction and enjoyment. "When the wine is in the wit is out;" "The wicked cut their throats with their own tongues;" "Drive the nail that will go, and draw out that which goes amiss;" "Forecast is as good as work;" "To keep doing fairly and softly goes far in a day;" "Many a beau becomes a beggar;" "God blesseth the giving hand, and makes it a getting hand," and similar sentences, flashing out from every page, some of them the old current coin of the realm, and others newly struck in the Henrican mint, surprise the reader by their vividness, and enrich him by their sterling solidity. Like

steel in a fountain, the sparkle pleases the eye, and the tonic strengthens the heart.

To a mode of instruction so universally acceptable, Divine wisdom has graciously condescended in giving the Volume of Inspiration; and the proverbs of Scripture are not confined to the collection of Solomon; but some of those which we most frequently quote, are scattered over various books of the Old and New Testaments. "Like people, like priest;" "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," occur in the Prophets. "Everything is beautiful in its season;" "A good name is better than precious ointment;" "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," are proverbs of Solomon, but recorded in the book of Ecclesiastes. The Sermon on the Mount, and other discourses of our Lord, abound in aphorisms which have now become pre-eminently proverbial: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" "A city set on a hill cannot be hid;" "It is more blessed to give than to receive." That proverb of the ancients, "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked," reappears in various new and striking forms. "The tree is known by its fruit;" "A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things." With Napoleon it was so favorite a saying, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," that one of his admirers has given him the merit of originating the maxim. The apostolical epistles, that of St. James more especially, are rich in true proverbs; such as, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" "Behold, how great a matter," or, more literally, as the Vulgate renders, "how large a forest a little spark sets on fire!" Perhaps, however, the proverb from the apostolical writings in most frequent circulation, is the one which St. Paul has adopted from Menander, and which, as Dean Alford suggests, may have become, in the days of the apostle, a current commonplace: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Over and above the Scriptural derivation of individual axioms, Christianity has exerted an incalculable influence on the proverbial literature of European nations, in the way of refining their language, and

raising their tone. We have still some vulgar proverbs preserved in books, but, except among the offscourings of society, they are practically obsolete; and even Italy would hardly adopt the low and heartless morality of sayings still current in some Mohammedan countries: such as the severity of the Egyptian maxim, "Prostrate thyself before the wicked monkey in his day of power;" and the horrible selfishness of the saying, "If the water come like a deluge, place thy son under thy feet," referring to the Moslem tradition, that when the water overflowed the high places, the antediluvians tried to save themselves by standing on the bodies of their children.

Here, however, we have reached our limit. We only add, that "The Proverbs of Solomon illustrated by the parallel proverbs of all nations," is still a desideratum in Biblical literature. It would be interesting to see how many of them, curiously metamorphosed, reappear in the lands of the Christian and Mussulman; and it would also be found that some of them—perhaps from being too high and too holy for the average taste or ordinary uses of a fallen world—still remain untransplanted in their own "garden inclosed."

OUR LETTICE.

I SAID to Lettice, our sister Lettice,
While droop'd and twinkled her lashes brown,
"Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man.
There's many a better about our town."
She laugh'd securely: "He loves me purely;
A true heart's safer than smile or frown;
And nothing harms me when his heart warms
me,
Let the world go up or the world go down."
"He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers,
Ay trusting nothing that's out of sight:
New folk may blame ye, or e'en defame ye,
A gown o'er-handled looks seldom white."
She raised serenely her eyelids queenly:
"My innocence is my whitest gown;
No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me.
Whether the world goes up or down."
"Your man's a frail man—was ne'er a hale
man,
And sickness knocketh at many a door;
And death comes making bold hearts cower
breaking:"
Our Lettice quiver'd, but once—no more.
"If death should enter, smite to the center
Our small home-palace, all crumbling down,
He will not blight us, nor disunite us:
Life bears love's cross, death brings love's
crown."

THE END OF A GOLDEN DREAM.

I DREAMED that I returned home, a few evenings since, somewhat earlier than usual. The "wee ones" gathered around me in a group, and, *sans ceremonie*, commenced to rifle my pockets of what was in them, and felt sorely disappointed, as I could perceive, when they found such a small variety of coin. A profound silence was maintained on all sides for a few moments, when the oldest lassie, with all that presence of mind peculiar to her sex, particularly about money matters, assured the younger "riflers" that they should have more when papa made it. The word *made* immediately caught my ear, and, folding my arms, I paced the floor up and down, asking myself the question, "What is the difference between *making* and *earning* money?" To Webster I, of course, referred; but laid down the ponderous volume dissatisfied with the definition he gave of each word. I thought I knew more about the matter than the great lexicographer himself, (which, to be sure, was quite modest in me,) and at once came to the *sage* conclusion that it was only he who amassed a very large sum in a very short time who *made* money, and only he who toiled from morning until night, and sometimes from night until morning, who *earned* it.

Impressed with this belief I betook me to my sanctum, and throwing myself into my old oak chair, made a resolution to lose no time, but set my wits to work to make money, hard, golden pieces; no paper trash would suit me. Yet how was I to do it? I gazed around me; I looked up at what used to be my greatest treasure, my books; but now they had no charms for me; I needed *money*! My eyes rested on the burning coals in the grate, and they glistened like so many lumps of the pure metal, ready for transmission to the Philadelphia mint, and I laughed a hearty laugh at the brilliant idea. I was a wealthy man. Pshaw! I destroyed the illusion; for, in a moment after, I inadvertently raised the poker, rammed it between the bars of the grate, poked half of my golden nuggets out on the fender, and sent most of my valuable *dust* up the chimney, followed by a curling column of *smoke*!

I stood astounded, but was not to be baffled. I looked again up at the books;

but on the back of each was plainly stamped *MONEY*! Even the words *Holy Bible* appeared to me to read *HARD MONEY*!

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Surely these insignificant articles don't want to change masters. I might dispose of them; but the auctioneer's fees, and the advertising of their sale would swallow nearly all they would bring." Here I was aroused from my thoughts by the arrival of the evening papers. No sooner had I opened the first than my attention was attracted to a number of advertisements, some professing to cure incurable diseases, others to eradicate corns, and others to make hair grow on heads as sapless as mahogany chips. "Ha! ha!" roared I, as I cast the paper from me. I need no elixir to transmute stones into gold; I will invent a medicine to cure, or an ointment to heal, and *make my fortune*! It is infinitely better to do so than to speculate in real estate or stocks, having but little capital; and to start what Jones and I were speaking of, an Australian Quicksilver Mining Company, is at present not feasible, therefore I will confine myself to my patent medicine.

But here a new difficulty beset me. What was I to invent? What ill to which flesh is heir that has not, ere this, commanded the prayerful and earnest consideration of philanthropic men like me, and for which infallible remedies had not been discovered? I could not follow in any beaten path; I should come out with something original to take. I racked my brain, and I scratched my head, but all in vain; nothing new would turn up. Perseverance will, however, accomplish miracles, and at length I hit upon a most charming invention, could I only make it succeed. I was satisfied I could, and, before I properly considered it, I sat down and wrote the following advertisement, which I immediately forwarded to the daily papers:

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

TEETH FOR ALL!!!

THE OIL OF SALINOTERRENE.

PROFESSOR MUNGELESS, the world-renowned dentist, has just arrived in this City from Europe, where he has had the honor of being patronized by all the reigning Monarchs, from whom he received the highest testimonials for his invaluable Oil of Salinoterrene, which, after years of labor and research—years

which he devoted solely for the benefit of his fellow-man—he has discovered. It has the effect on a man or woman of threescore and ten, the full time allotted to human beings, that it has on children of tender years. All those who have lost their teeth will do well to apply at once to the Professor, and save themselves the necessity of wearing *false teeth*, when they can procure beautiful natural ones of their own by simply *rubbing their gums* with his wonderful Oil. It will start old and decayed teeth from their sockets, and replace them by beautifully formed sets.

As the Professor has been commanded by his Imperial Majesty, the EMPEROR SOULOUQUE, to appear at the foot of his Royal Throne, during the present year, to *rub his royal gums*, his stay in New York will be limited.

Address Professor MUNGELESS, No. 1 Taskar-street. Single bottles, \$5; per dozen, \$50.

This finished, I set to work to make up the oil, and no alchemist of old ever worked harder than I did in my vain endeavor to discover what would make old women's tusks grow. I hit the mark, as I believed. Hog's lard would soften the gums; potash clean them; vitriol burn the roots out, and clay, when put round any living root, will cause young plants to spring forth. I was in ecstasies, employed a number of hands, and in a short time had an abundance to supply my customers, who called upon me in droves. I grew pompous; I was realizing a fortune, but, in the height of my prosperity, I was arrested as a swindler, a quack, a receiver of money under false pretenses, a murderer; for my Oil of Salinoterrene had so completely burned the palates of sundry old women that they were unable to partake of any nourishment; hence they starved to death.

I was brought before a magistrate; I was examined, and committed to the Tombs. The Grand Jury found true bills against me on all the charges, and the excited populace of this excitable city were only kept from hanging me in front of that stone image, blind-folded Justice, which looks silently down from our City Hall, by the timely arrival of a few companies of the National Guard, and a regiment or two of Irish and German dragoons. Next morning the newspapers were filled with accounts of me, some true and others false; and after the excitement had blown over, visitors from all sections of the country came to pay me their respects in my cell. I was horror-stricken; I sighed for my lost peace of mind, and, in an agony of despair, I awoke.

O that awakening was beautiful! I was

poor, but I had peace of mind. I had enough, and sighed not for more. I had robbed no one to realize a fortune; the curses of neither widows nor orphans hung over my head, and, instead of being an inmate of a lonely cell, I was a free man, breathing the full, fresh air of heaven, and lisping a prayer to my Maker.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I HAVE here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—
MONTAGNE.

A WRITER in a late number of the *North British Review* makes some shrewd remarks upon the poets and the poetry of the present age. His criticisms apply with equal pertinence to many who preach, especially to such as belong to what the writer calls the *spasmodic* class; and *spasm*, he defines to be "weakness trying to be strong and collapsing in the effort." If we mistake not, we have witnessed in the pulpit, as well as in the printed poem, the efforts of some who may be said to belong to

THE SPASMODIC SCHOOL.

It is their fatal fault to seek for that which is rare and peculiar, and to be afraid of that which is common, and timid of matter-of-fact and mere flesh and blood. If they do not do this intentionally, then so much the worse is it for the class of mind that is so limited and perverse as to take this direction instinctively. Either they seem not to share our ordinary feelings and plain humanities of thought and speech, or they cannot grasp ordinary realities; for the emotion to be sung, or the character to be painted, must have branched off far from the ordinary channel of human affairs, and run into an isolated and particular experience, before it is fitted for their poetic purpose. They refine upon reality till it becomes the faintest shadow, and only attempt to grasp it at the stage in which it cannot be laid hold of.

Our spasmodists appear to take for their text, and apply it at all times and in all places, the words of Ecclesiasticus: "A man's mind is *sometimes* wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower." They forget that this is only sometimes so, when the darkness of night shuts in the view, for example; and so they will not avail themselves of what the seven watchmen may see when the broad light of day lies on the land, and reveals the many features of the landscape.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

KEEP thy *heart*, says the wise man, with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. But, as is quaintly and pithily said by Dean Young,

There is oftentimes a prodigious distance between a man's head and his heart; such a distance that they seem not to have any correspondence; not to belong to the same person; not to converse in the same world.

Our heads are sometimes in heaven, contemplating the nature of God, the blessedness of saints, the state of eternity; while our hearts are held captive below, in a conversation earthly, sensual, devilish. It is possible we may sometimes commend virtue convincingly, unanswerably; and yet our own hearts be never affected by our own arguments; we may represent vice in her native dress of horror, and yet our hearts be not at all startled with their own menaces; we may study and acquaint ourselves with all the truths of religion; and yet all this out of curiosity, or hypocrisy, or ostentation; not out of the power of godliness, or the serious purpose of good living. All which is a sufficient proof that the consent of the head and of the heart are two different things.

AIMING AT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

THE writer last quoted, in alluding to man's attempts to do what Christ declares to be an impossibility, that is, to serve two masters, thus advises:

Learn to be one man; that is, learn to live and act alike. For while we act from contrary principles, sometimes give, and sometimes defraud; sometimes love, and sometimes betray; sometimes are devout, and sometimes careless of God; this is to be two men, which is a foolish aim, and always ends in loss of pains. "No," says wise Epictetus; "learn to be one man;" thou mayest be a good man, or thou mayest be a bad man, and that to the purpose; but it is impossible that thou shouldst be both. And here the philosopher had the happiness to fall in exactly with the notion of the text: "We cannot serve two masters."

NOTES OF WARNING.

In former days, on a dangerous rock on the coast of Scotland, a deep-toned bell was so placed as to be rung by the motion of the waves. To this warning bell Mrs. Hemans alludes in the lines:

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the Rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funeral tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be.

THE COMFORTER.

THE word Paraclete, from the Greek word used by Saint John to designate the third person of the Trinity, sounds strangely to English ears. Found in dictionaries, and used occasionally by poets, as in those lines of Charles Wesley,

O source of uncreated heat
The Father's promised Paraclete,

it has never taken root in the language. It
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sounds stiff, pedantic, un-English. On the contrary, as is well said by a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*,

How gracious and tender, how divine, yet how English, is that word Comforter as the equivalent of the Paraclete in the latter part of St. John's Gospel. Yet most of us, perhaps, are not aware who it was to whom our language owed that glorious translation. Five hundred years has this word been passing from lip to lip, wherever English is spoken. It has been ascending in hymns and prayers, alike in the music of cathedrals and in the simplicity of family worship, by the giant flood of the Mississippi, in the plains of Australia, and beneath the palms of India. Who first employed the word that has sunk into so many hearts, and risen from so many lips? A poor priest, with bare feet and russet mantle; but that priest was John Wiclif!

HEAD WORK.

THE visible, from the nature of the case, takes precedence over the invisible. In nothing is this more manifest than in the general appreciation of manual over intellectual toil. As has been well said:

Literary labor is undervalued, chiefly because the tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing followed hard after a breaking-up plow, the produce of the mind would at once assert a place in the prices current. If a writer could be so equipped with wheels and pinions as to entirely conceal the man within, like the automaton chess-player, and sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a living hand, the expression of thought would be at a premium, because the clock-work would seem to show that it cost something to make it.

CHARITY.

THERE is, at times, a remarkable point and pithiness in the moral teachings of the Eastern sages. A Persian thus relates an item in his own experience:

Having in my youth notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of your brethren."

ADMIRATION.

RUSKIN, in his "Elements of Drawing," has some very good practical advice. He says:

Never force yourself to admire anything when you are not in the humor; but never force yourself away from what you feel to be lovely in search of anything better, and gradually the deeper scenes of the natural world will unfold themselves to you in still increasing fullness of passionate power, and your difficulty will be no more to seek or compose subjects, but only to choose one from among the multitude of melodious thoughts with which you will be haunted; thoughts which will of course be noble or original in proportion to your own depth of character and general power of

mind; for it is not so much by the consideration you give to any single drawing, as by the previous discipline of your powers of thought, that the character of composition will be determined. Simplicity of life will make you sensitive to the refinement and modesty of scenery, just as inordinate excitement and pomp of daily life will make you enjoy coarse colors and affected forms. Habits of patient comparison and accurate judgment will make your art precious as they will make your actions wise; and every increase of your noble enthusiasm in your living spirit will be measured by the reflection of its light upon the works of your hands.

THE SONG OF THE DOVE.

Our readers will agree with us that this is one of Moore's most beautiful lyrics. Notice the exquisite charm of the rhythm throughout, and especially the unlooked-for third rhyme in the ante-penultimate verse of each stanza. The song was originally published in a Dublin newspaper, and has been strangely omitted in the standard edition of the poet's works:

Sweet dove, that homeward winging
O'er endless waves thy lonely way,
Now hither bend'at thee, bringing
The long-sought olive spray:
It tells that love still reigns above,
That God doth not his own forget,
That mercy's beam upspringing
Shall light the lost world yet.

And see in heaven ascending,
Yon radiant bow of peace unfur'd,
Like love's bright arms extending
To clasp a weeping world.
Hail, union bright of mist and light,
True type of sinners' hopes and fears;
When light celestial blending
Draws glory out of tears.

MOTHERS FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Is there not truth beautifully expressed in this short sentence, from an unknown pen?

It is much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She fancies she is leading the children, when, after all, the children are leading her; and they keep her, indeed, where the river is the narrowest and the air the clearest; and the beckoning of a radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder that she often lets go her clasp upon the little fingers she is holding, and goes over to her neighbors, and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written, "Where the mother is, there will the children be also."

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Here is a spirited little lyric, by Charles Kingsley, which will be new to most of our readers:

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash to the last.

Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherit—
"Wife, and Child, and Father-land."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

THE LIFE TO COME.

It is said of Richard Watson, who seldom grew weary in the company of congenial spirits, that he was wont to retort upon those who suggested the lateness of the hour as a reason for separating, "Why talk about late and early; are we not immortal?" So Mr. Greyson, in one of his letters, invites his correspondent:

To resume these edifying speculations when we shall be less likely to be injured by them and less liable to interruptions; say, ten thousand five hundred and forty-nine years hence, at your pleasant house in Paradise-street, in the Heavenly City, the metropolis of the better country, in full view of the immortal verdure and glorious sunlit summits of the everlasting hills. There will I wrangle with you with much delight for a thousand years!

PATERNAL DUTY.

A WRITER in the London *Leisure Hour*, makes the following remarks, which are as full of truth as they are of good common sense:

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, of brethren and sisters; a taste for

home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property, simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE GREAT AWAKENING, as it is aptly called, is the prominent theme of conversation, not only in religious circles, but among all classes of the community. It has been compared to the memorable revival in the days of Whitefield and the elder Edwards. So far as we can judge, the present outpouring of the Holy Spirit is even more copious, and its effects are more powerful. It is not confined by denominational limits, nor bounded by localities. The means employed are widely diversified, and, in the main, entirely free from extravagance or any objectionable feature. The weekly religious papers cannot find room to chronicle the progress of the revival, and the daily secular press is strangely occupied with accounts of prayer meetings, exhortations, and the narratives of sinners who have found the Saviour. The interest, at the present time, appears to be increasing in all directions.

NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College, died in New Haven on the tenth of March, in the seventy-second year of his age. In the earlier part of his ministerial life he was an exemplary and laborious pastor, and an eloquent and successful preacher. To the end of his days his preaching was noted for clearness of statement, logical accuracy, and pungent appeal. Thirty-six years ago he was appointed to the professorship which he held until the day of his death. He discharged its duties with ability, and with an enthusiasm that, while it charmed the large classes which successively filled his lecture room, was potent in molding their doctrinal views in accordance with his own. Not only with those who professed a religious creed differing from his, but with many who like himself took Calvin for a theological guide, he had, in the course of his life, many, and some rather bitter controversies. Certainly not upon these does he look back as the most interesting portion of his probationary state; and now that he has gone hence we choose rather to think of him as a disciple who, differed widely from ourselves on some minor points, but who loved our common Lord, and whom we hope to meet in a realm where polemical theology can have no place. Several weeks before the final summons came he laid aside all active labors, patiently waiting, as he said, for the end, and committing his spirit, like the first martyr, to the Lord Jesus; and thus he fell asleep.

THE REV. DR. CROSWELL, another venerable servant of Christ, has been gathered to his fath-

ers. He was in the eightieth year of his age, and had been for the long space of forty-three years rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, Connecticut. He was a type of the true Christian gentleman, courteous at all times, full of benignity, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. In the city where he spent the larger portion of his life his name was a household word, and it will long continue to be "as ointment poured forth."

ALL ALIKE.—We learn from one of our exchange papers, that a mass meeting of the citizens of Taylor County, Virginia, was held at Boothsville on the 8th of March, at which the following, among other resolutions, was passed unanimously: "That the five *Christian Advocates*, published in the cities of New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, having become abolition sheets of the rankest character, we ask our commonwealth's attorneys and postmasters to examine them, and, if found to be of an unlawful character, to deal with them and their agents as the laws of our state direct."

Sensible people those citizens of Taylor County! In this region it has been thought that "the five *Christian Advocates*" are not all in precisely the same category. One of them, at least, has endeavored to steer between Scylla and Charybdis, but the effort has been in vain. It shares the same fate as the most fearless and outspoken of them all. It is an "abolition sheet of the rankest character," say the citizens of Taylor County, in mass meeting assembled. So, tried by the standard of those who buy and sell men, women, and children, is every other periodical that ventures to whisper a word against the abomination, or to utter a syllable in favor of down-trodden and crushed humanity. The issue is fairly made. There is no neutral ground. The hair-splitting sophistry by which well-meaning men have argued for a difference between abolitionism and anti-slavery is utterly repudiated, laughed at, treated with contempt by our slaveholding fellow-citizens, in the Church and out of it. "If I were anti-slavery in *sentiment*," said an eminent Southern divine, "consistency would compel me to be an abolitionist in *action*." He that is not *with us* is *against us* is the slaveholder's motto. It is openly avowed, not in the far South only, but all along the "border," not by fire-eating politicians merely, but by the professing followers of Christ. Nor does the distinction between "mercenary" and sinful slaveholding, which has been used as an opiate to lull the conscience, meet with any more favor. It is boldly and arrogantly claimed that the institution itself is right, and he who seeks an apology for that which is in accordance with the will of God is not considered as a friend, any more than he who honestly aims at the *extirpation* of what he has been taught by the fathers of the Church to consider a great evil. We accept the dividing line. It is clearly drawn, and cannot be misunderstood. It leaves pro-slavery of every shade on the one side, and anti-slavery on the other. The mad-dog cry of "abolitionist" is no longer terrible. It will soon cease to be even offensive, and in the days of our children, if not in our own, like

the epithet Methodist, at first given in derision, it will be a name, as the embodiment of a sentiment, in which to rejoice and be glad.

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.—The speech of Senator Seward, of New York, delivered in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, is pronounced by the Northern press generally (excepting the pro-slavery allies of the administration) as a model one, and "worthy of the best statesmen of our best days." We make the following brief extract:

THE SOUTH WILL NOT RESIST.

Do you tell me that the slave states will not acquiesce, but will agitate? Think first, whether the free states will acquiesce in a decision that shall not only be unjust, but fraudulent. True, they will not menace the republic. They have an easy and simple remedy, namely, to take the government out of unjust and unfaithful hands, and commit it to those which will be just and faithful. They are ready to do this now. They want only a little more harmony of purpose, and a little more completeness of organization. These will result only from the least addition to the pressure of slavery upon them. You are lending all that is necessary, and even more, in this very act. But will the slave states agitate? Why? Because they have lost at last a battle they could not win, unwisely provoked, fought with all the advantages of strategy and intervention, and on a field chosen by themselves. What would they gain? Can they compel Kansas to adopt slavery against her will? Would it be reasonable or just to do it if they could? Was negro servitude ever forced by the sword on any people that inherited the blood which circulates in our veins, and the sentiments which make us a free people? If they will agitate on such ground as this, then how, or when, by what concessions we can make, will they ever be satisfied? To what end would they agitate? It can now only be to divide the Union. Will they not need some fairer and more plausible excuse for a proposition so desperate? How would they improve their condition by drawing down a certain ruin upon themselves? Would they gain any new security for slavery? Would they not hazard securities that are invaluable? Sir, they who talk so idly, talk what they do not know themselves. No man, when cool, can promise what he will do when he shall become inflamed; no man inflamed can speak for his actions when time and necessity shall bring reflection. Much less can any one speak for states in such emergencies.

SEWING MACHINES.—Last month we gave our readers an epistle from an intelligent lady in the country, setting forth her own practical experience in the use of these wonderful instruments. The machine to which she referred was one of those known as *The Grover and Baker* improvements, and her eulogy seemed to us at the time rather highly colored. We have since had an opportunity to examine one for ourselves, and to test its value. Beautiful in its exterior appearance, the instrument was admired by the female portion of our household; and its internal arrangements, with its highly polished and delicate machinery, were a source of wonder and study for the boys. But it was not made for ornament, nor for a mere display of ingenuity. The grand question to be solved was, Will it work? Not hastily was that question settled. Patience, and practical instruction, in addition to the printed directions, were required. A needle or two broken in the attempt; thread suddenly snapped; the treadle perversely obstinate, because of the untutored foot, and other little discouragements were the result of the first experiments. But they have all been overcome. The instrument does its work, does all that

its proprietors have promised, and its merry hum, now sounding in our ears, carries us back to the days of our grandmother, and brings her precious spinning-wheel before our mental vision. We make no invidious comparisons between this and other modifications of the sewing machine. All of them, we believe, are alike in the fundamental principle, patented some ten or eleven years ago by Elias Howe, of Massachusetts, and each has minor peculiarities and points of excellence. From our own personal experience we are enabled to attest the simplicity of the Grover and Baker machine, the ease with which its mode of operation may be learned, and the beauty and durability of the work performed by it.

We have in preparation for our next number, an extended article on the general subject, to be illustrated by engravings designed to show the principles upon which these machines are constructed, and, so far as can be done by pen and pencil, to make our readers familiar with the *modus operandi* of one of the most important inventions of the age.

THE ORIGIN AND USE OF TOBACCO.—The Mohammedan legend on the subject is too long to repeat under its eastern garb. Suffice it that a viper was restored to health by the warmth of the Prophet's body. Immediately on convalescence the ungrateful reptile announced the intention of biting his preserver. The Prophet expostulated. An argument ensued, which ended in the viper's carrying out its original project. The Prophet sucked the venom from his wounded wrist and spat it forth. "From the drops sprang that wondrous weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet." But whatever the origin of tobacco, no plant has exercised so much political influence. The Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all those who took snuff in the churches. The Empress Elizabeth was less severe. She declared that the snuff-boxes of those who made use of them in church should be confiscated to the use of the beadle. At Berne the use of tobacco was classified with adultery. In Transylvania the penalty was far greater; in 1639 entire confiscation of property was the sentence of those who should plant tobacco, while consumers were condemned to fines varying from three to two hundred florins. Amurath IV. hung persons found guilty of smoking, with their pipes through their noses and a tobacco pouch hanging from their necks. The Grand Duke of Muscovy forbade smoking and snuff-taking under the penalty of having the nose cut off; while Mohammed IV., son of the Sultan Ibrahim, in 1665, punished the practice with decapitation. It is related of Amurath that a smoking saphi once struck the monarch himself for smoking with him incognito on board a caïque. Amurath informed the saphi that the royal decree referred equally to himself. "No," replied the saphi, "I fight for and would die for him. It does not apply to me." A few days subsequently Amurath sent for him, and making himself known, gave his fellow-offender a good appointment. But such penal regulations appear always to have been evaded. Those modern Amuraths, railway directors, says the *London Athenæum*, arrogate to

themselves the right of inflicting a fine of forty shillings, and expulsion from their line, on any one guilty of the sublime act. But it is sweet to smoke under difficulties. Were the prohibition removed, smoking on railways would probably cease. We know of one young man who feigned madness to secure a carriage to himself. Another, on seeing a bishop alight at an intermediate station, immediately made for the compartment, and calling for a guard complained that the carriage was reeking of tobacco smoke. "To be sure, those clerical gentlemen do smoke terribly," answered the official. "Then don't accuse me of it hereafter," rejoined the youth with an arch smile. On one occasion a railway guard thrust his head into a carriage filled with devotees in the act of their devotions, and placing his hand on a cushion, observed, "There are two very good rules on this line, gentlemen. Smoking is strictly prohibited, and the company's servants are forbidden to accept gratuities."

In our own day and country the war against the weed is carried on with equal earnestness, but without the least apparent success. "Don't imagine you can drop the use of tobacco by degrees," exclaims one of its enemies. "The idea of using less and less, till the habit tapers down to nothing, is well nigh ridiculous. Use little as you please, and you nourish an appetite which never dies so long as fed with one morsel of aliment. The last indulgence with the quid or cigar seldom comes, and thousands testify to failure by this method, where one is successful. We do not pick out an eye, or cut off an arm, by a lingering process! Why should we be so unphilosophical as to bid a man drop his cups, or drop his tobacco, by a lingering process? This is inflicting needless agony! It brings to mind the lady who cut the tail of her lap-dog, piece after piece, day after day, supposing it would be less painful than a single excision."

BUTTER AND CHEESE.—The value of these products is often underrated. A few facts will serve to correct this mistake. The amount of butter reported in the census of 1850 was over 315,000,000 pounds. This, at 20 cents per pound—the average wholesale price for some time past in New York—would bring over \$63,000,000. The amount of cheese reported in the same census was over 100,000,000 pounds. This, at 10 cents per pound—also wholesale price in New York—would bring \$10,000,000. The aggregate of both is \$73,000,000. Now the value of slaughtered animals, put down in the census, is \$109,000,000. So that the value of the butter and cheese is about two thirds as great as that of the slaughtered animals in the whole country. The cotton crop is stated in the same census to be over 800,000,000 pounds. This, at 15 cents per pound—the wholesale price quoted in New York not long since—would bring over \$120,000,000. Thus the butter and cheese of the country is worth more than one half as much as the crop that is regarded as the staple of the entire South. These rough estimates are full of interest to all who make or eat butter or cheese. They should impress all with the importance of improving the quality of these articles of food.

WATER IN THE DESERT.—Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, thus describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert:

The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed, about two feet long, and insert it in a hole, dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple, but truly philosophical and effectual method, might have been applied in many cases, in different countries where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first made known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practiced in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travelers on our Western deserts and prairies, in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface.

FALLACIES OF STATISTICS.—Archbishop Whately remarks upon the overrated importance of statistics:

Increase of a thing is often confounded with our increased knowledge of it. When crimes or accidents are recorded in newspapers more than formerly, some people fancy that they happen more than formerly. But crimes, especially (be it observed) such as are the most remote from the experience of each individual, and therefore strike him as something strange, always furnish interesting articles of intelligence. I have no doubt that a single murder in Great Britain has often furnished matter of discourse to more than twenty times as many persons as any twenty such murders would in Turkey. Some foreign traveler in England is said to have remarked on the perceptible diminution in the number of crimes committed during the sitting of Parliament as a proof of our high reverence for that assembly; the fact being, as we all know, that the space occupied in the newspapers by the debates causes the records of many crimes to be omitted. Men are liable to form an over-estimate of the purity of morals in the country as compared with a town, or in a barren and thinly-peopled as compared with a fertile and populous district. On a given area, it must always be expected that the absolute amount of vice will be greater in a town than in a country, so also will be that of virtue; but the proportion of the two must be computed on quite different principles. A physician of great skill and in high repute, probably loses many more patients than an ordinary practitioner; but this proves nothing till we have ascertained the comparative numbers of their patients. Mistakes such as this (which are very frequent) remind one of the well-known riddle, "What is the reason that white sheep eat more than black ones?"

JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.—A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal that unless he paid over ten thousand roubles (two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise so many pence, bethought him of applying to Count Benken-dorff, the chief of the secret service, who he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who was one of the four or five men holding office in the empire who were deemed incorruptible by the common rumor. The party referred to offered the Count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the court of appeal; and for that purpose that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The

count consented. Since the good old times of Alexander I. the officials never make their bargains or receive any money before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas even occasioned them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the amount to him. The proposition was acceded to; and his host caused an officer of gendarmerie to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified by the action of his fingers that their pecuniary transactions had better precede the gastronomic entertainment; the host accordingly handed him a small roll of bank-notes; the president counted them over in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret-police agent, and then sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked. It was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his overcoat, and put his hat on his head, when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of gendarmerie rushed into the apartment with an order from the Count Benkendorff to search his person: "Do not give yourself the trouble to search him," said the excited nobleman, "you will find the bank-notes in his hat." The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once; it was empty: when his nephew went out he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own. The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait, and doubly punished the informer; first, by deciding the case against him; and secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the ten thousand roubles advanced by the police. "Can any one doubt," says the writer who supplies the anecdote, "that this worthless minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorff's office?" In any case, what a state of things must have existed, when such a story could be currently told, and generally accepted as true!

A WIFE COMPRESSED INTO A RING.—A certain Russian noble, who lately visited Paris, was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and extended over his hand like a buckle for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color, and was traversed by red veins. It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger, until one day a lady, meeting him in a public parlor, ventured to say, "You wear a very handsome ring." The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself. "It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulcher!" A shudder passed through the whole company. "This jewel, madam," he continued, "is my

wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since, in Russia. She was an Italian, and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance, which I could always carry about me. Eight days afterward he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin, a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. This jewel was lying on a table. He had, through means of some corrosive substances and powerful pressure, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel which shall never more leave me."

This burial by chemistry is an improvement upon the process of *cremation* lately proposed by the French papers. Should it become popular a widow may hereafter have her husband made into a bracelet, with a chain attached to remind her of the hymeneal bond. A husband will have his wife done into a pin, and certain academicians—old fogies—we know would make very good coat buttons.

A MAN named Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted to poison her in the following manner: They had sat down to dinner, and while she had left the room, or her back was turned, he put poison into her soup. Not daring to trust himself in her presence, he feigned some excuse and left the room. By a wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into the soup plate. She was especially afraid of spiders, and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with the spoon, and finding she could not bring herself to eat after it, she, in the absence of her husband, changed the plates, and ate his soup. After a while he came back and devoured what he supposed to be pure soup. He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been placed before him *unintentionally* by his wife. Now, how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned, but from being hung! If the man had died without a confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup plate. She gave him the soup. Here would have been circumstantial evidence enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired but for the confession.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.—The custom of *libation to the gods* was common with the Greeks, Romans, Chinese, and Tartars. All the ancient nations had feasts of the same nature with the *Saturnalia*. The tradition of the *Deluge* is very general. It is commemorated among many nations by different religious institutions. The Egyptians spoke of certain brazen pillars, on which Mercury had inscribed the principles of the sciences, which had withstood the power of the flood. The Peyrun of the Chinese, a favorite of the gods, was preserved in a boat, in the general deluge. Vishnoo, one of the gods of India, in the form of a fish, conducted the vessel which saved a remnant of the human

race. According to the Edda of the Scandinavians, the deluge was formed of the blood of a giant. The fable of the giants attacking heaven prevailed not only in Greece, but in India and in Siam. The story of *Atlantis*, or the lost continent, an old tradition of the Greeks, related by Plato, is current in China and all the Asiatic nations. The worship of the *grand lama*, the priest of the god Fo, in China and Tartary, is founded on the doctrine of *Metempsychosis*, which also forms a part of the belief of the Brahmins, Persians, and Egyptians. According to Kämpfer, as quoted by Monsieur Bailey, the doctrine of the two principles, namely, inert matter, and a universal soul pervading all nature, and acting upon matter, lies at the foundation of the worship of the *Anida*, or *Naca* of the Japanese; the *Fo* of the Chinese; the *Butta* of India; the *Badhum* of the Isle of Ceylon; the *Sammona Kodom* of Siam; the *Sommona-rhutana* of Pegu—different names for the same idol god.

SMALL CHANGE.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office he visited Frontier County, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days he determined to volunteer for the defense. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defense was, "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the case with great ability. He confuted the witness, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted; he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services, you shall have the pistol!" So saying he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

A case somewhat similar occurred several years ago in one of the criminal courts in Brooklyn. A man was charged with having stolen his neighbor's pig. A young lawyer, a gray-haired old man now, we know him well, was appointed to defend the prisoner. The evidence was clear and conclusive, but the young limb of the law so wrought upon the feelings of the jury, picturing the desolate home of the prisoner, and the agony of his wife and children, should the husband and father be convicted, that many of the jurors were in tears, and without leaving their seats gave a verdict of not guilty.

"There now, run home," said the counselor, and never be caught in such another scrape."

"And am I clear?" asked the culprit.

"You are," replied his lawyer.

"But," said he, loud enough for judge and jurors to hear, "what shall I do with the

pig?" "O," replied his friend, "cook it, and eat it. The jury, upon their oaths, declare that you didn't steal it!"

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—The great statesman and orator was traveling somewhere "out West," and put up for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay. There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof. He was astounded, delighted. Next morning, as soon as the "great man" appeared, the admiring Boniface bustled forward, and made his rude bow. "Mr. Clay, I believe sir?" said he.

"That is my name," said the gentleman, in his affable tone.

"Mr. Clay, the Congressman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I've heard of you, and I thought I'd just ask if you wouldn't give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

AN ACCOMMODATING DENTIST.—A Western tooth-puller, who has the reputation of being a notorious wag, has issued the following business circular:

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—Dr. J. Payne, dentist, having once more opened an office in Bloomington, will perform all operations on the teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful silver cup will be presented to the person having the most teeth extracted, and a splendid gold watch will be awarded to the person having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. Teeth extracted for a dollar a dozen.

AN IRISH GUN.

On Irish land,
In court did stand
A farmer whose name was Fox:
Accused he was—
Abused he was—
He'd stolen, they said, an ox.
But he denied it,
His oaths decided
The matter in his behalf:
"That ox," said he,
"Belonged to me,
Ever since it was a calf."
Just after that,
Of our friend Pat
The trial was begun;
Accused he was—
Abused he was—
He'd stolen, they said, a gun.

"Och! now," he thought,
"I've just been taught
How this is clear as crystal;
That gun," said he,
"Belonged to me,
Ever since it was a pistol."

When ABERNETHY was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital he called upon a rich grocer. The great man, addressing him, said, "I suppose, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" "No, I don't," said Abernethy, "I want a pennyworth of figs."

BEARDS.—A certain baron, who gloried in a tremendous pair of red whiskers, had collected his friends for a hunting party at his chateau: and wishing to show his wit and amuse his guests, he called a gardener who was working

near, and who wore no beard, and asked him why he could not wear a beard.

"Sir," replied the peasant, "when the good God gave out the beards I came a little late; the light, the brown, the black were all distributed, and none remained but red. I preferred to go without rather than have one of such color."

The baron was surprised to hear the laughter of his friends, for he was quite unable to see the joke.

MANY persons spend so much time in criticising and disputing about the Gospel that they have none left for practicing it. As if two sick men should quarrel about the phraseology of their physician's prescription, and forget to take the medicine.

"This tenement to let. Inquire next door." The place was in a dilapidated, wretched condition. Bannister, however, inquired the rent, etc. These particulars gained, he asked—

"Do you let anything with it?"

"No," was the reply; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the wit, "if you let it alone, it will tumble down!"

A JUDGE, presiding one day in court, asked a sailor whether he saw the plaintiff strike the defendant. "Who is the plaintiff?" asked the sailor. "Pretty man, you are, (said his honor,) that you don't know the plaintiff from the defendant! Well, where did you see the man strike him?" "Aft the binnacle," said Jack Tar. "Where is aft the binnacle?" inquired his honor. "Pretty judge, you are," responded Jack, "that you don't know aft the binnacle!"

SELDOM have we met with anything more neat than the following verse, which some genius dedicates

TO MY OWN NOSE.

O nose! thou rudder in my face's center,
Since I must follow thee until I die;
Since we are bound together by indenture,
The master thou, and the apprentice I;
O be to your Telemachus a mentor,
Thou oft invisible, forever nigh.
Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
From hostile tweak, or love's blind mastery.
So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
For hawthorn lanes and copses of young oak,
Scenting the gales of heaven that have not yet
Lost their fragrance since the morning broke,
And breath of flowers, with rosy May-dew wet,
The primrose, cowslip, blue-bell, violet."

MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING EXPENSES.

Hard was I driven, through many a stony way,
To bring my daughter to a wedding day;
But thought not, till I gave away my idol,
I ever should be saddled with the *brideal*.

GRAN'PA'S SPECTACLES.—"There now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there now! gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?" Shortly after, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand and an errand on her lips:

"You are going to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Going to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are gran'pa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

WHO'S SEEN MY WATCHMAN?—A rough genius coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake, in a wicker cage, which he deposited with his other plunder under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds, half-full of drunken and sick travelers. During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and on his return, finding the "critter" gone, he yelled out: "Everlasting misery! who's seen my watchman?" Many heads popped up from the flea-infested, dirty beds, but nobody had seen the missing article. "What was he, old feller, you're inquiring for?" says a bald-headed man. "Why, my watchman; all my dust is under my bed, here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone." "Guard! was he a nigger or a white feller?" "No! he was a California rattlesnake; nine feet long, and fifty-two rattles on his tail. Have any of you fellers seen the tarnal critter crawlin' round here?" They hadn't, but all who were able to get out of bed and make for the door, did so in an instant.

UNCLE ISAAC was a great stickler for grammar. He always stuck to it that the adjective *good* admitted of no degree of comparison; "for," said he, "what is good is good, and good is good enough." One day brother Jake was reading aloud the adventures of an unlucky and not remarkably bright youth. When he came to the sentence, "Long ere Joe returned," Uncle Ike suddenly interrupted for the seventeenth time. "Tut, boy! that's a very bad grammar; read correctly—*long-ered!* there is no such compound adjective as 'long ear.'"

JUDGE PETERS was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Connecticut, and was not considered the best authority in points of law. Mr. H., who was pleading before him, stated the law applying to one of the important points of his case; the judge, lifting up his head, said:

"Why, Mr. H., I didn't know there was any such law." H. immediately replied, "I didn't suppose your honor did." The whole audience were convulsed with laughter, considering it a palpable hit.

JERROLD says that young boys who marry old maids "gather in the spring of life the golden fruits of autumn."

THE vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

A SCOTTISH parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make, when he prayed for the council and parliament, that they might hang together in these trying times. A countryman standing by, cried out: "Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people." "But my friends,"

said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," the fellow sang out again, "so it's only a strong one."

One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Me. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread!"

KEEP TO THE POINT.—Lord Tenterden had contracted so inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a county magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken," his lordship sharply retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my ques-

tion; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say *yes* or *no* without further prevarication."

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing: it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one, replying, asked, very earnestly, "How big is your lot?"

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a lady, while walking out with her intended, during the slippery state of the sidewalks. "Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father."

Recent Publications.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. This is another of those magnificent contributions to geographical and statistical knowledge which have been recently given to the world by English travelers, and which have been reprinted by the *Messrs. Harper*, in a style fully equaling the original editions. The volume is a profusely embellished large octavo, a fitting companion, in style and general appearance to Livingstone's great work on Africa, like which it introduces us to scenes heretofore undescribed, and many of them unvisited by preceding European travelers. Furnished with a passport from the Emperor of Russia, Mr. Atkinson was enabled to pursue his travels with every facility, and he found the nations everywhere ready, on beholding the magic talisman, to afford him all the assistance that he required. The title of his book gives some idea of the extent of his journeyings through a region of which we have no other sources of correct information. He writes in a plain, straightforward style, giving, as he assures us, a simple narration of facts taken from journals kept with scrupulous care during the whole journey. In boats, in carriages, and on horseback he traveled about thirty-nine thousand five hundred miles in the course of seven years, and his indomitable perseverance in the midst of danger and difficulty is not less remarkable than his ardent love for natural scenery and his restless spirit of adventure. The limited space at our disposal will not allow even an abstract of his route, but we shall gratify our readers by transcribing a few of those marked passages with which our copy abounds.

GAMBLING IN RUSSIA.

At one of the large mining towns in the Altai there lives a man who has become rich from gold mines, and is a celebrated card-player. It is no unusual circumstance for him to visit St. Petersburg; and as Ekaterineburg is about midway between the capital and his place of residence, he is sometimes obliged to stop on the way to repair carriages, after a run of more than two thousand versts; in fact, it is often absolutely necessary. This man's fame having spread far and wide, his detention in the town for the first time was an event which afforded the lady I have just alluded to the utmost delight: she could not permit such an opportunity to pass without trying a rubber with so renowned a champion. At her particular request, a friend arranged that they should meet at dinner. She has been heard to say, no hours ever dragged on so slowly as on that forenoon; still, the sun ran his course, and directly dinner was over down they sat to cards. The evening went on with varied success, the lady was enraptured, and rose from the table the winner of a large sum. She invited her opponent to play the next day; after some demur he consented, and the following day the contest was renewed, and continued until she had lost all. Nothing daunted, she urged him again to defer his journey for four-and-twenty hours, as her half year's income would arrive by the post the following morning. But then came a difficulty about getting the money at once, as there was some formality which would delay it a day or two. After much trouble, she persuaded the person to whom it was consigned to waive the usual form, and let her have the money immediately. She got it, and so strong was her ruling passion, that every moment seemed lost until seated at the card-table. In a few hours she left it without a kopek—her half year's income entirely gone!

Speaking with some of the most intelligent men on this subject, their reply was: "In England you have the daily papers, the monthly periodicals, a literature unequalled, and the liberty of discussing every subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards."

PRECIOUS STONES FOUND IN THE OURAL.

The jaspers are found in a great variety of colors: the most beautiful a deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray, and cream-color; also a ribbon jasper, with stripes of reddish-brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied, some of most brilliant

colors. Orfite is also a splendid stone of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black; when made into vases it is semi-transparent. Malachite is also used in making tables and various other articles. The vases are usually of a most classic design; this, with the rich materials in which they are executed, gives them a most magnificent effect; but to be able fully to appreciate such works, they must be seen in the splendid collections at the imperial palaces in St. Petersburg. I have frequently found and painted huge masses of these splendid rocks, of which I have now seventy-two varieties.

Most magnificent jasper tables are made in this Zavod, inlaid with different colored stones in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853 I saw one of them in Ekaterineburg, on which four or five men had been employed for six years; not an uncommon circumstance; indeed some examples have occupied a longer period. The cost of labor alone in England (provided the material were found there) would effectually prevent such work ever being executed in our country. Here wages are almost nothing. I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe, whose wages were three shillings and eightpence per month, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds of rye flour per month to make into bread; meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream-color—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia. He also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout.

THE SIBERIAN GOLD MINES.

In Eastern Siberia the gold-washing begins the first week in May, and ends on the tenth of September, when all the workmen must be paid off and sent to their homes: some have to walk as many as two thousand versts. The rich miner sends his gold away once a year, most of which arrives in Barnaoul in the beginning of October; but those who are not rich send it twice in the year—the first part in the beginning of July, and the second when the works are closed in September. When it is delivered to the authorities in Barnaoul it is considered the property of the crown, and the miner has no more control over it. Here the gold is smelted and cast into bars, ready to be forwarded to the capital; but before the miner receives his share of the value, it has been in the possession of government five months. Six caravans leave Barnaoul with the precious metals every year; four in winter by the sledge roads, and two during the summer. The first winter caravan leaves early in December, and reaches St. Petersburg before the end of January; the others follow in succession. Two officers and a small guard of soldiers are sent with each caravan, and the gold and silver are delivered by them at the Mint. Although both metals have been assayed by the proper officer in Barnaoul, and the proofs sent to the Mint, it is again assayed to prevent the possibility of a bar being changed on the transit.

The silver obtained in the Altai contains a small portion of gold, with a minute quantity of copper. These metals are not separated in Siberia; they are sent in pieces, about fourteen inches square, by one and a half inch thick, and the gold is extracted at the Mint in St. Petersburg. About thirty poods of gold is extracted from a thousand poods of silver, the whole annual produce of the Altai silver mines. The greatest quantity of gold obtained in Siberia in any one year was about seventy-five thousand Russian pounds; this was considered enormous, but California and Australia have made it appear small in comparison. There is much of the gold regions yet unexplored, both in Northern and Eastern Siberia.

PERILS OF BEAR-HUNTING.

Mr. Atkinson is an excellent shot, and a keen sportsman. He found ample scope for all his skill during his rambles, and tells some almost

incredible stories of the prowess of the natives. On one occasion, he says,

A very large bear had been seen by the woodcutters about fifteen versts from the gold mine, and two men, one a hunter, held in great repute for his daring and skill, determined to make his acquaintance. After wandering about for some time they came upon his track, quite fresh in the long dewy grass. He was evidently near; this made them cautious, and they prepared for action. Presently a loud growl saluted their ears; then out he sprang from a thicket, about thirty-five paces distant, where he stood snuffing the breeze and eyeing the intruders.

The hunter fired, and the ball struck, but not in a vital part. In an instant the wounded animal charged; the other man, who was less experienced, reserved his shot until within twenty paces. The rifle missed fire; at once the brute raised himself on his hind legs, and, tearing the earth beneath him, rushed on his first assailant, striking him down with a blow that stripped his scalp and turned it over his face; then seizing his arm, he began to gnaw and crush it to the bone, gradually ascending to the shoulder. The man called to his companion to load and fire; but the fellow, when he saw his friend so fearfully mangled, ran away and left him to his fate.

Late in the evening he reached the gold mine and reported what had happened, but it was too late to make any effort in behalf of the mangled hunter. The officer ordered a large party out at daylight the next morning, with the coward for a guide. He took them through the forest to the spot where the encounter had taken place, of which there still remained ample evidence, but no remains of the victim were met with except some torn clothing and his rifle. By the state of the grass, it was evident that the man had been carried off into the thick forest. A most diligent pursuit was therefore made; sometimes the track was lost, but the pursuers of the bear were too well skilled in woodcraft to be fooled, and at length discovered his lair. He had dragged the hunter into a dense mass of wood and bushes, and, to render the place still more secure, had broken off a great quantity of branches and heaped them over his body. These were quickly stripped off, when, to their great surprise, they found the man, though frightfully mutilated and quite insensible, still living! Two long poles were immediately cut, to which saddle-cloths were secured in the middle. One horse was placed in front, another at the back, and the ends of the poles secured to the stirrups, thus forming a very easy conveyance. The sufferer was placed upon the saddle-cloths, and carefully propped up, and then began the painful march back as fast as possible.

On their arrival at the gold mine he was taken direct to the hospital; the doctor dressed his wounds, and administered all that medical skill and kindness prompted; his patient survived, but long remained unconscious of everything around him. After more than two months had elapsed a slight improvement took place, and his reason appeared to be restored. His first question was about the bear, and then he referred to his own defeat. He spoke of nothing else, and was constantly asking for his rifle to go and kill "Michael Ivanitch," (the bear.) The medical men thought his mind seriously affected. As he gained strength, there arose in him so great a desire to have another combat with his powerful and ferocious enemy that it was considered necessary to place him under some restraint.

The summer had passed over and autumn had arrived; the frost had scorched the foliage, changing it into golden and crimson hues; and as it was now thought the poor lunatic had forgotten his adventure, less vigilance was exercised toward him. The opportunity was not lost, for he secretly left the hospital, and started off for his cottage. All the family being absent except some young children, he was enabled to secure his rifle and ammunition, and provide himself with an ax and a loaf of black bread, which he stowed in his wallet. Thus armed and provisioned, he left the village in the evening without being seen except by the children, and was soon lost to them in the forest.

When it was discovered that he had escaped, people were sent out in various directions to seek him, but they returned without success. More than a week passed over, during which nothing had been heard of him, when one day he walked into the hospital carrying the skin of a huge black bear on his shoulders, and throwing it down, exclaimed, "I told you I would have him." This man was a fine old hunter: it was not a spirit of revenge which prompted him to this daring act; the fact was, he could not brook the idea

of a defeat. Now his reputation was re-established he was happy; his health was again restored; nor was this the last bear that fell before his deadly rifle.

Source of Power; or, the Philosophy of Moral Agency. By REV. S. COMFORT, A. M. This is a book for those who *think*, and not designed for that large portion of the community who read merely for amusement; or who, as has been wittily said, only think they think. Mr. Comfort grapples with some of the mightiest and most momentous questions that have ever agitated the human mind, including moral agency, the mental faculties, the nature and functions of conscience, and the connection between man's perfect freedom and the absolute presence of the Supreme Being. He is, of course, opposed to the Calvinistic interpretation of these problems, and develops a theory which evinces much patient investigation on his part, and some originality. To students of theology and of moral science the author's views will afford themes for meditation and for the exercise of the reasoning powers. Where they do not agree with him they will find it profitable to examine the grounds of their dissent, and for many things which have seemed to them intricate and perplexing they will here meet satisfactory solutions. On the general subject a passage from the introduction discloses a fact to be deplored, and looks to a coming future which we fear is as yet afar off:

The aversion to metaphysics which seems to have obtained so strong a hold upon the common mind is alike unfounded and morbid. It has been indulged in a great oversight of the facts in the case, and the character of the best minds of former ages. Nor can it be denied that the present age is far from being distinguished for close, strong, patient, and hard thinking, at least on the part of the masses. Hence the more staid, matter-of-fact stock of reading matter is at a discount in the market. The popular suffrage in this "fast age" is accorded to the imaginative, racy, exciting, descriptive, that which does not levy the heavy tax of deep thought, close attention, and much reflection upon the reader. The public taste in this respect regulates the demand, and the character of this controls the pens of those who furnish the supply. The result, consequently, is, that a prominent feature is thus stamped on the literature of the age, both sacred and secular, from the Sabbath-school book, professedly adapted to the juvenile mind, to the more elaborate work designed for those of riper years. But the current of fashion, in this as well as all other things, is unsteady and ever shifting in its course, which fact of itself authorizes the sanguine hope that, with a coming generation, the more solid in the current literature will at length supersede the imaginative and less substantial.

The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a History of its Origin and Development. By WILLIAM C. FOWLER. Harper & Brothers. Mr. Fowler's larger work, of which this is an abridgment for the use of schools, has been for some time before the public. Its favorable reception led, he tells us, to the preparation of the present volume. The author's principles are, in the main, those of Lowth, from whom nearly every writer upon grammar, from the days of Murray, appears to have borrowed without scruple, and in most cases without acknowledgment. Mr. Fowler has, however, some originality. His definitions of the parts of speech are, some of them, novel. "The article," he tells us, for instance, "is a part of speech serving to reduce a noun substantive from a general to a particular signification." This is sometimes the case, but not always.

Take the lines quoted by our author in a preceding paragraph:

The sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet,
Among the bushes and the trees.

Here the definite article is five times repeated, and it is certain that in neither instance does it "reduce" a noun from a general to a particular signification. Indeed all these articles, save the first, might be omitted without marring the sense or the meter:

The sun has long been set,
And stars are out by twos and threes,
But little birds are piping yet,
In many bushes and tall trees.

Our author has his own method of classifying verbs. They are "I. Those of the *ancient* or *strong* conjugation. II. Those of the *modern* or *weak* conjugation." But he defines his meaning. Those of the latter are "commonly called" (and why invent another term to express the idea?) "regular;" the former, "irregular." The verb "to be" is called by Mr. Fowler "The verb substantive;" but why he chooses thus to transpose the two words, instead of calling it a "substantive verb," he does not tell us, nor are we able to guess. Among the interjections we have a few that have not yet found their way into the dictionary. Some of them we never saw in print before: "Coh," "Knan," "Scat," "Shogh," "Hwo." With Mr. Fowler's chapters on the derivation of English words we are better pleased, and his rules for the choice of words and grammatical constructions are the most complete of any to be found in so small a compass. They may be profitably studied, not only in the school-room, but by all who seek to acquire skill and precision in the communication of thought.

Leisure Labors is the title chosen by Mr. JOSEPH R. COBB for a collection of historical, literary, and political essays. The author is, he tells us, "a Southerner by birth and education, a Southerner in pride of mind and feeling," and, we may add, a Southerner in a great many other things, but not quite so rampant nor so fiery, not so full of wrath and fury, as we had reason to expect from his own preliminary description of himself and of his antecedents. True, we hardly know what is meant by the phrase "a Southerner in pride of mind." Judging from the slashing style in which he cuts up the poetry of Willis and Longfellow, it may possibly refer to the mental superiority with which "Southerners by birth and education" are to astonish the world when they begin to write poetry. Mr. Cobb is also very severe upon that degenerate son of the South, Thomas Jefferson, to whom he devotes a very large share of his attention. The sage of Monticello is by no means, according to Mr. Cobb, the great man he has been supposed to be. He was, it cannot be denied, "a Southerner by birth," if not by education; but, unlike Mr. Cobb, he was not a "Southerner in pride of mind." "He had," Mr. Cobb assures us, "ambition and selfishness in their fullest latitude," and then his "doctrines" and his "example" on some points were "highly exceptionable." So we have heard before, and

the thought always occurs to us, in these latter days, when reading the preamble to the Declaration of American Independence. Nearly one fourth of the volume is occupied by a sketch of the life and character of William H. Crawford, which is valuable for its facts, and more full in its details than any other memoir of that great statesman with which we are acquainted. The author's style, though not free from faults, is nervous and direct, and in the dearth of living works imbued with "Southern pride of mind" his book may fairly rank among the best of its class.

Here in the East most of us have a very inadequate idea of the rapid growth and the present and prospective greatness of the "Great West." In nothing is this more manifest than in the establishment and endowment of literary institutions of a high grade. We have before us, in a pamphlet of fifty-six pages, printed in a style that would be deemed creditable to New York or Boston, *The Eighth Annual Catalogue of the Corporation, Faculty, and Students of Lawrence University*, an institution of which many of our readers never heard before. It is in the State of Wisconsin, in the village, or city, we know not which it is, of Appleton. It has a strong faculty, among whom we recognize the names of several graduates from the Wesleyan University at Middletown, and numbers, including the primary department, three hundred and forty-four students.

Here is another instance of what the "Great West" has done and is doing in the way of education. It is a catalogue of the officers and students of what "will be hereafter known as Cornell College." It is located at Mount Vernon, in the State of Iowa. Some sixty thousand dollars have been secured toward the endowment of the institution, and the number of students is two hundred and eighty-eight.

Sermons, occasioned by the death of Bishop Waugh, have been preached in many places; and several have been published. One, delivered by the Rev. Dr. CASTLE, in the Union Church, Philadelphia, is alike creditable to the preacher for gracefulness of style, and befitting as a tribute of affectionate regard for the departed bishop. The text is Matt. xxv. 21; the subject, the character and reward of the good and faithful servant. We make an extract from the preacher's analysis of the bishop's character:

He had a well-ordered, well-balanced, well-directed mind. There was no faculty, power, or susceptibility disproportionately strong, out-growing, overtopping, and throwing other faculties into the shade. All was in beautiful harmony, as nicely adjusted as the wheels and springs of a time-piece that move the hands upon the dial, and tell truly the time of day. He had a true estimate of himself and of others, and never exacted more than he was willing to give. He never made himself little by trying to appear great. He was never the hero of his own story, or with design monopolized the conversation and attention of the circle where he moved. His words were few and well chosen, and truth sat upon his lips as serenity and honor did upon his brow. A child could approach him without timidity, but a man would not have dared impudently to presume. He neither sacrificed his own rights or trespassed on the rights of others. He was always in his place, and magnified it. He was prepared for any emergency, and always rose

above it. He had no whims, or oddities, or airs, or putting on smile or frown, warmth, or coldness, for effect, but was always and everywhere perfectly natural; a sincere, brave, honest-hearted man. He loved his Master, his brethren, and his work.

Without anything sparkling, brilliant, or overpowering, there was that wholeness, strength, and symmetry which everywhere commanded respect and esteem. No one could be long in his company, or on intimate terms with him, without loving the man as much as he revered the minister. His piety was deep and uniform, consistent and constant; every-day holy living. It was not so much what he said, or what he did, as the spirit and manner of saying and doing every thing. It was seen and felt, rather than heard. His appearance, manners, movements, seem to throw an atmosphere of purity and heaven around him. In the conference, in the council chamber, in the family circle, in public and in private, there were the same amiableness, dignity, gravity, and purity which sat as a halo of glory upon him. What Bishop Burnet said of Archbishop Leighton, I am persuaded could be said with as much truth of Bishop Waugh: "That in free and frequent conversation with him for above two and twenty years, I never knew him say an idle word, a word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never saw him in any other temper but that I wished to be in in the last moments of my life."

It will not be for want of books upon the subject if the present generation are not familiar with the Holy Land. Yet another has been added to the long catalogue. It is entitled *The Land of Promise: Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon*. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., a writer well known on this side of the Atlantic, by previous volumes of a religious character, several of which have been noticed in our pages. These "Notes" are plain and practical, the author seldom indulging in speculation, and confining himself mainly to facts and descriptions. It is a desirable book for those who have not the time or the disposition to wade through more bulky volumes. A good map showing the author's route, and several picturesque engravings, enhance its value. There is also appended an ample index, with explanations of words and phrases. The author's "Notes" on the topography of Jerusalem, which are given in an appendix, indicate care and painstaking. It is a well-printed duodecimo volume of five hundred and sixty pages, a *fac simile* of the English edition, from the press of Carter & Brothers.

Hymns of the Church Militant. This is simply, the fair compiler tells us, a book of hymns for private use. She has made her selections from a great variety of sources, and has thrown her materials together without classification, or any order of arrangement. Her book contains some of the best hymns in the language, and quite a number that, in our judgment, were hardly worthy of a place in such good company. But on this subject, as on many others, great allowance is to be made for diversity of taste. Scarcely any two persons would perfectly agree in the selection of hymns for a volume, and it is quite as much as the compiler could expect if she has fully satisfied herself. We note that several hymns, heretofore found only in our own collection, are inserted. We have that beautiful hymn of Ford's:

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;
those stanzas of Charles Wesley as altered for our book,

All praise to the Lamb, etc.,
and Dr. T. E. Bond's two stanzas, beginning

Father of spirits, hear our prayer,

which were taken from a long poem published originally by the author in a Baltimore periodical. The volume is a well printed duodecimo of six hundred and forty pages, from the press of *Carter & Brothers*.

Valuable additions recently made to Harper's Classical Library, in their usual style of neatness of type and binding, are the *Works of Tacitus*, in two volumes. The text is that known as the Oxford translation, which has been revised, and is accompanied by copious notes, and an ample index.

One of the most unobtrusive charitable institutions, and one that is effecting a vast amount of good, is *The Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children*, of which we have the Fifth Annual Report from the Board of Directors. Its object is sufficiently explained by its designation; and the results, as detailed in the report, are not only creditable to the managers but highly gratifying to the philanthropist. It is satisfactorily shown that the attempt to redeem idiocy is not always vain, and that the imbecile in body and mind may, by suitable training, be elevated to the rank of rational beings. Surely no object can commend itself more forcibly to the benevolent, and no charit-

able institution is more worthy of countenance and support. We make room for one "case" as given in the report.

Case.—An orphan boy of fourteen years was brought to us in 1856. His father died from intemperance, and his mother from consumption. He was left in poverty at a very early age, with none but a sister's feeble hand to sustain him. He was an imbecile in body and mind. Thrown among the jeering street boys of a village, his moral tastes were easily perverted; he could not speak with distinctness, walk erect, or think aright. He became obstinate, untruthful, profane, and generally depraved. He was shut out from common schools, and needed domestic care. He is now a bright boy; stammering in speech, and somewhat tottering in gait. It is true; but after one year's residence with us, he was sent home alone, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, by railway and stage; stopped all night at a hotel, paid his own fare, made a visit to his friends, and is now with us, an industrious, useful, trusty boy. He was nearing the lowest grade of idiocy; he is now being adorned with honesty and virtue, the highest gifts of manhood.

From the Fifth Annual Report of the *New York Ophthalmic Hospital*, we learn that during the year 1857 the number of patients in the institution was one thousand and forty-three, of whom by far the larger portion are reported to have been cured or relieved, while the number pronounced incurable is only seventy. After alluding to the results of the past year, the surgeons of the institution give it as their opinion, "that neither the Legislature of the State nor the Common Council of the city need call in question the meritorious character or worthiness of this increasing charity, but cheerfully give it their united support."

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

COLOR OF RURAL BUILDINGS. — Mr. Vaux, in his "Country Houses," noticed at the time of publication in the pages of *THE NATIONAL*, remarks that

The question of color is a most interesting one in any design for a country house, and seems at present but little understood in America, by far the greater number of houses being simply painted white, with bright green blinds. By this means each residence is distinctly protruded from the surrounding scenery, and instead of grouping and harmonizing with it, asserts a right to carry on a separate business on its own account; and this lack of sympathy between the building and its surrounding is very disagreeable to an artistic eye. Even a harsh vulgar outline may often pass without particular notice, in view of rural scenery, if the mass is quiet and harmonious in color, while a very tolerable composition may injure materially the views near it, if it is painted white, the human eye being so constituted that it will be constantly held in bondage by this striking blot of crude light, and compelled to give it unwilling attention.

In country houses the design has to be adapted to the location, and not the location to the design; for it is undesirable, and generally impracticable, to make the natural landscape subservient to the architectural composition. Woods, fields, mountains, and rivers, will be more important than the houses that are built among them; and every attempt to force individual buildings into prominent notice is an evidence either of a vulgar desire for notoriety at any sacrifice, or of an ill-educated eye and taste. The colors of rural buildings should be carefully varied. They should be often cheerful and light, sometimes neutral, seldom dark, and never black or white; and there is, fortunately, no end to the combination of tints that may be used in painting a house. The constant recurrence

of about the same requirements will, of course, lead to much similarity in plan, particularly in small buildings; but the monotony that this would occasion may be agreeably relieved by variety in color, both in the interior and exterior. Different patterns of paper will make two rooms of the same proportion no longer alike; and the same result will be observed on the exterior, by adopting different tints for the walls and the woodwork. Another important point to be considered is, that it is entirely insufficient to use only one or two shades of color for each house. Every rural building requires four tints to make it a pleasant object in the way of color; and this variety costs but little more than monotonous repetition, while it adds much to the completeness of the effect. The main wall should be of some agreeable shade of color, the roof trimmings, verandas, and other woodwork, being either of a different color, or of a different shade of the same color, so that a contrast, but not a hard one, may be established. The third color, not widely different from the woodwork, should be applied to the solid part of the Venetian blinds, and the movable slats should be painted of the fourth tint. This last should be by far the darkest used on the premises, for the effect of a glass window or opening in a wall is always dark when seen from a distance; and if this natural fact is not remembered, and the shutters are painted the same color as the rest of the house, a blank, uninteresting effect will be produced, for when the blinds are closed, which is generally the case, the house, except to a person very near it, will appear to be without any windows at all. This error is often fallen into, and requires to be most carefully guarded against.

SPREADING MANURE ON THE SURFACE. — A writer in the *Edinburgh Journal of Agriculture*, commenting on the views of Professor Voelcker,

as to the exposure of fresh manure on the surface of the ground, relates the following striking experiment, made by a scientific man, for the purpose of testing expressly the several methods of using manure:

There being a difference of opinion among scientific men regarding the advantage of spreading dung upon the surface, and leaving it exposed some time before covering it in, Professor Legnitz, of Eldena, had recourse to an experiment for the solving of the question. For this purpose he selected two and a half roods, which he divided into four equal parts. To No. 1 no manure was given. No. 2 received about two tons of farm yard dung, which was spread immediately and covered in by means of the plow. No. 3 was treated in the same manner, with this difference, that the hoe was used instead of the plow. The same quantity of dung was carried to No. 4, and allowed to remain spread three weeks on the soil before being covered in by the hoe. On the tenth of October the four lots subjected to experiment were sown with about ninety-five pints of rye seed each. The following are the total results of the crop of each lot, grain and straw included: No. 1 produced 583 pounds; No. 2, 770 do.; No. 3, 818 do.; No. 4, 980 do. The writer very justly remarks that a single experiment should not be considered conclusive, but that it is sufficiently striking to warrant a repetition of it on a larger scale.

THE VALUE OF INDIAN CORN.—Indian Meal contains more than four times as much oleaginous matter as wheat flour; more starch, and consequently capable of producing more sugar. The value of the annual crop of Indian corn in the United States is immense. It is cultivated in all sections, and thrives in almost every latitude. In it there is a natural coalescence of elementary principles which constitute the basis of organic life, that exists in no other vegetable production. In ultimate composition, in nutritious properties, in digestibility, and in its adaptation to the various necessities of animal life in the different climates of the earth, corn meal is capable of supplying more of the absolute wants of the adult human system than any other single substance in nature.

BONES FOR MANURE.—**HOW PREPARED.**—Get a joiner to put together a rough box, something like a cooler for steamed food, but lighter at the sides, say eight feet long by three or two feet six inches high, and three feet wide, dovetailed and joined with white lead. The box prepared, put in the water of the preparation first, then the sulphuric acid, allowing one half more bulk of water than acid, and one half less weight of acid than bones; that is, to a gallon of acid allow a gallon and a half of water, and to one hundred pounds of bones allow fifty pounds of acid. To the water and acid the bones must now be added, (finely broken up into half-inch fragments, or less,) mixing the whole intimately and equally. This done, cover up the box or tank with straw or old sacks, laid on pieces of wood, or have a rough wooden lid to the box, and then allow the whole to stand untouched forty-eight hours. The process of manufacture will then be complete. In anticipation of its necessity I would recommend the careful accumulation of house ashes, during the year, kept in some dry place. When the operation above detailed is completed, put the ashes in a heap in a convenient position for the tank; make there a basin at the top of the heap, and lift the dissolved bones out of the

tank, placing them in the basin; turn over the entire heap with shovels two or three times, till the whole is well mixed, and the preparation will then be perfectly fit to be handled, or at least spread with shovels from a cart on the soil. This process may be attended with a little trouble at first, but once or twice done, the difficulty is past, and no one giving his attention to the matter will afterward regret his perseverance.

Another method, requiring patience and attention, but which is good when immediate application is not desired, is to use a water-tight hogshhead or cask, put in a layer of bones at the bottom four inches thick, a like layer of good dry unleached wood ashes, alternating in this manner until the cask is full. Keep this compost wet constantly with water from nine to twelve months, occasionally adding a small quantity of sulphuric acid to the water used, to fix the ammonia, and you will find the bones decomposed and available as a manure. We know no better method available to the farmer, and practical on a small scale. Another time we shall say more of the value of superphosphates, and of their application. Let us premise, however, that none of our readers need shudder at the idea of becoming too scientific in consequence. Our aim shall be to make our articles the medium of practical information, such as every farmer may comprehend and practice.

WALL ROSES.—The secret of growing roses against the wall might be packed in a lady's thimble. A two feet deep border of strong loam, four or five feet wide, to be as rich as rotten dungs can make it; the border to be thoroughly soaked with soft pond-water twice a week in dry weather, and when the roses are in bloom, to keep them thin in the branches, as if they were peach-trees, and to play the water-engine against them as for a house on fire, from the first appearance of insects till no more come. There is a reason for everything under the sun, and the reason for insects attacking roses in general, and those on walls more particularly, is from too much dryness at the roots, causing the juices to be more palatable through the action of the leaves.

PRUNING AND MANAGEMENT OF THE BLACK CURRANT.—Black currants require quite a different system of pruning from the other varieties; the great point to aim at is to get as much young wood as possible every year from the lower part of the tree. This is increased by thinning out the old wood from the bottom, and the finest fruit is obtained from the young wood. In striking the black currant you should select young shoots about ten or twelve inches long, insert them in the ground, with the buds on, about six inches. The buds of the other sorts are rubbed off except about four, which are left on the portion out of ground. I have had black kinds struck on the same system, but they never lasted long; they die off limb by limb about the time they ought to make good trees. They like a moisture-holding soil; if planted on dry ground they suffer much in hot summers. Red and white sorts like a lighter soil; they produce their fruit from spurs on the

old wood. In pruning, cut a portion of the young wood back every year, and thin according to the growth of the tree.

GRAPES IN KANSAS.—A Kansas paper states that it is the intention of a gentleman in Virginia to carry to Topeka, early in the coming spring, two hundred thousand grape roots, embracing the most productive and hardy varieties cultivated in this country.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—*COWPER.*

The past month has been one of more than usual excitement in Congress, growing out of that stupendous fraud, the Lecompton Constitution. In the Senate most powerful speeches were made against it by Messrs. Seward, Crittenden, Bell, Foote, Wilson, Fessenden, and Douglas. It, however, finally passed on the 23rd of March, by a vote of thirty-four to twenty-four. The amendment merging the Minnesota with the Kansas bill was withdrawn. An amendment was adopted declaring that nothing in the act shall be construed to abridge or infringe the right of the people of Kansas to alter or abolish their form of government at any time or in any manner they may deem proper. In the House, on the 1st of April, Lecompton was thrown out by a majority of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twelve. . . . *The bill of General Quitman* for an increase of the army passed the House by an overwhelming vote. But seventy-three votes were recorded against it. The substitute reported by Mr. Faulkner—the administration measure—was defeated by a vote almost without parallel, although it had been asserted on the best authority, and still remains uncontradicted, that the president would not call out or use the volunteer force, if placed at his disposal. It passed the Senate on the 1st of April. . . . *According to the plan* laid down by the War Department for the service in Utah, there will be by July next five thousand five hundred troops in that territory, amply supplied for an active campaign. Should it be necessary this force will consist of about one third cavalry, sixteen guns of artillery, and the rest infantry. Three fifths of this force has yet to be sent. Russel, the contractor for transportation of this army, will employ three thousand five hundred teamsters to drive wagons carrying the supplies. This will give some idea of the magnitude and cost of the undertaking. . . . *The War Department* has received dispatches, dated January 23, from Lieutenant Beale, who is the superintendent of the wagon road across the continent by the way of the Mohave and Colorado Rivers. He reports that the camels employed in his expedition had stood the cold weather and snow of the Sierra Nevada admirably, and indeed had fattened in that climate. He expects to arrive home in March, when he will be able to show whether the route will be practicable for travel at all times of the year. . . . *The Court of Appeals*, of this State, have made an important decision in the suit of the Harpers against one of the insurance companies, which refused to pay the amount of insurance upon their burned building, on the ground that camphene, a dangerous article, was used, and was the cause of the fire. The Court decided that when a company take a risk upon a workshop they do so upon all articles commonly used in it; that camphene is one of the articles legitimately used in their business,

and that the insurance is not, therefore, invalidated by the origin of the fire. . . . *Mohammed Pasha*, Rear-Admiral of the Turkish Army, arrived in this city on the 5th of March, and remained one week previous to his departure for Washington, during which time he was lionized by a committee of the Common Council. In Washington he was well received in all circles. He returns to this city in order to have built a first-class flag-ship for the Turkish navy, after which he intends starting on a hunting excursion, accompanied by Vice-President Breckenridge, and several other distinguished personages, to Red River. . . . *The Constitutional Convention of Kansas* on the 30th of March ordered a remonstrance to be immediately sent into Congress protesting against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution. The Convention have decided to submit the new constitution to a vote of the people on the third Tuesday in May, and also that an election for State and county officers shall take place at the same time; all laws not repugnant to the constitution to remain in force until they expire by their own limitation. . . . *The bark Adriatic*, so long under libel in a French seaport for running down the *Lyonnaise*, and which has twice made her escape through the indomitable energy of Captain Dunham, has arrived safely at Savannah. . . . *Judge Stidell*, of Louisiana, has become insane from the effect of a blow struck upon his head by a ruffian, during the last election in New Orleans. . . . *Nathan Jackson, Esq.*, of this city, celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday, a few weeks ago, by a donation of fourteen thousand dollars in cash, and nine acres of land, worth ten thousand dollars, to Williams College, Massachusetts. . . . *The result of the Court Martial* upon Colonel Sumner at Carlisle Barracks is an honorable acquittal from both the charges preferred against him by General Harney. The result seems to give general satisfaction. . . . On the 1st of April the Collins Steamships were sold by auction for the sum of fifty thousand dollars over their liabilities.

The Supreme Court of Georgia, in the important Savage will case, have decided that a man has a right to make a will devising property to his widow during her widowhood, and cutting her off entirely in the event of her marriage. It had been ably contended by General Mugan on the other side, that such wills were in restraint of marriage, impolitic, and illegal. . . . *A Negro woman*, at Montgomery, Alabama, was recently put up at a raffle; eighty chances, at ten dollars a chance. She was at the nice marketable age of thirty years. . . . *The Ohio House of Representatives* passed bills repealing the acts of last winter, for the prevention of kidnapping from that State, and refusing the use of the jails of the State for the holding of fugitive slaves. . . . *Another kidnapping case* came to light in this city last month. John R. Finally and his wife were brought before Mayor Tiemann, charged by Sarah Taylor, a colored girl, with having induced her to enter their employ, taken her to Washington under the allegation of going to Newark, New Jersey, and attempted to sell her there for six hundred dollars. Finally and his wife were arrested in Maryland and brought to this city. They are to be tried for the offense this month. . . . *The Young Men's Christian Association* of Pittsburgh has distributed twenty two thousand bushels of coal to the poor of that city since the commencement of the hard season. Some five thousand persons have been relieved during the winter. . . . *Commander Hartstein* has had the gold medal struck in his honor by order of the Legislature of this state, forwarded to him by Governor King, and handsomely acknowledged it.

... A fearful massacre is said, by advices from New Orleans, to have taken place at the Ruatan Islands, one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants having been murdered by the Indians. ... Late accounts from California state that much time had been consumed in the Legislature on bills for the suppression of mobs and insurrections, which was manifestly aimed at the Vigilance Committee, and of which the fate had not yet been ascertained. The Legislature had sent a memorial to Congress asking that the mail contract be divided between the two competing lines of steamships. ... The Supreme Court of California has rendered a singular decision in the Stovall fugitive slave case. The court says that though by the law the negro is unquestionably free when brought by his master upon California soil, yet, as Mr. Stovall is in bad health he must in this case have his slave. They take particular pains to say that this must not form a precedent, however! ... A negro named Bracy struck a citizen of Auburn named Nunphy, with his pick, on the 19th of February, so that the brain oozed from the wound, and he would certainly die. The citizens took the negro, held and overawed the sheriff and his posse, who attempted to take him in charge, and hung the murderer the same day to a tree. ... A man named Jose Anastasio, who was to have been hung at Monterey recently, was relieved by the governor, but the under-sheriff in charge did not choose to understand the order, and hung him up. ... Henry Bates, the alleged defaulting state treasurer, had been tried for the third time, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict of acquittal. ... From Central America we learn that General Lamar, our minister to Nicaragua, was formally received by the Martinez government, and addressed the president in a speech which gave very great satisfaction. The Yrisarri Treaty was under consideration in the Legislative Assembly, and the general feeling was that it would not be approved of, except with such modifications as would render a reopening of negotiations at Washington necessary. Carey Jones had taken official leave of the government, and departed for home. General Jerez was appointed Minister of War and Hacienda for Nicaragua. ... Don Miguel de Castillo had been inaugurated as President of San Salvador. In this republic the people were agitated by reports of a contemplated filibuster invasion from the United States and revolutionary conspiracies. The New Granadian Congress met at Bogota on the 2d of February. The President, in his message, stated that Mr. Buchanan had determined not to preserve the hostile attitude toward New Granada which had been assumed by Pierce's administration, and that the convention lately negotiated between the two republics would end all differences and disappoint an "interested" American press. The Foreign Secretary alluded to the convention in his report, and hopes that Congress would consider it fully with a view to approving the clauses which are beyond the jurisdiction of the executive. An official decree increases, by one and a half per cent., the taxes now paid by commercial establishments on the Isthmus of Panama. ... The news from the South Pacific is interesting. General Vivanco's forces shelled the town of Arica, from the frigate Apurimac, on the 21st of March, and took possession of the place after a severe battle. General Vivanco had withdrawn his troops from Iquique. An attempt at revolution had been made at Lima, but was put down. In Bolivia the garrison of Cobija robbed the treasury at that place and deserted for Peru. They were overtaken, and twenty-one of the mutineers shot.

The most important news from England since

our last, is the defeat of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the French Refugee question. The ministry had resigned in consequence. The resignations were at once accepted, though much sensation was caused by the announcement, and the Earl of Derby, at her majesty's solicitation, undertook the task of forming a new ministry, in which he succeeded. Lord Derby had delivered his inaugural address, giving an insight into his intended policy, which was generally regarded as a successful steering between the danger of offending the pride of the English people, and the fear of injuring the Anglo-French alliance. The conflicting interests have been reconciled at least for the time, and the Derby ministry may hold power longer than was at first supposed. The members of Parliament in the Derby ministry had all been re-elected without opposition. A London committee to organize the opposition to a conspiracy bill had been formed. ... The young Prince Albert is pursuing naval studies, with a view, it is said, of passing his examination forthwith and entering the service as a naval cadet. ... Dr. Livingstone and his companions in the Affrican Exploring Expedition have sailed in the steamer Pearl from Liverpool for Africa. ... The effect of the ministerial defeat in France was very decided, as there was evidently no expectation of so untoward a result, and for some time threatened to be the cause of a serious misunderstanding between the two countries. However, all angry feelings have been got over, at least for the present. The tone of the government papers is much lowered in the knowledge of the event. The trial of the conspirators against the life of Louis Napoleon, had terminated in the conviction of Orsini, Pierri, and Rudio, who have been sentenced to death, and of Gomez, who is condemned to penal servitude for life. All admitted their complicity except Gomez. Orsini and Pierri were executed on the 10th of March. Rudio was imprisoned for life. Persons alleged to be parties to a vast conspiracy in France had been arrested in the departments. The emperor had abolished the butchers' monopoly in Paris, which act was giving him much popularity among the people. Generals Changarnier and Bedeau had been officially notified by the *Moniteur* that they might return to France. ... The official opposition to the payment of the State Dues tolls was being organized in Hamburg by the United States Consul and others. ... Adrices from Constantinople say that the city of Corinth had been destroyed by an earthquake; but only thirty persons were killed. A very disastrous fire had occurred in Constantinople and another at Adrianople. ... The Prince of Prussia had offered to grant a political amnesty on the occasion of his son's marriage, but been refused permission by the Cabinet, who think that he has no power as Regent to perform an act of that character. The prince has appealed to the law officers of the crown. The Prussian Regency question has not been definitively settled. The Danish ministers had withdrawn their resignations. ... The news from the East is of more than usual importance, especially from China. Canton was taken full possession of on the 30th of December, and the Cantonese evacuated the city on the same day. Commissioner Yeh, Governor of Canton, and the commander of the Tartar troops had been taken prisoners. Yeh has been sent to Calcutta as a prisoner. ... From India we learn that Lucknow had not been taken. The cannonade was to have taken place on the 22d of February. Nana Sahib, with a few followers, was reported to be wandering about the country. The king of Oude had been tried, found guilty, and banished for life.

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